

April 3, 1989

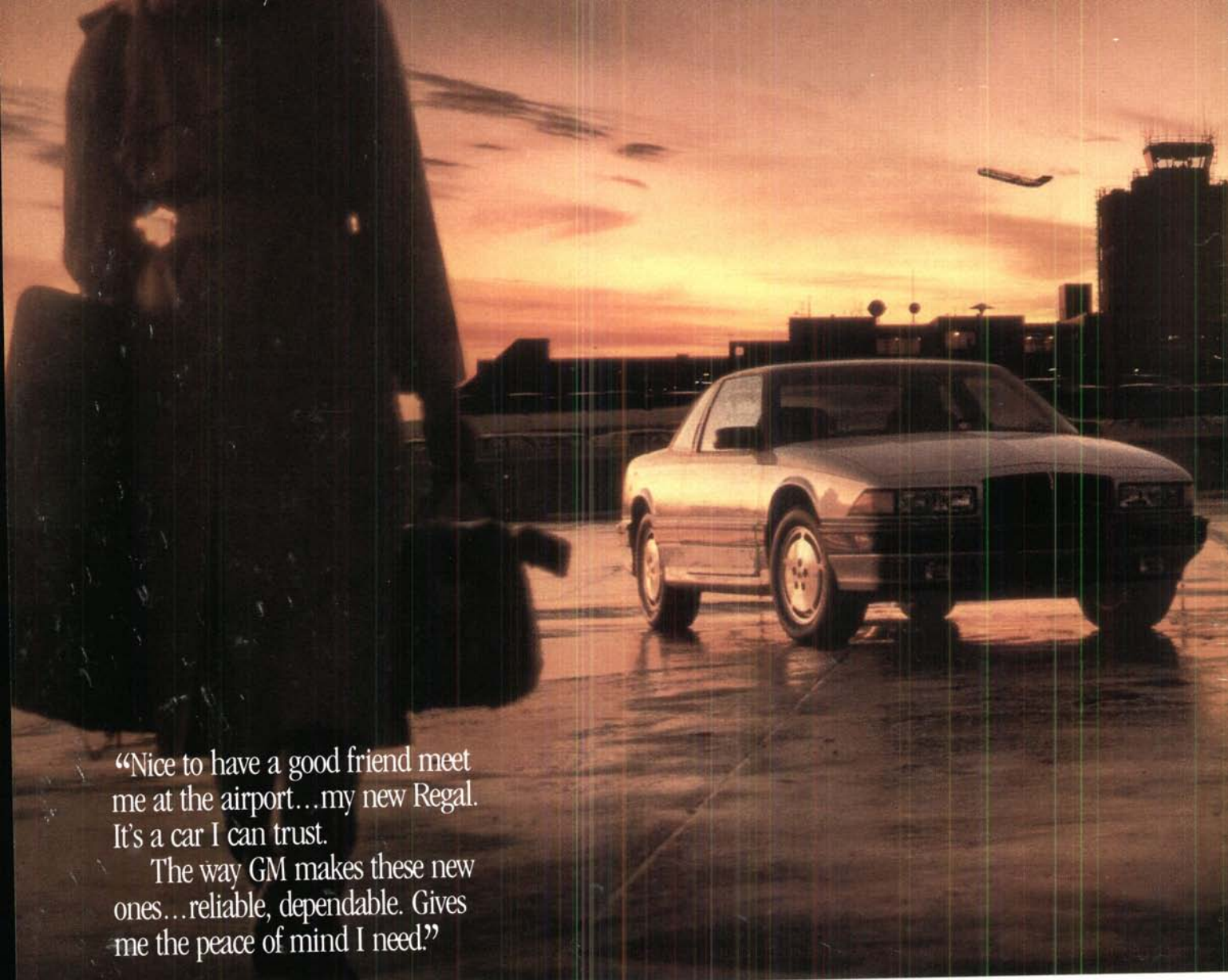
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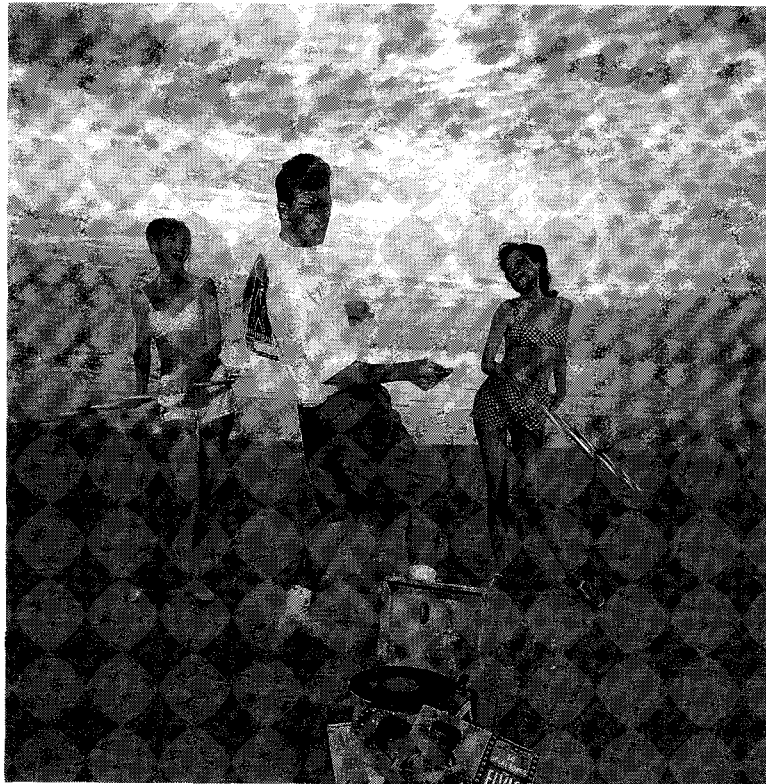
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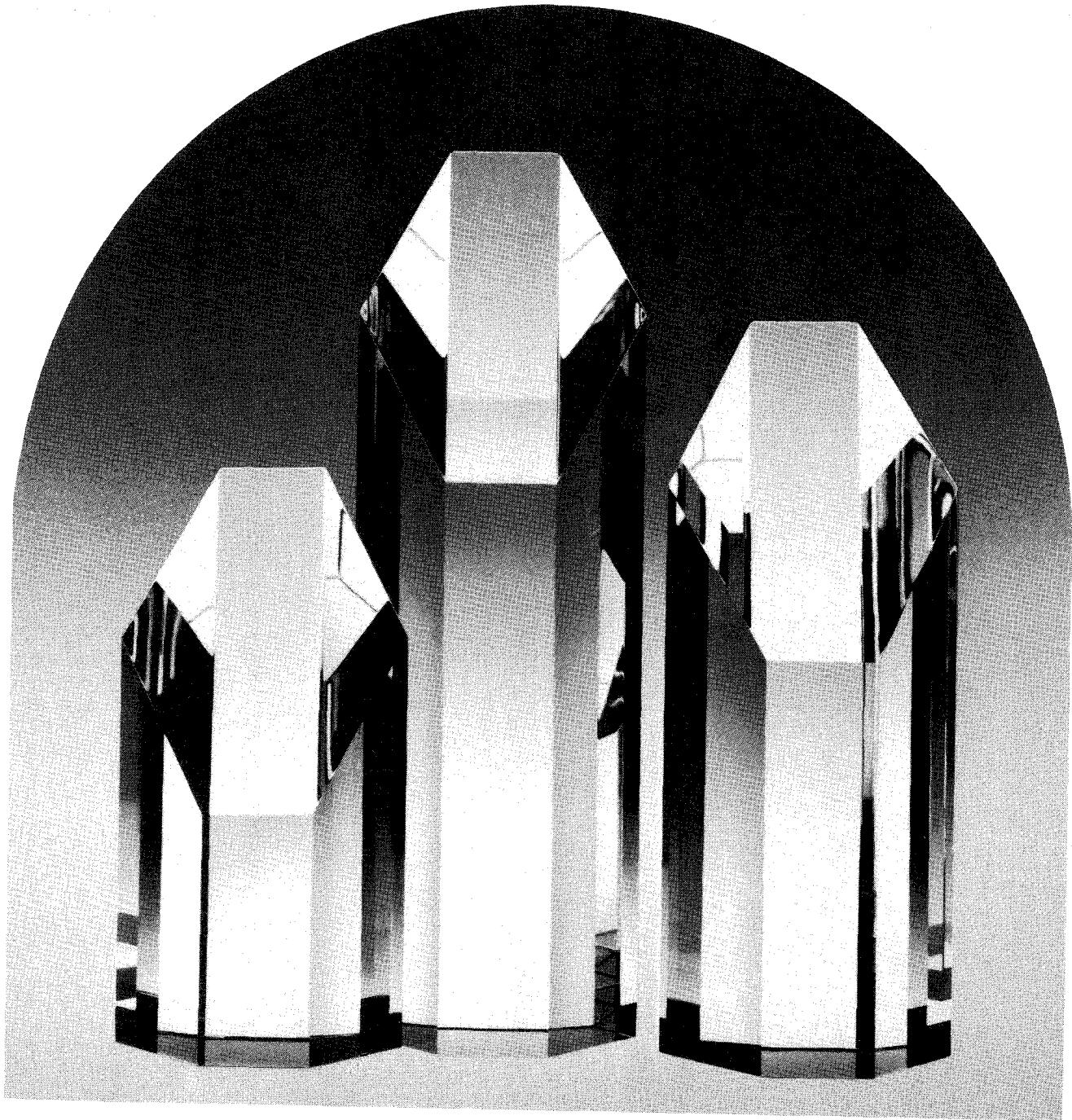
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

BETWEEN the acts of "Jerome Robbins' Broadway" some days ago, we were standing in the aisle of the Imperial Theatre when we caught sight of a young woman leaning conspiratorially toward her date and clutching his neck in an affectionate headlock. "No, they're empty," she was saying, pointing to the middle of our row. "But they've got seats for us upstairs," the young man protested. "Really, it's better."

They were perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four, impeccably dressed and coiffed. They didn't look like typical second-acters: teen-age kids who haven't got the price of a ticket (and, anyway, want to get away with something); out-of-work actors; and others who have put so much into the business that they feel they're owed something back. The young woman caught us looking at her and blushed. "When I think how many times I've second-acted this," she said to her friend, clearly for our benefit. The two started up the aisle. On impulse, we lurched after her. "How many times *have* you second-acted it?" She fluttered down the fingers of one hand in slow arpeggio. "Four," she said. "This is the fourth time."

Later, emerging from the theatre, we passed her companion loitering under the marquee. There was something we had to know. "Your friend," we asked, "the one who's second-acted this four times: has she ever seen the first half?" The young man looked surprised. "Oh, yeah!" he said, in a tone that conveyed "What an absurd question!" We thanked him and rejoined our own companion. "What was it?" she asked. We said it was nothing, we'd just wanted to find out whether or not something was love. "And was it?" she asked. We said yes, we thought it was.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

AMULETS AGAINST THE DRAGON FORCES—A new play by Paul Zindel, the author of "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds." In previews. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

A. WHITNEY BROWN'S THE BIG PICTURE (IN WORDS)—A brief engagement by one of the commentators from "Saturday Night Live"'s "Weekend Update." Opens March 27 at 8, and will run through April 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3042.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting six benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's **GONDOLERS**, April 4-8. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. For information about tickets, call 988-8823.)

THE FORBIDDEN CITY—Gloria Foster and Frankie R. Faison in a play by Bill Gunn, which is set in West Philadelphia in 1936. Directed by Joe Papp. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—Carson McCullers' 1950 play, based on her novel of the same name. With Esther Rolle as Berenice Sadie Brown and Amelia Campbell as Frankie Addams. Previews through March 29. Opens March 30 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

TEMPTATION—The American premiere of a play

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by Václav Havel. With Courtney B. Vance and David Strathairn; directed by Jiri Zizka. Translated from the Czech by Marie Winn. Previews through April 2. Opens April 3 at 6:30 (tentative). (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

WALKERS—A psychological mystery by Marion Isaac McClinton, who co-directed with Steve Ramay. In previews. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

WELCOME TO THE CLUB—Avery Schreiber and



"Forbidden Broadway 1989"

Marilyn Sokol have the leads in a ten-character musical comedy set in an alimony jail. Cy Coleman composed the score, A. E. Hotchner wrote the book, and they collaborated on the lyrics. In previews. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting a revival of Sondheim's **SWEENEY TODD**, with Bob Gunton as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street and Beth Fowler as Mrs. Lovett, his cohort in crime. Opens March 31 at 8, and will run through April 29. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

NEW THIS SEASON

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins,

and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

CAFE CROWN—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, Anne Jackson, as his wife, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this fine production, directed by Martin Charnin. (11/14/88) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

CANTORIAL—Ira Levin's play about a young couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are cute as all getout playing,

respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

CHU CHEM—A show billed as "the first Chinese-Jewish musical." The book is by Ted Allan, the score by Mitch Leigh, and the lyrics by Jim Haines and Jack Wohl.

(Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis do well, also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE HEIDI CHRONICLES—Wendy Wasserstein's new play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwrighting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I COULD GO ON LIP-SYNCHING!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story,"

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

"Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

LEND ME A TENOR—The setting of this funny farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks's stunning direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Lehár's



Don Ameche in "Our Town"

MERRY WIDOW. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes April 16.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to realize them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

METAMORPHOSIS—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE NIGHT HANK WILLIAMS DIED—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a good, strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Darren McGavin, and Matt Mulhern. Seen recently at the WPA Theatre, the show resumes on March 31. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY—Jerry Sterner's comedy

about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Mercedes Ruehl is fine, too, as his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

OUR TOWN—Don Ameche is now the Stage Manager in this revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece. With Roberta Maxwell, Peter Maloney, Frances Conroy, Helen Hunt, and Jason Gedrick. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—This musical seems as chipper as ever in its current revival by the New York City Opera, though at times it is overwhelmed by the imposing theatre. Even the familiar numbers—"Hernando's Hideaway," "Steam Heat," and "7½ Cents" among them—sound fresh and tuneful. With the ebullient Judy Kaye in the lead, and Richard Muenz, Avery Saltzman, and Brooks Almy in support. (3/20/89) (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Closes April 16.)

RUMORS—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE!—Ray Cooney's sex farce about a bigamous cabdriver is vulgar, crass, and downright disgusting (also about fifteen minutes too long), but it has a certain camp appeal. Undeniably, its chief targets are women, wives, and homosexuality; you have to suspend all your finer feelings and better judgment in order to enjoy it. But it isn't really any more offensive than, say, an episode of "I Love Lucy." (3/20/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370.)

SHIRLEY VALENTINE—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the good play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SONGS OF PARADISE—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 9.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Carole Shelley in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

THE WINTER'S TALE—Mandy Patinkin, Diane Venora, Alfred Woodard, and Christopher Reeve head the cast in the eighth play in the Shakespeare Marathon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 9.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) ... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to

Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) ...

DRIVING MISS DAISY: Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run, which turns twenty-nine in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) ... **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) ... **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) ...

ME AND MY GIRL: An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) ... **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) ...

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA: The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) ... **SARAFINAH:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) ...

STEEL MAGNOLIAS: This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.) ... **THE TAFFETAS:** Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Spuros. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.)

DANCE

FROM the matchbook school of history: The eighteenth century—everyone dances the minuet; the nineteenth century—everyone dances the waltz. In between, the matches all ignite—the French Revolution. But that period, too, had a dance: a lively number called La Carmagnole, popular during the Terror. A circle dance with variations, La Carmagnole featured much stamping of feet and smacking of partners. The most vivid record of it is probably Dickens' blow-by-blow description, steeped in loathing, in "A Tale of Two Cities." One can get a good pictorial idea of the basic step from an etching called "Dansons la Carmagnole, Vive le Son du Canon"—part of a small but select



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DANCE—Cont'd

exhibition called "The Best of Times/The Worst of Times: Music, Dance, and the French Revolution," at the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.

Theatrical practice is well represented in this show, but the memorable images are of popular dancing. Two of the finest pictures capture nonprofessionals at night. A 1782 engraving of a masked ball is a charming example of draftsmanship which suggests hundreds of revellers pressing against one another in the humid air, beneath dazzling chandeliers. A single puff of air, one feels, could extinguish this entire world. The other scene depicts a group of citizens in a vigorous round dance, capes flying, each dancer with one foot raised in mid-stamp. It is an indelible moment: the year is 1790, the sky is a field of deepening blue, the lanterns have the solidity of coals, and the dance floor is the beaten earth that once held the Bastille.



ANTOLOGÍA DE LA ZARZUELA—José Tamayo's extravaganza, imported from Madrid. With eighty singers, dancers, and musicians, plus guest diva Victoria de los Angeles. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. March 28-31 at 8, April 1 at 2 and 8, and April 2 at 3 and 7:30.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—A company of forty-five, including a full gamelan orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. April 4 at 7:30, and April 5 at 8. Through April 9.)

CATLIN COBB—Performing in several short works, and screening a five-minute film made in collaboration with Power Boothe. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Equitable Center, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. March 30 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—Presenting "Langston Hughes Suite" and "Conagua." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. March 31 at 7:30.)

IZULU DANCE THEATRE—Forceful, often acrobatic South African dance, tribal and urban. With vocalist Thuli Dumakude and musicians Thokoza and Bayeza. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 1 at 7 and 10.)

NANCY MEEHAN DANCE COMPANY—The premiere of an unnamed work, a revival of "Coastal Traces," and the New York premiere of "Switchback." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 31-April 2 at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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NIGHT LIFE

NOW and then, we go down to the Bowery to see if CBGB, the old punk-rock hangout, is still standing. It once seemed possible that the club, a former derelicts' bar, might revert someday to its original condition or, perhaps, simply evaporate, but there it was the other night, its crummy façade all decorated with graffiti and flyers, flanked on the left by the flop-house known as the Palace Hotel and on the right by its own canteen. The canteen's window displayed a German Army survival vest and black CBGB T-shirts; inside, there were Ramones ball caps, Ramones Frisbees, postcards, a history of CBGB called "This Ain't No Disco," and records by Sonic Youth, the Shaved Pigs, the Tall Dwarves, the Norberts, and others. The Norberts were playing next door; you could hear them through the wall.

Hilly Kristal, the owner of CBGB, has said that his club has "a nice seedy lived-in look." A young friend of ours who met us there—too late to hear the Norberts, a very young-looking group who dressed in sloppy-cool fashion (high-water trousers, T-shirts down to the knees) and hid their melodies in psychedelia—said the place felt like a museum to him. A metal band started playing, and our friend disappeared behind a big cloud of boredom. "Don't you think they're competent?" we shouted. "What?" he shouted back.

So we took him to the Bottom Line to see a variety show that featured an assortment of downtown monologists and character actors and a ventriloquist named Doug Skinner, who tried to demonstrate the concept of an optical illusion to his dummy, Eddie Gray. Eddie Gray thought Skinner's examples of optical illusions were ridiculous, and he became quite put out with him. Eddie and his master made our friend laugh noisy, unbored laughs, and salvaged the night for us.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of Karen Mason, who is singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **LITTLE ANTHONY**, the old doo-wop tenor who still sings about teen love with the proper fervor, has been held over for two more weeks. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Satur-

days. **JOHN WALLOWITCH** sings satirical and sentimental songs at seven Wednesdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **JOE WILLIAMS**, the great Basie-band singer, turned seventy this winter, but his big voice remains flexible and buoyant, and whatever he sings—a blues, an Ellington song, a supper-club ballad—he seems to do with ease and gentlemanly cool. He's here March 28-April 2. **CARMEN MCRAE**, one of the keenest singers in the land, begins a week-long visit on April 4. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, C. & W. fans, and followers of the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**, a New Orleans octet whose repertoire runs from parade-band marches and dirges to Monk, Miles Davis, Stevie Wonder, and its own loose-limbed jump tunes. The D.D.B.B. performs on March 30. **FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION**, a folkish British group that features a slinky-voiced singer who sounds a little like Maria Muldaur, performs on March 29. Two local rock bands, the **SILOS** and the **ORDINAIRES**, hold forth on March 31. **NOEL PAUL STOOKEY**, the

TWO-TIMING



Buildings like the Helmsley Palace Hotel and the Park Avenue Plaza—glass towers looming over cherished architectural landmarks—embody the collision of real-estate development and historic preservation. Why is it, though, that in the debate over the merit of these "parabuildings" cultural value is nearly always equated exclusively with preservation while development is assumed to be synonymous with greed? The reason is that up to now, for the most part, it's been true. Architects have barely begun to explore the artistic potential of this new building type for expressing our double allegiance—to history and to the present. Parabuildings could be eloquent architecture for the age of having it all. A panel discussion on "Towers Over Landmarks," moderated by Roberta Gratz, a writer on urban planning, will be held at The Urban Center (457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.) on Friday, March 31st, at 6.

central figure in Peter, Paul, and Mary, sings on April 1. **MICK HUCKNALL**, the red-haired British soul singer who did "Money's Too Tight (to Mention)" a couple years ago, brings in his band, **SIMPLY RED**, for three nights starting April 5. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, dusky lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOANNE BRACKEN**, a tall, willowy pianist for whom beauty is an elaborate, many-noted thing, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** March 27-April 1. Eric Gunnison and Scott Colley, who work behind Carmen McRae, perform on April 2. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**, whose voice starts down in his knees and is suitable for romantic crooning, holds forth March 28-April 2. Alto saxophonist **LOU DON-**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

ALDSON brings in a quartet on April 4. Music from nine-thirty.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. **SPANKY DAVIS**, a trumpeter who led the house band at Jimmy Ryan's (1940-83) during that club's last years, will be here on April 2 with an octet that includes such Ryan's regulars as **JOE MURANYI** (clarinet), **BOBBY PRATT** (trombone), and **EDDIE LOCKE** (drums). Music from eight.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the display of dozer caps and the obituary of Bear Bryant from the *U. of Alabama Crimson White*—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music—country, rock, blues, gospel—every dad-burn night of the week. Music after nine. Hot grub.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds and native string-band music on the weekends. Three Cronins—Johnny, Johnny, and Maureen—play some County Kerry polkas on March 31; Walt Michael, who hammers the dulcimer and picks the mandolin and guitar, leads a group on April 1. Sets at nine and eleven.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can rattle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **TOOTS THIELEMANS**, the master harmonica player and whistler extraordinaire, is here with a quartet March 28-April 2. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL**, who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. The piano, a Steinway that sits grandly in the middle of the room, is in the big country hands of **RALPH SUTTON**, a tradition-minded player, March 28-April 2. **MILT HINTON** is on bass. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA**, a pippin of a jazz singer, performs on March 31. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. The lineup, in part: March 28, the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET**; March 29, the **27TH STREET SAXOPHONE QUARTET**; April 1, **CURLEW**; and April 3, **LES MISERABLES BRASS BAND**. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This double-deck room, which is Texas-like in some respects and New York-like in others (particularly in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines respect), used to be full of good music. Much of that music appears to have gone north, to a sister café (see above). Shows here start after nine. Dining.



Michelle Shocked at the Ritz

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the other joint; it also has more mirrors, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. Mondays belong to **RUTH BROWN**, a star R. & B. singer in the fifties who has got a second and third wind in the eighties with her roles in the John Waters movie "Hairspray" (in which she plays a wiggy d.j. named Motormouth Maybell) and in the Broadway show "Black and Blue" (in which she plays

her own earthy self). **WILLY DE VILLE**, who grew up on the Lower East Side and is a rock-and-roll romantic from the top of his pompadour to the soles of his dancing shoes, has the floor March 31-April 1. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and the svelte **JULIE WILSON** on the bandstand. Miss Wilson is concentrating on the proper nouns and risqué verbs of Cole Porter—something she's been doing off and on since the late forties, when she sang in "Kiss Me, Kate." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights, you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. The theatre songs of **JERRY HERMAN** ("Mame," "Hello, Dolly!") are the subject of a show that stars Lee Roy Reams, Karen Morrow, and the songwriter himself. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The name that this large but ungrud rock room sports will soon be attached to the former premises of Studio 54, a place where celebrities and tourists used to go to have a good time. The Ritz's last hours at this site—it opened in 1980, and has withstood punk bands, metal bands, Jerry Lee Lewis, and others—will feature a handful of hard-core bands on March 31, and **MICHELLE SHOCKED**, an intrepid young folksinger who writes vivid songs about her small-town Texas youth, on April 1. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). Ethel & the Shameless Hussies, an all-distaff trio from Nashville whose music (judging by their "Born to Burn" record) is squeaky clean, will be here on April 1. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1735)—**ART FARMER**, a gentle-toned flugelhornist who sometimes recalls early Miles Davis, leads a quintet in this Village temple of jazz (grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) March 28-April 2. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, the South African pianist once known as Dollar Brand, arrives on April 4, to lead his septet through his gentle, songful music. Shows from ten. Dining.

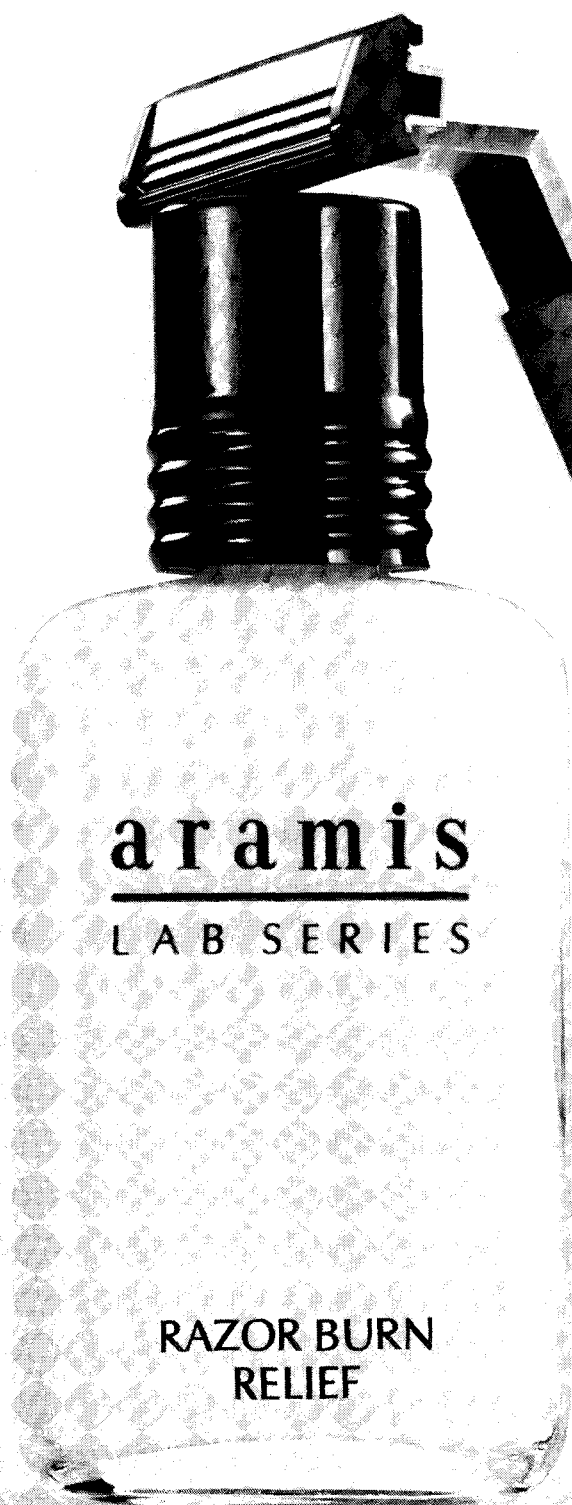
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded Village elder named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the basement, salsa bands play for dancing and listening on Mondays after nine. Saxophonist **A. C. REED** and his blues band hold forth March 31-April 1. **ALTAN**, a traditional Irish-music group, performs at eight on April 2. Back upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often booming, piano-bass teams play nightly, except Mondays, from ten. Jazz singer **LODI CARR** has the floor on Mondays. One more flight up, in the cabaret known as the Top of the Gate, the Manhattan Tap Jazz Trio performs on Mondays at eight; veteran tappers **BUSTER BROWN** and Charles (Cookie) Cook will be their guests on April 3.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the pro-



Carmen McRae at the Blue Note

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

prietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN**, a hard-blowing tenor saxophonist who started out with the extroverted Lionel Hampton band of the mid-forties, leads a quartet March 28-April 2. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco, photos of old Firenze, a cheerful Florentine bartender, and piano jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** is on duty nightly, except Sundays, from eight. On April 2, **ROGER KELLAWAY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** go to work at seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

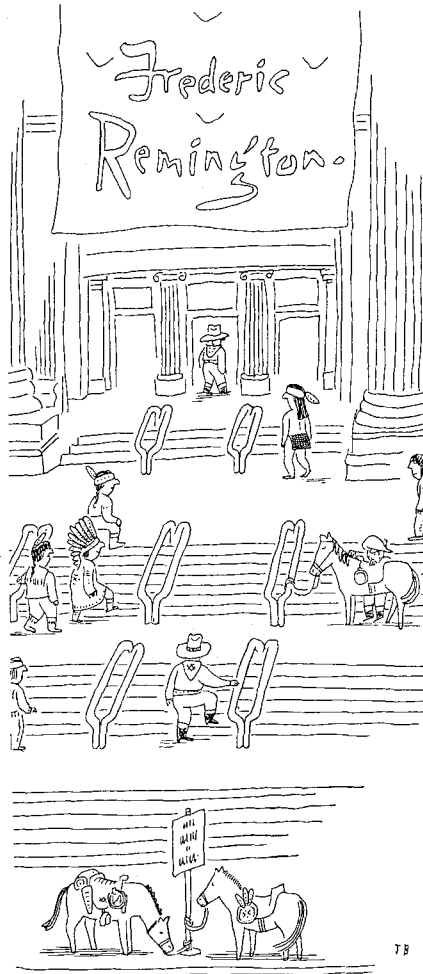
CHARLES DE GAULLE's assertion that "the French will only be united under the threat of danger—nobody can simply bring together a country that has two hundred and sixty-five kinds of cheese" has been proved wrong by Bernard Ros. Each night, from midnight until the state liquor authority declares a drought, the staffs of many of New York's French restaurants converge on Ros's Café C, in the West Park Hotel. On Friday, the mirrored ball lit the tiled dance floor, the Gipsy Kings were turned up as loud as possible, and the smoke was thickest around the proprietors of La Mirabelle, La Metairie, and La Côte Basque. (There are probably more lit cigarettes per cubic foot here than anywhere outside the Raleigh-Durham area.) On Sunday, the mood was quieter, and the owners of Le Chantilly and La Bohème and waiters from La Gauloise arrived early, because this is the night a guest chef of the week prepares dinner, a four-course *rien de nouvelle* meal for twenty-three dollars. A three-piece band—piano, accordion, and guitar—was playing tributes to Piaf, followed by "Cuando Caliente el Sol," while two restaurant owners' wives, in silk peplums and spikes that could spear bass, danced round the others as if they were contestants at the Harvest Moon Ball. Late in the evening, Nina from Tout Va Bien sang virtually every song ever taught on the docks in Marseilles.

Ros's Gallic refuge happened by accident, when the crew of the S.S. France began frequenting his old night spot, Le Cocu, attracting fellow-night-crawling countrymen. The crew and Le Cocu are gone now and Café C is the new port of call. Despite the clublike atmosphere, Ros welcomes everyone: "I wish others would come and mingle with the ladies and gentlemen who serve them. They'd be surprised at all the fun we have." And watch that waiter from Le Cirque. He's a wicked dancer.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-nineteenth edition—the last with lion, tiger, and elephant trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Through April 23.)

"WILD BILL FROM OLIVE HILL"—A performance piece in which Bill Callihan tells stories and sings songs about his adolescent experiences, including the one about his Swiss girlfriend. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. March 30-April 1 at 10.)



ART

MEL KENDRICK is a wonderful sculptor. His wood constructions—such as "Splayed Cedar" (1986), which has pencil marks and is highly wrought, or "Big Tree" (1988), whose naturalism suggests the Western wildernesses of the nineteenth century—have become so expansive and well pitched that they rival Noguchi's, and so full of seemingly spontaneous energy that they make you think of Picasso at his improvisational best. His work can be seen in "4 Americans," at the Brooklyn Museum through May 15th.

Actually, the exhibition as a whole is quite good. Joel Fisher, John Newman, and Robert Lobe are the other three artists included, and each is strong. Lobe especially is interesting. His work—rather large, topographically derived metal forms that suggest internal organs and natural-history-museum displays—can be a bit tricky to accommodate, however, and doesn't look its best in a cramped, squared-off room. Kendrick's pieces, by contrast, are quite modest in scale and almost entirely self-sufficient. Many, in fact, encompass their own pedestals and seem practically impervious to the vicissitudes of décor and space. "White Log," for instance, one of the artist's infrequent bronzes, has a glimmering patina of silver nitrate—the chemical used in early photographs—and needs only some light. Kendrick's sculptures manage a neat juggling feat. They reconcile the clas-

sical and the romantic, structuralism and gesture, the organic and the man-made—even nature and culture—with what can only be described as effortless grace.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. . . . Photographs from William Henry Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature." Through April 9. . . . "The Masterworks" of Frederic Remington. Through April 16. . . . The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era. Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. . . . A show of architectural design—models, drawings, and photographs of buildings—by Emilio Ambasz and Steven Holl. Through April 4. . . . Walker Evans' works. (See Photography.) Through April 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Refigured Painting: The German Image": A haphazard onslaught of Expressionism which attempts to make sense of German painting today but desperately needs editing in some areas and amplification in others. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An eye-opening retrospective of the work of Frederick Kiesler, including a reconstruction of the Surrealist room in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. Through April 16. . . . A show of American folk art from the center in Williamsburg, Virginia, that is named for Abby Aldrich Rockefeller. The landmark collection, started in the twenties, identified and brought to public attention such painters (all represented here) as Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Brewster, Jr. Through April 2. . . . A selection of sculptures from the sixties by Yoko Ono. Concurrently, films and videos by Ono are on view on the second floor. (See Film Libraries, below, for schedule.) Through April 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Madagascar: Island of the Ancestors" features a reconstructed village and about five hundred examples of jewelry, weaponry, and funerary sculpture. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

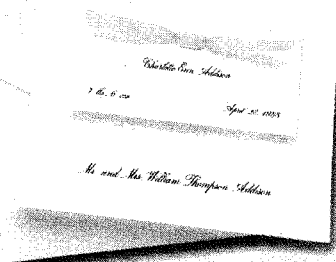
BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, mounted in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. More than five hundred examples of furniture, fashion, silver, glass, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper, and jewelry are included. Starts March 30. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Cityscapes of Venice by Francesco Guardi (paintings) and James McNeill Whistler (pastels and etchings), and of Paris by Charles Meryon (etchings). Through June 18. (Open Tues-

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ART—Cont'd

days through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition that purports to represent the best Latin-American art being made in the United States today, but looks like a college art show. There is, however, good work by Enrique Castro-Cid, Jorge Tacla, Alfredo Ceibal, and especially Liliana Porter, whose combination of real and painted objects on a large white triptych is both fragile and strong. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Robert Colescott is one of the few black artists to take on the mainstream (white) art world successfully. His parodies of art history, in which he interprets landmark paintings by substituting black figures for white ones, are acerbic and entertaining attacks on racism and sexism. Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The role of the newly free press in the French Revolution is explored in an exhibit of pamphlets, books, broadsides, playing cards, and an early printing press, along with a working press of similar design manned (from 2 to 3 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) by printers turning out bilingual copies of "The Declaration of the Rights of Man." Through April 29. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum," a show held jointly by the Studio Museum and the Met Life Gallery (24 E. 24th St.), comprises pieces by thirteen contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

FRITZ BULTMAN (1919-85)—Like many of his peers in the fifties, Bultman delighted in applying paint, mashing it around, and scratching into it. These paintings are exuberant, but don't add significantly to the history of abstraction. Through April 8. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Delaunay rarely strayed from her narrow vocabulary of colorful swirling arcs and circles within circles—and the world is richer for it. From large canvases to small commercial designs, this selection displays her talent successfully, if somewhat haphazardly. The small watercolors, including designs for costumes and advertisements, are gems. Through April 15. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Pristine watercolors by an American landscape artist. Richards' attempts at misty Whistlerian monochromes were stymied by his compulsion to render distant forms precisely, but occasionally he mustered a brilliant palette and an engaging, looser brush, particularly in his depictions of choppy water and rocky coasts. Through April 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

DONALD ROLLER WILSON—In these precise and amusing paintings, Miss Dog America of 1938 and her family of chimps, cats, and canines are portrayed in smocked dresses, with watermelon slices or baby bottles on their heads, and pencil stubs and cigarette butts hurtling past them. Through April 1. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

THE JULIAN ACADEMY—An entertaining, thoughtful salon-style exhibition that assembles scores of paintings and drawings and a few

sculptures by artists who taught or studied at the famous French art school from 1870 to 1930. Among the standouts are works by Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Khnopff, Emile Bernard, and Louis Michel Eilshemius, and a wonderful study by Henri-Georges Charrier of a rude-looking young male model whose crooked elbow, high on the left, rhymes with an offhand sketch of Paul Gauguin's profile. Through May 13. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER FOLK**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: This show juxtaposes geometric Navajo blankets with works by Donald Judd, Frank Stella, and Kenneth Noland, and hopes to make a point in the process, but doesn't provoke much visual dialogue. Through April 15. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE GALLERY**, Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: The third installment of the worthy, tedious year-long "Debate on Abstraction" includes work by Allan McCollum and Louis Lo Monaco, and nifty pieces by Maren Hassinger and the team of Wallace & Donohue. "Anti-Simulation" is the curator Maurice Berger's dead-head theme. Through April 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Family month at this gallery celebrates six generations of the John Constable family. The patriarch's paintbox is far



Sophie Segal

more engaging than most of his offspring's work. Alvara Guevara and his wife, Meraud, continue the family theme. His charming series of blue paintings of elongated society women and male swimmers (1916-17) were influenced by Matisse. Through March 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM**, 24 E. 81st St.: A sense of style (and a preoccupation with virility) was everything to the sculptors Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, and Reuben Nakian, according to this delightful display of Art Deco silhouette drawings of bullfighters, women, and bulls, and of sculptures, including Diederich's fire screen of prancing horses nipping each other's tails. Through April 15.

SHORT LIST—**MICHAEL DAVID**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through April 20); **ROBERT OHNIGIAN**, Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. (through April 8); **MARINA STERN**, Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 1); **IDELLE WEBER**, Anthony Ralph, 43 E. 78th St. (through April 1).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ERIK ANDRIESSE—A first one-man show in New York for this younger Dutch artist reveals lurid paintings of flora and fauna which want to create a perverse hothouse atmosphere and manage to suggest the work of Lowell Nesbitt. Through April 8. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Very pretty and very bland painted paper grids: the quintessential corporate art. Through April 1. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN DUFF—Recent bronzes. A couple of these quiet, refined, and rather academic floor pieces bear traces of hand modelling. These

are the most satisfying. Through April 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK DUGAN / PETER SAUL—Abstractions in lime green, orange, and fuchsia. Through March 31. / Drawings by a master of funky figuration. Through April 29. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

WOLF KAHN—New work. Some of these landscapes are quite strange and beautiful, others are conventional and pretty. One gets the sense that Kahn gets a kick out of fence-sitting. Through April 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

THOMAS SCHÜTTE—This mixed-media installation is a rumination on architecture and, perhaps, on the past and future of cities. It includes drawings; several large, stacked constructions out of raw plywood (a now ubiquitous material); and one little male doll that resembles Luke Skywalker. Through April 8. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Several of these heavily painted relief sculptures—or, more accurately, paintings in the round—provide a compassionate portrait of an overlooked theme: the elderly. A series of large pastel drawings of lonely people emerging from dark grounds make their point most directly. Through April 22. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Among recent paintings by this predictable master of Down East wilderness is a bittersweet reminder of last Columbus Day's early and misleading mountain snow. Through April 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 20 W. 57th St.: "Art in Art" is an old-fashioned potpourri of a print exhibition, whose theme, open-armed and unexamined, allows for period pieces by artists such as Peggy Bacon and George Bellows as well as recent work by Christo, Nancy Graves, and Red Grooms. A literary, cartoonish style prevails. Through April 1.

. . . **MARISA DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Work by some of the best sculptors around. From Tony Cragg's precise arrangement of dirty yellow plastic toys and containers to Jannis Kounellis's steel plates holding rounds of yellow wax and a folded burlap bag, all these pieces share a respect for materials with past lives. Through April 1. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Clay sculptures by Alain Kirili; bright twee doodle drawings and one small, winsome wall piece, a boat, by Richard Tuttle; and little paintings by William Wegman with vague boys' adventure themes, and a large, light-handed, lyrical view of a ghostly small-town America. Through April 1. (Open Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—**LOUISE BOURGEOIS**, Galerie Le-long, 20 W. 57th St., and Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 22); **ELAINE REICHEK**, Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 22); **KIMBER SMITH**, Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 8).

GALLERIES—SoHo

GREGORY BOTTS—Three huge new paintings, with insets and flower motifs. This artist may be a late bloomer. His work is hardy and good-natured, but covers a well-worn beat. Through April 15. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

COLIN CHASE—There is both humor and poetry to these handwrought sculptures (the artist calls them "spirit catchers") of raw wood combined with actual tree limbs and found materials. Through April 1. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

CHUCK CONNELLY—The paint is applied so thickly to these dark narrative canvases that it is sometimes difficult to make out the images of heroic myths and suburbiana. Connelly's is an appealing energy applied to worlds already well explored. Through April 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

KATE ERICSON AND MEL ZIEGLER—This duo reduces the idea of art as interior decoration to the minimum in two new installations. For instance, they have painted the walls of the Wolff Gallery with colors appropriated from period rooms at the Metropolitan and the Brooklyn Museums. Through April 1. (560 Broadway.)

JULIO GALAN—Wonderfully gaudy new paintings by a stylish young Mexican artist who works a lot in New York. They resemble *retablos*, and are also influenced by Francis Picabia, Frida Kahlo, Francesco Clemente, and Hieronymus Bosch. One is made entirely of feathers, and all are quite hot.

Through April 12. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)
DICK HIGGINS—Schematic paintings of old maps and other historical artifacts paying tribute to the way early geographers and explorers, from Ptolemy to Stanley, expressed their perceptions of the world. They are not nearly as engaging as the thinking that inspired them. Through April 15. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

RONI HORN—Small, intense shapes in modulated yellow, deep red, and Yves Klein blue on rectangular surfaces that have been pieced together from separate drawings. They are simply beautiful. Two finely polished copper cones lying on the basement floor of the Gorney Gallery seem to radiate a magnetic force. Through April 1. (100 Greene St.)

RICHARD KALINA—New paintings. These black-and-white still-lives are uptight but stylish, and look a little as if Oskar Schlemmer had decided to reorganize the work of Matisse. Through April 1. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

MARIE JO LAFONTAINE—On each of several video monitors embedded in a hulking black spiral, two men circle each other, like suspicious dogs. This Belgian artist's work is accessible, noisy, effective, and crass. Through April 1. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

RICHARD LONG—If Bruce Chatwin had been an artist, he probably would have been Richard Long. Some of this artist's most recent wanderings have produced a circle handmade with mud from the River Avon and a long, undulating curve of arrows that document the changing direction of the wind during a walk from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Coasts in Portugal and Spain. Through April 14. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

DONA NELSON / ARCHIE RAND—Intensely lyrical, often luminous figurative paintings with a strong American flavor and a highly idiosyncratic poetic voice. Energetic but heavy-handed, Rand's paintings create some interesting fantastical montage effects. Through April 29. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

CARA PERLMAN and KIKI SMITH—A creepy, unsentimental poetry informs Perlman's forest of defoliated concrete trees, and Smith's delicate ink drawings, some of them on tissue-thin paper, of human anatomy. Through April 8. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

PAT STEIR—New "Waterfall" paintings, in dripping silver and gold tones. Splashy and dazzling. Through April 15. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

TAD WILEY—These new abstract wood wall reliefs are as tight as a fist, as bright as sailboats in a bay. This artist's work develops slowly, subtly, surely, and in the direction, it seems, of the figure. Through April 1. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Sensitive, precise, sky-filled landscapes. Through April 1. (Sorkin, 596 Broadway.)

STEVE WOLFE—In this, his first exhibition, the artist has made painted objects that are loving duplicates of some of the books that influenced him. Bataille's "Literature and Evil" is as slick as lacquer while Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" appears beach worn. Charming, even if they are no substitute for Tolstoy. Through April 5. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

THOMAS WOODRUFF—These paintings were made in response to the deaths of some of the artist's friends from AIDS and are a noble attempt to have art serve society. They include dignified depictions of flies, snowmen, geysers, and drive-through redwoods, but are undermined by attempts to force them into a clever "symphonic" structure. In one "movement," for instance, the paintings have transparent curtains attached to the frames. Through April 1. (P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway.)

MICHAEL ZWACK—A good-looking show of new *shumato* paintings by an artist who hasn't been talked about for a while but who was earlier identified with that blurry style. Through April 1. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**ROBERT BORDO**, Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through April 15); **CAROLYN BRADY**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through April 19); **THOM COONEY CRAWFORD**, M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 15); **MARGARET ISRAEL**, Twining, 568 Broadway (through April 22); **DENNIS KARDON**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 22); **MATT PHILLIPS**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through April 8); **ARNULF RAINER**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (through April 8); **DAVID ROW**, Good, 532 Broadway (through

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STEAM STORY



Con Edison produces fourteen million pounds of steam an hour—none of which, they claim, is the same steam New Yorkers dodge in the street every day and regard as a kind of noxious urban tumbleweed. Well, then, apart from heat, hot water, and air-conditioning, where is all Con Ed's steam going? Forty-two-year company veteran John L. Sullivan, manager of Steam Customer and Commercial Services, offers this explanation: "We had a chocolate manufacturer making bonbons with it. We had a record company that used it to press records. It went out of business—the place burned down. We've been contacted by promotional companies who wanted us to release steam from manholes for an effect. They wanted a night scene: all these dark suits coming out of the steam like they were from Hades or someplace. We wouldn't do it. Michael Jackson asked to use some of our steam. We blew the original steam whistle from the Normandy liner, for an anniversary thing at the South Street Seaport. What a noise!" This accounts for a lot of steam, surely, but fourteen million pounds an hour? Mr. Sullivan pauses to think for a moment. "And we did the Camel billboard in Times Square—somebody blowing smoke rings," he says. "That was Con Edison steam."

April 8); **SUSAN SMITH**, Roeder, 545 Broadway, closed Tuesdays (through April 29); **MARY JOAN WAID**, Einstein, 591 Broadway (through April 8).

OTHER GALLERIES

JAMES LEE BYARS—For this, Byars' second installation this month, the gallery was painted a dense and velvety black, and the artist acted as his own docent during the opening. It includes some beautiful Japanese-style scrolls and miscellaneous mysterious magic stuff in vitrines. Through April 15. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

JENNY HOLZER—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

ANNETTE LEMIEUX—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Using old postcards, Adirondack furniture, and antiquated objects like hat presses, Lemieux, in her light but penetrating way, makes a strong art about vulnerability. Through April 15. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

ALLAN MCCOLLUM—For more than ten years, McCollum has been making generic paintings he calls "surrogates"—eloquent and postured statements of ambivalence toward originality and painting itself. These, some of his earliest, are made of wood, scored in the center with a rectangular form, and painted either a single color or black and white. Through April 1. (Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. Opens at 1.)

RICHARD MOCK—Pieced together from bicycle wheels, sideview mirrors, birdcages, bones, office chairs, and more, these highly ordered assemblages court the spirit of the obsessive but do not win her. Through April 1. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

TWILIGHT OF THE EAST VILLAGE—When Gracie Mansion moves to SoHo at the end of April (virtually all the other respected East Village galleries already have), the East Village can effectively be considered a closed chapter in the annals of recent art. The tone of her last show in the old neighborhood—seven artists' works on paper—is dark and labored, in contrast to her characteristic vigor. Even Rhonda Zwillinger, the queen of glittery kitsch, has switched to muted geometric paintings. Through April 22. (167 Avenue A, at 10th St.)

DESIGN—Four shows. The oddest pays tribute to products designed by the students and faculty of the Israeli Bezalel Academy of Art and Design, established in Jerusalem by a Bulgarian immigrant in 1906. We're confident that valuable functions will be served by the plastic habitat for prawn breeding, the parking credit card called a Parkulator, and the plastic beach case that unfolds to become a seat, but, in terms of design, they might have come from Caldor. Through April 7. (Parsons School of Design, 66 Fifth Ave.)... Furniture and objects by Donald Deskey, who designed the interiors of Radio City Music Hall. His sleek chrome-and-Bakelite tables, chunky upholstered chairs, and desk lamp and ashtray of stacked triangles seem to shout "Use me!" with Busby Berkeley gusto. Through April 29. (Fifty-50, at 793 Broadway.)... "Design" might be a dirty word today at Art et Industrie, the furniture gallery that introduced Memphis to the United States. Elizabeth Browning Jackson's heavily textured pictorial rugs, on the wall or on the floor, try most emphatically to be art, just as Eleonora Triguboff's surrealist chairs, made of huge bent-metal straps, try to be sculpture. Through April 1. (106 Spring St.)... Betty Woodman allows a love of painting and sculpture to inform her craft. Her porcelain cups and pitchers on saucers and trays, painted in tropical-fruit glazes, are playful and beautiful, and almost as expensive as sculpture. Through April 18. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

ARTISTS SPACE—A welcome experimental mood characterizes the installations of "Dark Rooms," including a bed, by Jana Sterbak, piled with pillows with words like "Greed" and "Disease" embroidered on them, and a metal contraption, by Stephen Barry, that spins the adventuresome viewer around, as on a carnival ride. Through April 1. (223 West Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD**, Bromm, 90 West Broadway (through April 29); **GERRY MOREHEAD**, Klein, 611 Broadway (through April 15); **TERESE SCHWARTZ**, Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St., opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays (through April 16).

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE organizers of "Life: Through the Sixties," at the International Center of Photography, try to present the proverbial balanced picture. That's what's wrong with this exhibition. A picture of blueberry pie doesn't go down too well when one is still carrying an afterimage of a photograph showing the bodies of people shot by the South African police at Sharpeville. Yet despite the attempt to make nice with batches of "happy" pictures after passages of tragedy, the show is very strong, because so many of the photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—resist being absorbed into the mish-mash. There are images of horror here that were indelibly printed on our consciousness when *Life* first published them. Seeing them again is very painful. They're like an antidote to the current vogue for writing off that era as an embarrassing episode in self-indulgence.

ZEKE BERMAN—Set-up photographs that call upon drawing, sculpture, and perceptual insight and are never didactic, often poker-faced and

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witty. Through April 8. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)
WALKER EVANS (1903-75)—Looking at Evans' work is always a pleasure. However, this exhibition feels like an extra pleasure—a homecoming. It includes most of the images in "American Photographs," the 1938 MOMA Evans publication that has now been reissued by the museum. Through April 11. (Museum of Modern Art.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—This is one of those shows that seem designed to prove the point that currently fashionable work was being done by the exhibiting artist years ago. No argument. No one can dispute Heinecken's role as an early postmodernist dissector of the mass media. Heinecken is also a master of photo processes, but ultimately his work is academic and disappointing, because it has very little transformative energy. Through April 22. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**ROBERT CAPA**, Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **KONRAD CRAMER**, Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through April 22); **TODD EBERLE**, Allen, 560 Broadway (through April 11); **LEE FRIEDLANDER**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 8); **SKEET MC AULEY**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through April 29); **ROSAMOND WOLFF PURCELL**, Pfeiffer, 568 Broadway (through April 13); **CINDY SHERMAN**, Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through April 22); **CHARLES TRAUB AND JERRY GORDON**, Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 64th St., closed Saturdays, and The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave. at 51st St., open daily except Thursdays (through March 31).

MUSIC

THE New York Philharmonic banked heavily this season on Klaus Tennstedt's reputation as an interpreter of Viennese classics: his program of Schubert's "Unfinished" and Mahler's Fourth was scheduled for no fewer than eight performances. But Mr. Tennstedt's precarious health has unfortunately forced him to cancel. Yoel Levi has been tapped to take over the first four performances (one of these is on March 28th). For the others, the Philharmonic offers another popular combination—Bernstein and Mahler. The "Resurrection" Symphony will be played in place of Mr. Tennstedt's program from March 30th through April 4th.

Roger Norrington, the English conductor who has shaken up the orchestral business by making the first really convincing records of Beethoven symphonies on original instruments, will tread on thin ice, mixing "modern" instruments with a "period" point of view, when he leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's in the Ninth Symphony at Carnegie Hall on April 2nd.

More often than most people realize, orchestras that visit Manhattan help make the trip economically feasible by performing elsewhere in the area. If you want to hear the Baltimore Symphony, just back from the longest strike in the history of major United States orchestras, you can go to Carnegie Hall on April Fools' Day, or you can go to Long Island University, in Brookville, the night before, or you can go to Montclair High School, in New Jersey, the day after. (Lost your place? That's Sunday, April 2nd, at 3:30.) At all three concerts, certified superstar James Galway plays a conservatively pretty "Pied Piper Fantasy," by John Corigliano, which



Dawn Upshaw

might be a reason for staying away, but the conductor, David Zinman, has something of a reputation for Berlioz, and the Corsair overture is also on the bill. Long Island and Carnegie get Schumann's Rhenish Symphony; Montclair gets Mahler's First.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**DAS RHEINGOLD**, with Christa Ludwig, Birgitta Svendén, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; conducted by James Levine. (March 27 at 8 and April 1 at 2.)... **RIGOLETTO**, with Hei-Kyung Hong, Leo Nucci, and Jerry Hadley; Nello Santi. (March 28 and March 31, a nonsubscription performance, at 8.)... **EUGENE ONEGIN**, with Mirella Freni, Lenus Carlson, Neil Shicoff, and Hans Sotin; conductor to be announced. (March 29 at 8.)... With Mirella Freni, Lenus Carlson, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Pliska; conductor to be announced. (April 1 at 8.)... With Mirella Freni, Jorma Hynninen, Neil Shicoff, and Hans Sotin; conductor to be announced. (April 5 at 8, final performance of the season.)... **DIE WALKÜRE**, with Johanna Meier, Jessye Norman, Christa Ludwig, Gary Lakes, and James Morris; James Levine. (March 30 at 7.)... With Hildegard Behrens, Jessye Norman, Christa Ludwig, Gary Lakes, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 4 at 7.)... **BILLY BUDD**, with James King, Thomas Allen, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Thomas Fulton. (April 3 at 8, first performance of the season.) (Metropolitan Opera House, 362-6000.)

"DAS KLEINE MAHAGONNY"—The Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht collaboration is given a new twist by the Peter Sellars-Craig Smith team. With Lorraine Hunt, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; Frank Kelley, tenor; James Magdalena and Sanford Sylvan, baritones; and John Osborn, bass. Mr. Smith will conduct. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. March 30-April 1 at 8, and April 2 at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Yoel Levi conducting, with Benita Valente, soprano. (March 28 at 7:30.)... ♪ Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Miss Valente; the New Choral Artists; and others. (March 30 at 8; March 31 at 2; and April 1 and April 4 at 8.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Edo de Waart conducting works by Messiaen and Mahler. (Carnegie Hall, March 31 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—John Nelson conducting works by Haydn, Alexander Glazu-

nov, and Berlioz. With Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 622-1000. March 31-April 1 at 8, and April 2 at 2.)

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—David Zinman conducting, with James Galway, flute. (Carnegie Hall, April 1 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Heinz Holliger conducting and playing the oboe. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 1 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Roger Norrington conducting an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall, April 2 at 8.)

BERLIN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—A conductorless group playing works by Vivaldi, Mozart, and Dvořák. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 2 at 2.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky, and a new work. (Avery Fisher Hall, April 5 at 8.)

CHOIR OF THE SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—A twenty-four-voice men's and boys' choir, in a concert to raise funds for their ailing spire. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. April 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

ALAN FEINBERG—Piano, performing classical and contemporary works. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 29 at 8.)

PARNASSUS—Anthony Korf conducting, among other works, a new commissioned piece by Victor Ialeggio. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 29 at 8.)

ALAN MANDEL—Piano, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall, March 29 at 8.)

GERALD ROBBINS—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, March 29 at 8.)

DETLEF KRAUS—Piano, in an all-Brahms recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. March 30 at 5:45.)

CHARLES LIBOVE AND NINA LUGOVOY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, March 30 at 8.)

MONTSEERAT CABALLÉ—Soprano, in her only New York recital this season. (Avery Fisher Hall, March 31 at 8.)

CAROL WINGENC AND NANCY ALLEN—Flute and harp. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, March 31 at 8.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—With Donald Currier, piano; Ida Kavañan, violin; Jesse Levine, viola; David Shifrin, clarinet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, April 1 at 8.)

VIRTUOSI QUINTET—In a program of contemporary music that includes the premiere of a work by Robert Baksa. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. April 2 at 2. Tickets are free with museum admission.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—In a solo recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, April 2 at 3.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—In a Schubert-Borodin-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall, April 2 at 3.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ENSEMBLES—Chamber music by Alexander Friedrich, Beethoven, and Dvořák. (Merkin Concert Hall, April 2 at 3.)

DAWN UPSHAW—Soprano, with James Levine, piano, in a program of songs by Sibelius, Poulenc, John Harbison, and others. (Alice Tully Hall, April 2 at 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSIC—April 2 at 7:30: Twentieth-century orchestral works conducted by Lukas Foss and Noam Sheriff. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)... ♪ April 3 at 8: Four contemporary choral works. (Merkin Concert Hall.)

EUGENIA ZUKERMAN AND ANTHONY NEWMAN—Flute and harpsichord, playing and talking about works by Vivaldi, Corelli, and Geminiani. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. April 3 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—An evening of works by Richard Peaslee. Contributing to this program are Peter Schickele, Martha Clarke, the Manhattan Jazz Ensemble, and others. (Alice Tully Hall, April 3 at 8.)

CHELSEA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—In its fifth anniversary concert. (Weill Recital Hall, April 3 at 8.)

BOWERY ENSEMBLE—Presenting Michael Pugliese, percussion, in a concert of music by John Cage, Morton Feldman, Iannis Xenakis, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, April 4 at 8:30.)

VINEYARD MUSICKE—Performing music from the time of Marie Antoinette. Isabelle Werenfels

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Spend a July afternoon chasing waves on a Cape Cod beach at low tide. See who can find the prettiest seashell. Plant yourself in the warm sand and count all the shades of blue in the water and the sky.

Drive up the coast to Gloucester some August evening, put on a bib (that's half the fun), and have yourself a nice, bright red lobster. Watch the sun melt the summer dew off the cranberry bogs in Plymouth. Or spend an October weekend hiking in the Berkshires.

It doesn't matter what you do when you come to Massachusetts. It doesn't matter who you are, or when you visit. You can't help but feel refreshed.

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MUSIC—Cont'd

will read excerpts from the Queen's diary. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. April 4 at 8.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Presenting the Tallia Scholars; a ten-voice choir from Britain. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. April 5 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.)

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. April 5 at 8.)

ANDREW RANGELL—Piano, in the penultimate of his seven concerts of all the Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. April 5 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP /
PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

EHUD BANAI AND THE REFUGEES—As part of a series called "Wounded Spirits/Promised Land,"

dium, 126 E. 14th St. 947-5850. April 5 at 8.)

MUSIC BY DUKE ELLINGTON—Four solo piano concerts. Norman Simmons, March 31 at 7....

Mike Abene, March 31 at 10.... Steve Kuhn, April 1 at 7.... Carol Britto, April 1 at 10. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696.)

USTAD VILAYAT KHAN—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. April 1 at 8.

JULIUS LA ROSA AND MARLENE VERPLANCK—Singing hits from the forties. (Vineyard Theatre. April 2 at 3 and 7.)

MIKE & THE MECHANICS—With the Escape Club. (Beacon Theatre. April 4-5 at 8.)

P.S. 122—March 29: David Watson, the Humdrums, and Sharon Jane Smith....

March 30: Wadada Leo Smith and Sue Ann Harkey.... March 31: Andy Kirshner....

April 1: The Krakatoans, with Ikue Mori. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Evenings at 8:30.)



The Replacements

Dance Theatre Workshop is serving up this Middle Eastern combination plate. Banai and his band, Tel Aviv rockers of the Dylan school, team up with Local Music, an Arab-Israeli group known for their hora renditions, to sing songs of peace and protest and to demonstrate the proper use of the darboukie. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 27-28 at 8.)

THE REPLACEMENTS—Paul Westerberg, a tremendously talented songwriter, writes rowdy rock-and-roll songs about being "on the ladder of success, where you take one step and miss the whole first rung." His band's stage act is like a frat-house party, full of revved-up versions of the group's own songs and the occasional Black Sabbath tune. The Replacements may sound more serious in recent interviews, but they're still ready to rock the house down. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 30-31 at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—A hundred and forty beautiful voices in search of a lovely song pay an evening-long tribute to Stephen Sondheim. The chorus has a sense of humor and a generosity of feeling that are perfectly suited to Sondheim's eclectic catalogue of show tunes. Hearing all those voices singing "Send in the Clowns" may seem to some the definition of Hell on earth, but imagine what fun it would be to hear them sing "It's Hot Up Here" or "Another Hundred People." With Elaine Stritch, Larry Kert, and other Broadway luminaries in tow, this should be a wacky, wonderful evening. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. April 2 at 8.)

THROWING MUSES—This quartet from Boston, whose latest record, "Hunkpapa," has a tougher, harder-edged sound than previous releases, should keep even the Palladium audience's attention from wandering. Lead singer Kristin Hersh's deeply personal songs—many of which are built around quirky melodies and sudden chord changes—have a gutsy kick. Onstage, this idiosyncratic band delivers a feverish swirl of acoustic and electric sounds that can make you dizzy. (Palla-

SPORTS

THE Yankees and the Mets come North this week—the Yanks with a new manager (the sixteenth in the sixteen-year reign of George Steinbrenner) and Mel

Hall (the right fielder pro tem) and Tom Seaver (who will be in the TV booth, giving comfort to Phil Rizzuto), and the Mets with a surplus of talent and a team psychiatrist. Before the clubs begin play in earnest—the Mets open at Shea against the speedy, light-hitting Cardinals on April 3rd; the Yankees open on April 4th against the Twins, in the great indoors of the Metrodome—they play two exhibition games, on each other's turf. (The teams resumed relations this spring in Florida, after four years of hostile non-combat.) The first game is at Yankee Stadium on April 1st at 1:30, and the second at Shea on April 2nd at 1:35.

HOME TEAMS

RANGERS—Welcome to one of the longest play-off seasons in sports, which begins officially on April 5 and could run through the end of May. Last time the Rangers won the Stanley Cup, F.D.R. was President. Last time they made the finals, long sideburns were in fashion. The fat lady is holding her breath.... Vs. the Islanders, April 2 at 7:30.

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Washington Capitals,

March 28 at 8:05.... Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, April 1 at 7:05.

DEVILS—Vs. the Islanders, March 29.... Vs. the Washington Capitals, April 2. (Game time: 7:45.)

KNICKS—Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, March 28.... Vs. the Dallas Mavericks, March 30.... Vs. the Golden State Warriors, March 31.... Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 4. (Game time: 8:30.)

NETS—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, March 28.... Vs. the Houston Rockets, March 30. (Game time: 7:30.)

(Home base for the Rangers and the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Islanders, Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222; for the Devils and the Nets, Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; for the Mets, Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8599; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except April 4, at 1.... Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.... At Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

AL GORDON 10K—This race, named after the eighty-seven-year-old road runner and honorary chairman of the Kidder, Peabody Group, Inc., starts at Fifth Ave. and 90th St. at 11 on April 2, and ends at Tavern on the Green about a half hour later.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

SCOUTS HONORED—Nearly sixty-five thousand visitors are expected for what is shaping up to be the single largest event in Boy Scout history. At this annual show, scouts will man four hundred and fifty booths devoted to, for instance, astronomy, zoology, and snowshoe-making. Popeye, ambassador to the Boy Scout Council, will be in attendance. (Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St. April 1, from 9 to 5. Scouts in uniform will be admitted free.)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT—Paintings, drawings, and prints commissioned by the LU petit-beurre-cookie people. Among the artists are J. J. Sempé, André François, and David Lance Goines. (French Institute—Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100. March 31-April 29.)

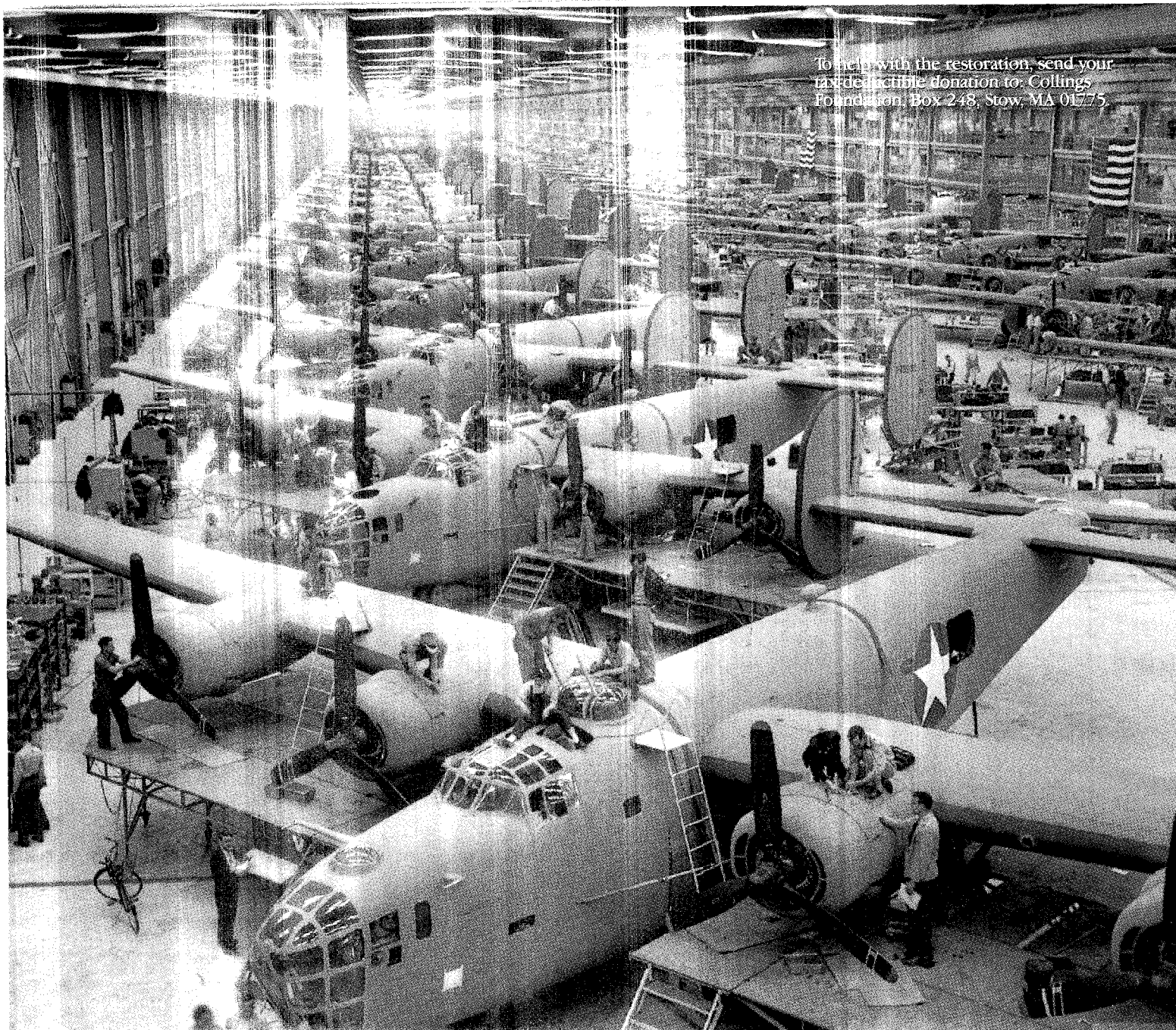
DISCUSSION GROUP—Congressman Ted Weiss leads a forum on the erosion of the atmosphere, water pollution, and the disposal of waste. (Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. April 2 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—Marian Seldes and David Margulies, among others, reading from the stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Erskine Caldwell, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 29 at 6:30.)... "The Poet as Novelist, the Novelist as Poet," featuring readings by Paul Auster, Nicholas Christopher, and Carol Muske. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. March 31 at 8.)... Maxine Hong Kingston reading from her forthcoming novel. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Square S. April 2 at 3. For information about tickets, call 966-5932.... And at the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 3 at 8.)... Linda Bierds and Ruth Garnett reading their poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. April 5 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts April 2 at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



Davey Johnson and Dallas Green



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
March 28: At 7, "A Very Moral Night" (1977, directed by Károly Makk; in Hungarian); and, at 9:30, "Love" (1971, Makk; in Hungarian).

March 29-30: At 7, "A Very Moral Night"; and, at 9:30, "Another Way" (1981, Makk; in Hungarian).

March 31: "Voyage to Cythera" (1984, Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

April 1: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The six-and-a-half-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting.

April 2: At 2, "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary; and, at 7 and 9, "Voyage to Cythera."

From April 4: "Voyage to Cythera."

MOVELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 30: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From March 31: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"New York Stories" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays. From March 31: "Heathers" (Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater.

Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Working Girl" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through March 30: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek).

From March 31: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

(Matinées only) "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "Beaches" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Working Girl" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Jackknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).

Theatre 2: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "True Believer" (†). From April 3: Theatre temporarily closed.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson. From March 31: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

Theatre 2: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Cousins" (†). From March 31: "Heathers" (Michael Leh-

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

mann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater.

Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Mississippi Burning" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos),

Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).

Theatre 2: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "True Believer" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through March 30: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi). From

March 31: "Dark Habits" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dressmaker" (†).

Theatre 3: "Tapeheads" (Bill Fishman), with John Cusack and Tim Robbins.

Theatre 4: "In a Glass Cage" (Agustin Villaronga; in Spanish).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Jackknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 3: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).



"Police Academy 6: City Under Siege"

with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through April 4: "Łódź Ghetto" (directed by Kathryn Taverna and Alan Adelson).

From April 5: "Egg" (Daniël Danniël; in Dutch); and "Stones and Flies: Richard Long in America" (Philip Haas).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through March 30: (Separate admissions) "Exquisite Corpses" (Temistocles Lopez); and "Under the Sun of Satan" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire. From March 31: "Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson), with Nilsson.

Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sand-er, and Solveig Dommartin.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Powwow Highway" (Jonathan Wacks), with A Martinez.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th

and 57th. (265-2520)

"84 Charlie Mopic" (Patrick Duncan).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through March 30: "True Believer" (†).

From March 31: "Heat and Sunlight" (Rob Nilsson), with Nilsson.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through March 30: "Hanussen" (István Szabó; in Hungarian) with Klaus Maria Brandauer and Erland Josephson.

From March 31: "Crusoe" (Caleb Deschanel), with Aidan Quinn.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Rain Man" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (Claire Denis; in French).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 30: "Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays. From March 31: "Heathers" (Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater.

Theatre 3: Through March 30: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From March 31: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

Theatre 4: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 5: "Dead-Bang" (John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 2: "True Believer" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: Through March 30: "Tap" (†). From March 31: "Sing" (Richard Baskin), with Lorraine Bracco and Peter Dobson.

Theatre 3: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.

Theatre 4: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).

Theatre 5: "Police Academy 6: City Under Siege" (Peter Bonerz), with Bubba Smith.

Theatre 6: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Beaches" (†).

Theatre 3: "Three Fugitives" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated film.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Leviathan" (George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Fletch Lives" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "Rooftops" (Robert Wise), with Jason Gedrick.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Troop Beverly Hills" (Jeff Kanew), with Shelley Long and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Theatre 2: "Lean on Me."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

March 27: "The Old Maid" (1939, directed by Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939, Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis and Errol Flynn.

March 28: "Zaza" (1939, George Cukor), with Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall; and "The Light That Failed" (1940, William Wellman), with Ida Lupino, Ronald Colman, and Walter Huston.

March 29-30: "Honolulu" (1939, Eddie Buzzell), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, and Burns and Allen; and "Second Fiddle" (1939, Sidney Lanfield), with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power.

March 31-April 1: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst

Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo; and "Another Thin Man" (1939, W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

April 2-3: "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (1939, Gregory Ratoff), with Ingrid Bergman and Leslie Howard; and "Idiot's Delight" (1939, Clarence Brown), with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

April 4: "Charlie Chan in Reno" (1939, Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Mr. Moto in Danger Island" (1939, Herbert I. Leeds), with Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto.

From April 5: "Midnight" (1939, Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Bachelor Mother" (1939, Garson Kanin), with Ginger Rogers, David Niven, and Charles Coburn.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 28: "Veronika Voss" (1982, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1982, Fassbinder; in German).

March 29-30: "Touch of Evil" (1958, Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948, Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

March 31-April 1: "We Think the World of You" (1988, Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman; and "Withnail and I" (1987, Bruce Robinson), with Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann.

April 2: "Kaos" (1986, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).

April 3-4: "The Good Mother" (†); and "Shoot the Moon" (1982, Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney.

From April 5: "A Handful of Dust" (1988, Charles Sturridge), with James Wilby; and "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day Lewis.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

March 27: "Marius" (1931, Alexander Korda; in French) and "Fanny" (1932, Marc Allégret and Pierre Prévert; in French), both with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Dèmazis.

March 28-29: "Angèle" (1934, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Dèmazis, and Jean Servais.

March 30-April 1: "César" (1936, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Orane Dèmazis, and Charpin; and "Topaze" (1933, Harry D'Arrast), with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.

April 2-4: "The Baker's Wife" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu; and "Harvest" (1937, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

From April 5: "Letters from My Windmill" (1955, Marcel Pagnol; in French); and "Topaze" (1933, Louis Gasnier; in French), with Louis Jovet.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

March 27: "Jeanne Eagels" (1957, George Sidney), with Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler, Agnes Moorehead, and Charles Drake; and "Pushover" (1954, Richard Quine), with Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey, Kim Novak, Dorothy Malone, and E. G. Marshall.

March 28: "The Dark Past" (1948, Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Nina Foch, Lee J. Cobb, and Adele Jergens; and "Shockproof" (1949, Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight.

March 29: "Madame X" (1966, David Lowell Rich), with Lana Turner, Constance Bennett, Keir Dullea, and John Forsythe; and "Love Has Many Faces" (1965, Alexander Singer), with Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson, and Hugh O'Brian.

March 30: "House on Haunted Hill" (1959, William Castle), with Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart, and Richard Long; and "The Hypnotic Eye" (1961, George Blair), with Jacques Bergerac.

March 31-April 1: "Blue Velvet" (†) and "The Five Thousand Fingers of Dr. T." (1953, Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig.

April 2: "Falstaff" (†); and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.

April 3: "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott; and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946, Lewis Milestone),

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GALLERIES

APRIL AUCTIONS

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at 10 a.m.*

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*For further information,
contact Joanna Bobrowicz*

Wednesday, April 5 at 7 p.m.

American Paintings & Sculpture

For further information, contact Elaine Banks

Wednesday, April 19 at 10 a.m.

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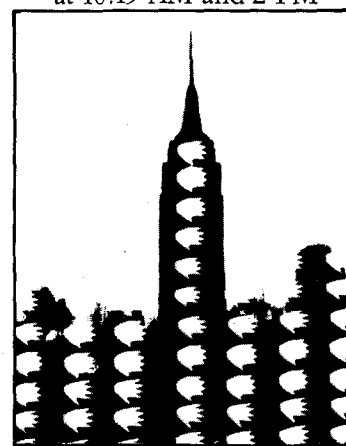
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

with Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Kirk Douglas.

April 4: "Town Bloody Hall" (1971, D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary; and "One P.M." (1969, D. A. Pennebaker), with Rip Torn and the Jefferson Airplane.

April 5: Three films by Kenneth Anger—"Scorpio Rising," "Lucifer Rising," and "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome"; and two films by Maya Deren—"Meshes in the Afternoon" and "Ritual in Transfigured Time."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 27: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuelle Béart and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

March 28: "Dark Passage" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944, Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

March 29: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero; and "Dishonored" (1931, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.

March 30: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Lee Marvin; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956, Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

March 31-April 1: "Laura" (†); and "Night and the City" (1950, Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

April 2: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939, Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, and John Beal; and "The Old Dark House" (†).

April 3: "Carmen" (1983, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "El Amor Brujo" (1986, Carlos Saura; in Spanish).

April 4: "Mildred Pierce" (†); and "Daisy Kenyon" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda.

April 5: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Cary Grant; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—April 3 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of 1988 award-winning films by college and university students. . . . March 4 at 3 and 6: "The Life of Juanita Castro" (1965, directed by

Andy Warhol) and "My Hustler" (1965, Warhol). . . . April 5 at 6:30: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966, Warhol).

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—An international festival of new films by new directors. March 27 at 6: "The Peddler" (Mohsen Makhmalbaf). . . . March 27 at 8:30: "Mr. Universe" (György Szomjas). . . . March 28 at 6: "Evening Bell" (Wu Ziniu). . . . March 28 at 8:30 and March 29 at 6: "Foxtrot" (Jon Tryggvason). . . . March 29 at 8:30: "Evening Bell." . . . March 30 at 6: "Joe Leahy's Neighbors" (Robin Anderson and Bob Connolly). . . . March 30 at 9: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (Bruce Robinson). . . . March 31 at 6: "Plaff!" (Juan Carlos Tabío). . . . March 31 at 9 and April 1 at 12:30: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul). . . . April 1 at 3:30: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising." . . . April 1 at 6: "Plaff!" . . . April 1 at 9: "Surname Viet Given Name Nam" (Trinh T. Minh-ha). . . . April 2 at 3:30: "Joe Leahy's Neighbors." . . . April 2 at 6:30: "Surname Viet Given Name Nam." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9500.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"A Second Look," films that opened in 1988 but had only limited runs. March 29 at 2:30: "Shy People" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jill Clayburgh and Barbara Hershey. . . . March 30 at 2:30: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster. . . . March 31 at 2:30: "Candy Mountain" (Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer), with Kevin J. O'Connor. . . . April 1 at 6: "De Mille films, made between 1919 and 1928, about sex and marriage. March 31 at 7:30: "Don't Change Your Husband" (1919), with Gloria Swanson. . . . April 1 at 1: "For Better, For Worse" (1919), with Swanson. . . . April 1 at 4: "Male and Female" (1919), with Swanson. . . . April 1 at 7:30: "Why Change Your Wife" (1919), with Swanson. . . . April 2 at 1: "Something to Think About" (1920), with Swanson. . . . April 2 at 4: "Forbidden Fruit" (1921), with Agnes Ayres. . . . April 5 at 2:30: "Don't Change Your Husband."

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the JONAS MEKAS THEATRE or the MAYA DEREN THEATRE: March 28 at 8: Seven short 1974 films by Stan Brakhage. . . . March 29 at 8 and March 30-April 3 at 8 and 10: Five different programs of three or four recent short Soviet documentaries. . . . March 31 at 8:30: Four films by Richard Kostelanetz. . . . April 1 at 6: "The Circus" (1928, Charlie Chaplin; silent). . . . April 2 at 3:30: Six short films by Richard Kostelanetz. . . . April 2 at 6: Five short films by Ken Jacobs. . . . April 4 at 8: "Spanish Earth" (1937, Joris Ivens) and "The Good Fight" (1984, Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills). . . . April 5 at 6: New films from the

Film-Makers' Cooperative; titles to be announced. . . . April 5 at 8: "Menilmontant" (1924-25) and "Rapt" (1934), both by Dimitri Kirsanoff.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—March 27 at 8: "Le Petit Soldat" (1960, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . March 28 at 8: Short silent films by Louis and Auguste Lumière and others. . . . March 29 at 8: "Up to a Certain Point" (1984, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish). . . . March 30 at 8: "The Tempest" (1980, Derek Jarman). . . . March 31 at 8: "The Electronic Diary" (1988), by Lynn Hershman, who will be present. . . . April 1 at 8: "Krik? Krak! Tales of a Nightmare" (1988, Jaca Avila and Vanoyska Gee), a Haitian documentary. . . . April 2 at 8: Seven films in a program called "Exposures: Bringing the Body to Light." . . . From April 3, showings at 8: "Surname Viet Given Name Nam" (1989, Trinh T. Minh-ha). Miss Minh-ha will be present on April 3.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 29 at 6:30: "Kwaidan" (1965, Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese). . . . March 31 at 6:30 and 8:20: "Cape Ashizuri" (1954, Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese), based on three short stories by Torahiko Tamiya.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films by women of Soviet Central Asia. March 31 at 3: "Today and Always" (Margarita Kasimova); and an animated short, "The Well" (Svetlana Murakhjaeva). . . . March 31 at 7: "The Veil" and "Dignity or the Secret of the Smile," both documentaries by Ruzika Mergenbaeva.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The film section of "Yoko Ono: Objects, Films" is showing in the Film/Video Gallery on the second floor. March 28-April 2 and April 4-9, "Imagine" (1971), a feature-length film Ono made with John Lennon; and four short films and videos. Tuesday at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15; Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon and 3; and Sundays at 1 and 4.

FRENCH INSTITUTE-ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—March 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Liliom" (1934, Fritz Lang; in French, no subtitles), with Charles Boyer, Madeleine Ozeray, and Odette Florelle. . . . April 5 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Big Blue" (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette, Jean-Marc Barr, Jean Reno, and Paul Shenar.

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., movies. Before each show, at 8, Mr. Fairbanks himself will give a short talk about his life and films. March 28: "Gunga Din" (1939, George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Fairbanks, Victor McLaglen, Sam Jaffe, and Joan Fontaine. . . . April 4: "State Secret" (1950, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat), with Fairbanks, Glynis Johns, Herbert Lom, and Jack Hawkins.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Arlene Croce.)

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . 86th Street East Twin. Evening performances only.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHHAUSEN—With John Neville, Eric Idle, and Sarah Polley; directed by Terry Gilliam. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

BEACHES—This movie about the lifelong friendship between two women of contrasting backgrounds—Bette Midler as CC Bloom, a show-biz-crazy Jewish redhead from New York, and Barbara Hershey as Hillary Whitney, a repressed wealthy WASP from San Francisco—suggests the kind of material that Midler might be using for a takeoff. Instead, it's being played for maudlin soulfulness. After a while, it turns into an all-girl "Love Story," with Hillary becoming ghoulishly pale from heart disease and CC (now a singing star) staying at her side. If you admired Midler in "The Rose" and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," you may want to bash your head against the wall. With Mayim Bialik, who must have been specially created to be CC at eleven, and John Heard. The director, Garry Marshall, shows no feeling for the material—not even false feeling; the script, by Mary Agnes Donoghue, is from Iris Rainer Dart's novel.—P.K. (1/23/89) (Embassy. . . . Sutton. Evening performances only.)

BLUE VELVET (1986)—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The charged erotic atmosphere makes the film something of a trance-out, but

Lynch's humor keeps breaking through, too. His fantasies may come from his unconscious, but he recognizes them for what they are, and he's tickled by them. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. The cinematography is by Frederick Elmes; the production designer is Patricia Norris; the sound design is by Alan Splet; the score is by Angelo Badalamenti.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; March 31-April 1.)

COUSINS—Bland, dreamy effervescence is what's being sold in this canny Americanization of the celebrated French makeover movie "Cousin, Cousine" (1975). As the picture

goes on and on, and you get its box-office formula—sex without messiness, family without oppressive closeness—you may begin to feel as if you were in a carefree pink padded cell. As honest, free-spirited adulterers, Isabella Rossellini and Ted Danson are at the still center, smiling serenely while the others in the cast busily bang away at their joie de vivre. Rossellini's unforced expressiveness has a grace—it's as if she were too friendly and sensible to do what we think of as "acting." Joel Schumacher directed; Stephen Metcalfe did the adaptation. With William Petersen, Sean Young, Norma Aleandro, George Coe, and Lloyd Bridges. Shot in British Columbia.—P.K. (3/6/89) (Loews New York Twin; through March 30.)

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes!

The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisiacally beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

DARK HABITS (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar, who made the 1987 "Law of Desire," shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julietta Serrano) is so averse to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura, of "Law of Desire," on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. Maura is a dadaist clown—which, of course, is what Almodóvar himself is; we're witnessing the director and his star finding each other. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema; starting March 31.)

THE DRESSMAKER—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have

become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin.—P.K. (12/12/88) (Quad Cinema.)

FALSTAFF ("Chimes at Midnight"; 1967)—One of Orson Welles' best and least-seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes viewers may want to walk out, because although Shakespeare's words on the soundtrack are intelligible, the sound doesn't match the images, and often we can't be sure who is supposed to be talking. But then despite everything the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over several plays and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Though Welles'



"Laura"



Peter Lorre as "Mr. Moto"

performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. Welles' direction of the battle of Shrewsbury is unlike anything he has ever done—indeed, unlike any battle ever done on the screen before. The compositions suggest Uccello, and the chilling, ironic music is a death knell for all men in battle. With Margaret Rutherford, Jeanne Moreau, Marina Vlady, Norman Rodway, Fernando Rey, Tony Beckley, and Beatrice Welles as the page boy. Shot on Spanish locations.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 2.)

THE GOOD MOTHER—When Anna (Diane Kea-

ton), the divorced mother of a six-year-old daughter, discovers sexual pleasure with an Irish sculptor (Liam Neeson) and begins to live a more bohemian existence, her ex-husband sues for the child's custody. The director, Leonard Nimoy, and the screenwriter, Michael Bortman, who adapted the 1986 Sue Miller novel, ask us to see Anna as a victim of generations of patriarchal domination. She has been recklessly happy with the Irishman, but now she goes limp. For the sake of her child, she accepts the limited role in her daughter's future which the court grants her; she learns to live with her loss. The big clinker in this victimization fantasy (losing her child is the price a woman pays for an orgasm) is that it's a few decades too late. You sit in the audience thinking that a different judge would have made all the difference, or that the case might have been won by an attorney less hidebound than the fogey she hires—Jason Robards, in a gloomy brown office that seems to say "All hope abandon." The movie has a sickly passivity. But Neeson comes through strongly, the child is well played by Asia Vieira, and Diane Keaton, whose daring is in her spontaneity, has a gift for making even closed-in characters like Anna transparent. She's extraordinary. With Joe Morton, Tracy Griffith, and shamefully poorly directed performances by Ralph Bellamy, Teresa Wright, and James Naughton.—P.K. (11/28/88) (Cinema Village; April 3-4.)

HIGH HOPES—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a

boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left; the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

LAURA (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Produced and directed by Otto Preminger; adapted from the novel by Vera Caspary. Music by David Raksin.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31-April 1.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfitt. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

MILDRED PIERCE (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. With Jack Carson and Eve Arden.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

MISSISSIPPI BURNING—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Tower East.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gelin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

NEW YORK STORIES—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) This short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travelers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats; a mute, scarred

brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted."—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

PELLE THE CONQUEROR—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexø, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexø's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

RAIN MAN—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino: Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

TAP—A thirties-style semi-musical with a good



One day in 1933, Fritz Lang, the director of "M" and "Metropolis," was summoned to the office of Joseph Goebbels, who informed him that the Führer wanted him "to create the Nazi cinema." Lang caught the next train to Paris. He made only one film in France: "Liliom," from a play by Ferenc Molnár, stars a young Charles Boyer, as a charming hood who—like many Lang characters—can't get a break. (When he dies, he discovers that the afterlife is run as a massive, capricious bureaucracy—that even God has a police force.) The movie, almost unknown in this country, is being screened (unsubtitled) at the French Institute—Alliance Française on March 29th. In 1934, Lang went to Hollywood, where he made twenty-two movies in twenty-two years. This week, Theatre 80 St. Marks has a double bill of "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," which was the last of his American pictures, and "The Big Heat" (1953), which Lang himself considered the best of them. "The Big Heat," with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and a malevolent Lee Marvin, is an unadorned film-noir classic: an unusually lucid and ferocious revenge drama, without the mannered atmospherics of the genre. America may not have given Fritz Lang the opportunity to equal his German masterpieces, but the movies are often fascinating—works made by a Hollywood pro with the sensibility of a great, unique film artist.

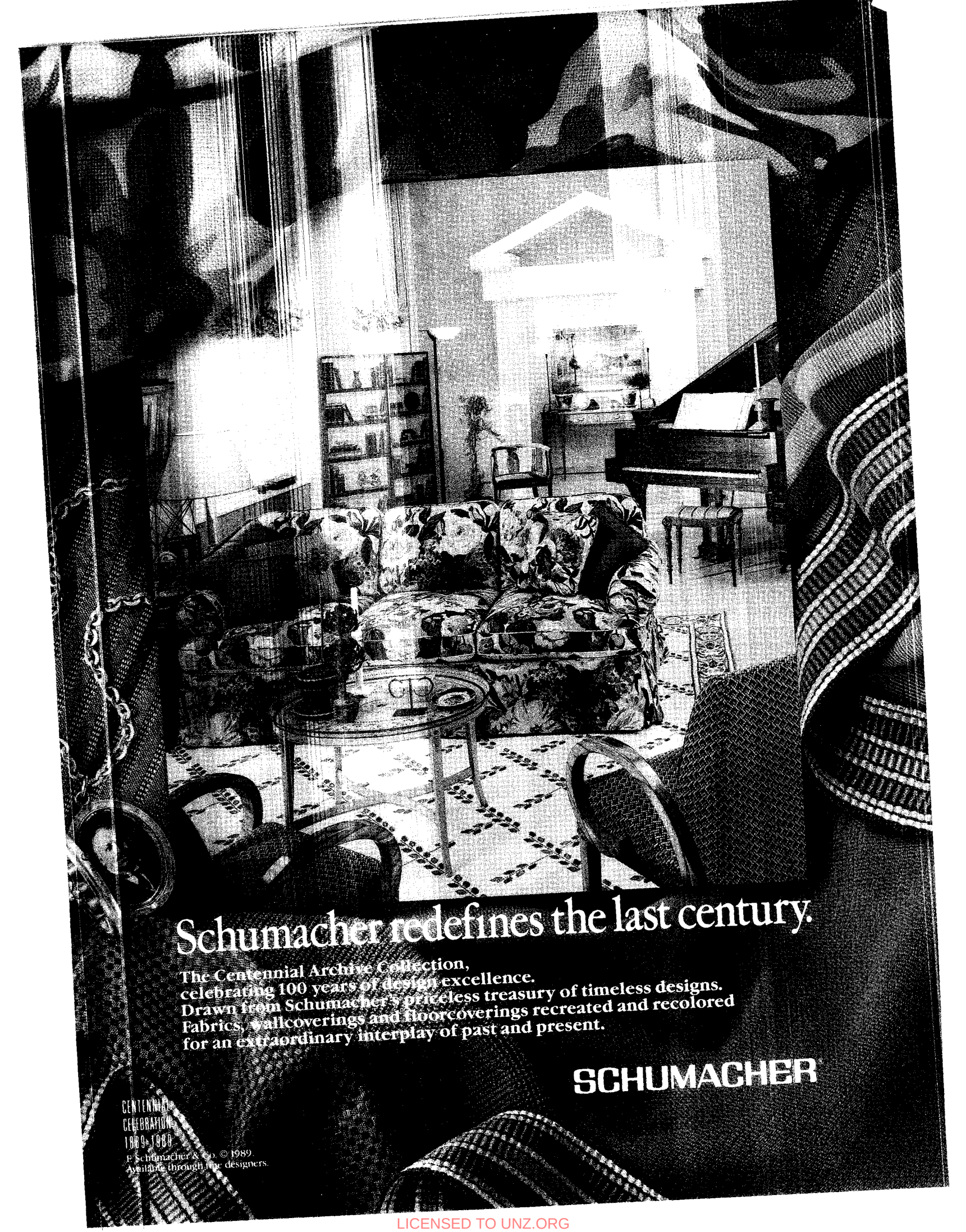
strong Cagneyish role for Gregory Hines. He plays an ex-con whose true vocation is to carry on the great black tap-dance tradition founded on jazz. That's Hines' vocation in real life, too, only his way of realizing it on the screen—he hooks up with a rock band and a synthesizer, and his taps go boom—is a lot less controversial than it would be in real life. Written and directed by Nick Castle, Jr., the film is the first to tell us about the black tap community in feature-length fiction terms, and those terms finally defeat it. The numbers are staged in old-movie-musical formats, white folks are everywhere, Harlem doesn't exist. But Hines is liberated, and is exciting for the first time on the screen. With Sammy Davis, Jr.; the young dancer Savion Glover; and, playing themselves, Sandman Sims, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Harold Nicholas, Arthur Duncan, and Pat Rico.—A.C. (2/6/89; under Dancing.) (Criterion Center; through March 30.)

THREE FUGITIVES—A crumbly farce by the French writer-director Francis Veber, working in this country. (It's a remake of his "Les Fugitifs.") Nick Nolte plays a veteran armed robber who goes to a bank to open an account and is taken hostage by Martin Short, a terrified twerp of an amateur holdup man. He needs money to keep his six-year-old daughter in a special school. That's the setup: the three are variously chased, and chase each other. Nolte keeps whamming Short on the head, and the tot ignores her devoted father. He's too small for her. She's smitten by big, blond, blue-eyed Nolte; queasy pedophilia overtones hover in the air.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Embassy.)

TRUE BELIEVER—A nifty thriller—fast and tense—about a Manhattan lawyer (James Woods) who was a hero of the counterculture but is now defending drug dealers and getting paid in cash. When he's goaded by his new law associate (Robert Downey, Jr.) into taking on a murder case, his eyes widen at the bare possibility that the man he's defending might be innocent. The movie makes us share the lawyer's energy and charge as he investigates the crime. He doesn't want to sleep; he lives off the excitement of having a cause. It's a pick-me-up of a movie. Nothing great, nothing terribly distinctive, but the aliveness of the texture can quicken your senses and keep you fascinated. Directed by Joseph Ruben, from a script by Wesley Strick.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Olympia. . . .) (Carnegie Screening Room; through March 30. . . .) (Baronet; through April 2.)

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julietta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

WORKING GIRL—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, and Alec Baldwin. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Waverly, and Metro Cinema.)



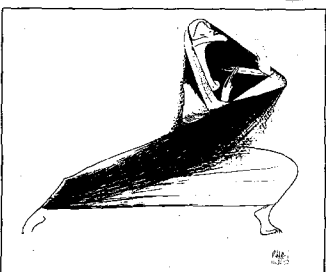
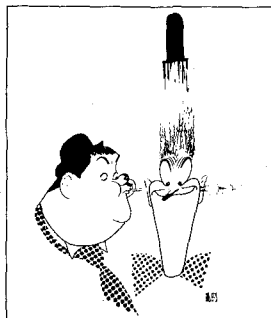
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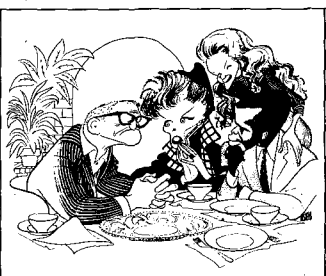
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A JOURNALIST friend of ours writes:

Along with several hundred other reporters, I came down to El Salvador for the Presidential election that was held on March 19th. After nine years of a war that has taken more than seventy thousand lives, the only real issue in El Salvador is peace. But this issue was scarcely mentioned during the Presidential campaign, since no one seemed to believe that any of the parties on the ballot—the incumbent Christian Democrats, the leftist Democratic Convergence, and the right-wing Arena, or National Republican Alliance (whose candidate eventually won)—could bring peace. Pretty much everyone in El Salvador understands by now, though, that the extraordinary cataract of American aid—more than three billion dollars has been poured into this very small, very poor country of five million people since 1980—is released, in part, by the sweet spectacle of democratic elections. So elections have naturally become regular events. The United States, for all its wealth, cannot always get what it wants in a country like El Salvador, but these days it can at least depend on getting elections.

I left San Salvador, the capital, early on Election Day. I was travelling with several other reporters, in two jeeps, and we were headed for Usulután, a southeastern province, to watch the voting. There was almost no traffic. The Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front, whose guerrillas are fighting throughout El Salvador, were trying to disrupt the election and had ordered a nationwide traffic stoppage, which was then in its fourth day. We watched the road for *miguelitos*,

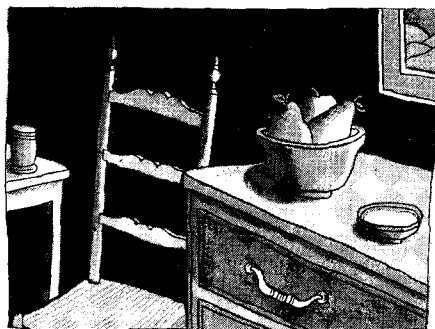
tire-puncturing spikes, and swerved around toppled telephone lines. There were a number of military checkpoints. The night before, two Salvadoran news photographers working for Reuters had been shot at a checkpoint. They were riding a motorcycle, and the soldiers who shot them claimed that they had ignored an order to stop. One of the men, Roberto Navas, who was thirty, had been killed instantly. The other, Luis Armando Galdámez, thirty-four, was, we had heard, in critical condition.

Our first stop was Zacatecoluca, a market town in the province of La Paz. Although the polls had not yet opened, the plaza was full of people, most of them paid poll watchers. Posters for Arena plastered the walls, the bandstand, the fountain. I asked a couple of poll watchers about their party's platform; they didn't seem to know anything except how much they were being paid—not enough. The atmosphere in the plaza was peaceful. It was Palm Sunday, and lines of children emerged from the church carrying palm fronds. A poster nailed to a banyan tree ordered people to do their civic duty and vote; the message was printed over a photograph of a heavily armed soldier. (Much of the American aid to El Salvador goes to the military, so it was important to the Army that the

election take place, but, having made it clear that a victory by the Democratic Convergence was unacceptable, the Army didn't really care who won. Thanks to the United States, the Army has become the strongest institution in El Salvador, with little to fear from any civilian government.) The polls in Zacatecoluca opened, and people began to vote in what looked like modest numbers.

We drove farther east, into Usulután. We were travelling on the coastal plain, through cattle ranches and cotton fields. The river deltas on our right were all guerrilla controlled; the Army almost never goes there. On our left was a chain of dormant volcanoes. The lower slopes of the volcanoes were covered with coffee farms, and these were heavily defended by the Army. Higher on the slopes, guerrillas lived; again, the Army almost never goes there. We turned left onto a dirt road and drove uphill for several miles to a small town called San Agustín. There was supposed to be voting in San Agustín, but the plaza, which was vast and dusty, and contained nothing but a crumbling clock tower, was deserted. There was one new building on the plaza—a small church, from which rose the sound of a congregation singing hymns. Most of the other buildings were decrepit, their walls pocked with bullet holes. An old man told us that the voting stands had not arrived, and that, in any case, San Agustín had never seen any election campaigning.

We heard gunfire to the east and, right afterward, the heavy thuds of aerial bombing. The fighting sounded as if it were in San Francisco Javier, a small town two or three miles away. Then gunfire broke out in San Agustín itself. The shots sounded as if they were coming from a small rise a couple of streets



north of the plaza. There was the loud, crisp fire of American M-16s (the Army), and an occasional reply from a rifle with a deeper sound (the guerrillas, conserving ammunition). We took cover on the south side of the plaza. Bullets ricocheted off the walls, but we couldn't see anyone shooting. After a few minutes, the firing died down. I had just stepped back into the plaza when a grenade exploded, raising a cloud of dirt maybe ninety feet from where I stood, and sending me diving back behind a wall. The grenade had exploded about fifty feet from the front door of the church. At the far corner of the plaza, a woman began to scream. Staying close to the buildings, a couple of us made our way toward the screaming. It was coming from inside a house. It was high, incessant, hysterical, but a neighbor assured us that no one was hurt—that the woman was merely suffering from “nerves.” And yet the screaming sounded exactly the same as that of someone in agonizing pain. A man—the woman's husband, we were told—came sprinting across the plaza from the church and disappeared into the house. A few minutes later, the hymn singing, which had been stopped cold by the grenade explosion, resumed. It was a hymn asking God's forgiveness. There was clearly going to be no voting in San Agustín. We started back toward the highway.

A few blocks from the plaza, we passed a group of soldiers. One of them, a dirty-faced boy of about eighteen, was holding an American M-79 grenade launcher. We asked him if he had fired a grenade in the direction of the plaza. With a grin, he said that he had—he had been lending “support” to his comrades fighting on the other side of town. The news that his grenade had fallen short, and had barely missed a church full of people, didn't seem to make an impression on him.

We drove on to the city of Usulután, and found voting taking place along a pretty, sloping street. I asked around for a poll watcher from the Democratic Convergence. People laughed. There were none, said a woman wearing a great deal of perfume. They were afraid. By way of explanation, she simply pointed at two soldiers standing nearby.

While we were heading back toward San Agustín, intending to visit more small towns where there might be vot-

ing or there might be fighting, we were flagged down by a press jeep travelling in the other direction. Scott Wallace, an American reporter for the London *Guardian*, got out and sprinted across the highway. Wallace's face was covered with dust, and his glasses were almost opaque with it. Through clenched teeth he said, “Cornel got hit. I think Cornel's dead, man.” He was talking about Cornel Lagrouw, a Dutch television cameraman. Wallace said he was looking for an ambulance. He ran back to his jeep and raced off toward Usulután. A few minutes later, we passed an ambulance that was carrying Lagrouw. We turned and followed it back to the hospital at Usulután.

At the hospital, we heard what had happened. Wallace, Bill Gentile (a photographer for *Newsweek*), Arturo Robles (a Mexican news photographer), and a driver had gone to San Francisco Javier, the town near San Agustín. There was no voting in San Francisco Javier, either. The guerrillas were occupying the town, in fact, having taken it earlier in the morning. A station wagon showed up, carrying a Dutch television crew. There was Lagrouw, who was the cameraman; Annelies Helwegen, a sound technician; Kees Elenbaas, the producer; and Blanca Alfaro, a Salvadoran driver. The journalists went to work, interviewing the guerrillas. Wallace, Gentile, Lagrouw, Helwegen, and Elenbaas had all been working in Central America for years, and they knew each other well. Elenbaas and Lagrouw had been close collaborators since 1986. Lagrouw and Helwegen lived together in Managua, Nicaragua. They were both in their early thirties, and they had been in love for ten years. “Stormy, intense, real romantic,” according to Wallace.

The Army, supported by an American military helicopter and an armed O2 reconnaissance plane, counterattacked San Francisco Javier while the journalists were in town. Lagrouw pushed Helwegen into a house and told her to stay there. With Elenbaas, who

was acting as his sound man, he, Gentile, Robles, and Wallace followed the guerrillas up a hill. An intense firefight broke out. Lagrouw was hit in the chest while filming. He looked at Wallace and tried to speak, but could not. He fell forward and lost consciousness. Elenbaas and Gentile carried Lagrouw down the hill. Wallace and Robles helped them put him in the Dutch team's station wagon. Wallace, Robles, and their driver took the jeep. Helwegen, Gentile, and Elenbaas went in the station wagon, with Alfaro driving. Lagrouw, riding in the arms of his friends, was alive.

Before they reached even the outskirts of San Francisco Javier, however, the Army helicopter and the O2 started pursuing and strafing the two press vehicles. Lagrouw probably died while they were being attacked. Both vehicles had to be abandoned; the station wagon, with Lagrouw inside it, had to be abandoned twice—once for forty minutes. Both vehicles were flying white flags; both had signs saying “TV” prominently displayed. The helicopter hovered so low that the journalists could see the face of the gunner. Bullets landed all around them, but no one, and neither vehicle, was hit. The intention seemed to be to pin them down, not to kill them. The attack made no sense at all.

Cornel Lagrouw was pronounced dead at the Usulután hospital. In the dimly lit emergency room, his friends stood around his body, slowly brushing away dirt and dried blood. Their faces and arms were powdered black with the dust they had sprawled in while the helicopter shot at them, and the black powder was streaked with wild rivulets of sweat and tears. Kees Elenbaas, who is tall and powerfully built, looked as if he could pull a helicopter out of the sky with his hands. But Lagrouw was pale, peaceful. He was a thirty-year-old man, and his life had vanished through a quarter-size hole in the side of his chest. Annelies Helwegen said nothing. She had a set of sound man's headphones pulled down around her neck. She wore a sleeveless turquoise smock, smeared with dirt and blood. She had huge, dark eyes, and she never took them off Lagrouw. She kissed his hands, his chest, his eyes, his mouth. She wiped the dust from his teeth with her handkerchief.

Blanca Alfaro, while driving, had



dodged the aerial fire with great skill, according to her companions, but shock engulfed her when they reached the hospital. I held her while a nurse injected her with a sedative. The dust was thick in her hair. She was crying. Her knees buckled. She was trying to tell me what had happened, but all she could say was "helicopter" and "Cornel." Her body was shaking from the core outward: continuous racking tremors.

At some point, we heard on the radio that the Army had killed a third journalist. Mauricio Pineda, a Salvadoran television sound man, had been shot in the back at a roadblock in San Miguel. The soldiers who killed him said that he had failed to heed a signal to stop. Witnesses emphatically denied that there had been any signal.

We spent several hours at the hospital in Usulután. No one there seemed to want to take any statements about Cornel Lagrouw's death. His body was moved into a back room to make way for a truckload of injured people coming in from the town of Santa Elena. It seemed that Santa Elena had been bombed by the Air Force. No one could remember whether there had been any voting in Santa Elena that day, but, back in the capital, the United States Ambassador, William Walker, was telling reporters that the election was a "civic fiesta."

Family Business

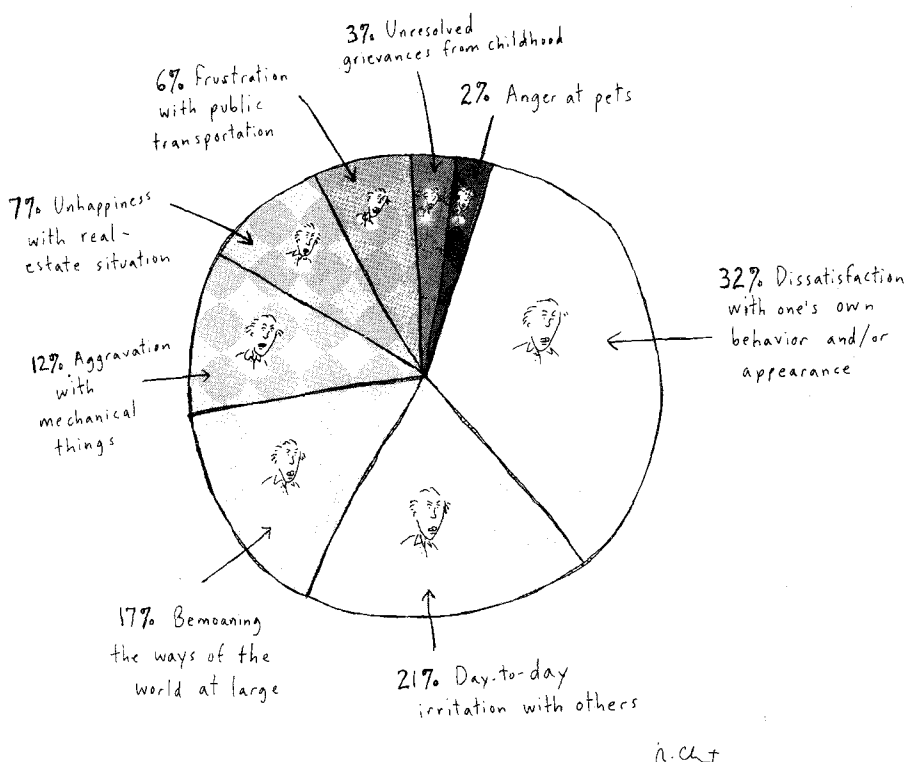
BENJAMIN STEINITZ, with the pomaded reddish-brown hair and the topcoat with the fur collar, is eighteen years old. His brother, Paul, whose brown hair is even waxier, and whose double-breasted, heavily shoulder-padded beige suit looks as if he had overhauled a car in it, is twenty-one. They own the Prisunic Gallery, way west on Thirteenth Street. Their average age, nineteen and a half, makes them the youngest brother team of gallery owners in the meat-market district. Their father, Bernard Steinitz, is in more or less the same line of work—the slight difference being that from his gallery, on East Fifty-seventh Street, he sells, among other things, Louis XIV sideboards and commodes, while the boys sell, among other things, metal sculptures that make horrible noises and explode.

Very soon, Paolo Buggiani will offer an example of what he does in his capacity as an interesting artist. He has invited a crowd of media people to drop by the Prisunic, and a number of them have arrived in a yellow school bus provided by the Steinitz brothers. Those Roman candles in Paul Steinitz's left hand—they'll become part of the copper-and-aluminum armature that Paolo Buggiani has designed for an in-running-condition-but-needs-work 1968 Volkswagen Beetle. The car is supposed to resemble both a futuristic machine and a prehistoric mutant, as are his other horrible-noise-emitting and occasionally erupting metal sculptures in the gallery. Massimo Pierucci, a sculptor and friend, has accepted Paolo Buggiani's invitation to drive the Volkswagen about forty feet during a performance that will vividly illustrate Paolo's creative knack. Paolo would do the driving himself except that he will be busy with his assistant, Jay Byron. Wearing sheet-metal armor, they will roller-skate nearby and duel with fiery swords. The whole spectacle has something to do with Nature, Time,

Space, Myth—big-potatoes stuff.

Luca Pizzorno, another Prisunic artist and a piece of work in his own right—skinhead haircut, gogglelike red-framed sunglasses, terrific-looking baggy brown leather pants, cute little beanie-like red leather cap—has, for reasons best known to himself, chosen this moment to publicly berate Paul Steinitz. Luca Pizzorno's monologue flies by in French, some of which is hard to follow, but most of which boils down to easily recognizable indelicacies. Evidently, Luca Pizzorno feels insulted that his metallic sculptures—the ones made from welded railroad spikes—aren't being paid sufficient attention at the moment. Wow! Luca Pizzorno just kicked Paul Steinitz in the seat of the pants. Luca Pizzorno is really steamed.

Meanwhile, Bernard Ackerman, from across the street, is taking all this in, as is the crowd of butchers and meat packers from Ru-Vee Meats, Inc., next door. Bernard Ackerman owns Moriah Kosher, formerly Turkey House of New York, Inc. He commutes to the meat market every day from Monroe, up in Orange County;



he wears a yarmulke at all times; and he knows more about kosher poultry than Paolo Buggiani, Massimo Pierucci, Jay Byron, Luca Pizzorno, and the Steinitz brothers put together. Turkey roll, turkey salami, and cooked turkey breasts are his specialties. He says, "Today, when they make cooked turkey breast—all the things they're putting in. Whaddya call it—lemme ask my inspector. No—oh, yes, nitrates. We put in *none* of that. It's a natural turkey breast, it's an all-natural cooked turkey breast. No nitrates. No nothing."

When this is all over, Paolo Buggiani is going to explain to a visitor, "I'm sorry. The first performance is always a little rough."

International Beauty Show

THE International Beauty Show, which has been an annual New York event for seventy-one years now, was once a quiet conference of beauticians held in meeting rooms at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The 1989 show, sponsored by the magazine *American Salon* and the National Cosmetology Association, occupied the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center and drew seventy thousand people for three days of hairdressing demonstrations and

competitions, business and beauty seminars, and displays put on by five hundred companies selling things designed to make people look good. Hairdressers, cosmetologists, electrolysis technicians, masseurs, and fingernail-extension aestheticians came to the I.B.S. from the five boroughs, from all over the United States, and from Mexico and Canada, searching for fresh ideas to take home to their clients. The show opened on Sunday, because Saturday is the busiest day for men and women who work in beauty parlors.

Fingernails were big at this year's I.B.S., thanks in part to Florence Griffith Joyner, the Olympic runner who wowed the world with her jewelled talons as well as her hundred-metre times. Nails at the show came in sculpted acrylic, fibreglass, linen wraps, China-silk wraps, and precious metals. They were airbrushed with images of daisies and palm trees or crusted with jewels. In the Fantasy Total Look and Realistic/Artistic Nail Competition one person entered a hand with battery-powered nails designed to look like a military airstrip at night.

"Put it on, pull it off. Never shave your legs again!" chanted Ben Paki, a doctor of industrial engineering from San Diego, who was marketing

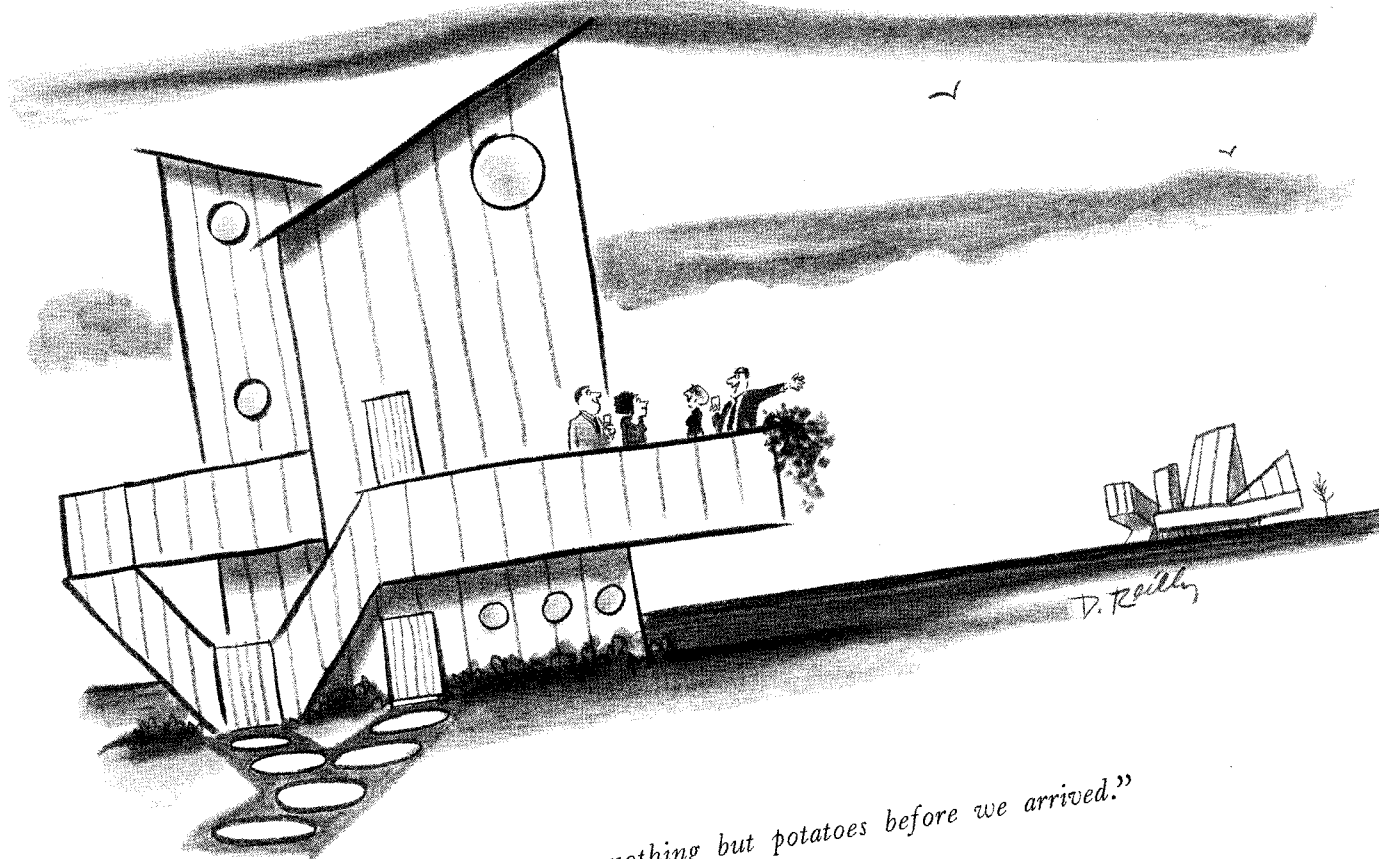
L'Elysée, a cold-wax depilation system he manufactures. Other booths promised thirty-second nose reshaping and a ten-minute Synchro-Energizer treatment ("Balances Your Brain"), which involved lying on a couch and wearing battery-powered eyeglasses that lit up in a spiral pattern. Andrew G. Mitchell, a vice-president of Images USA, Ltd., of St. Louis, buttonholed conventioners to tell them the story of Ming Slim, an ancient Oriental weight-loss-and-strong-skeleton elixir, the formula for which had been missing since the Boxer Rebellion but had recently been unearthed from the tombs of Chinese royals, with the result that Ming Slim can now be distributed to beauty salons everywhere by Images USA, Ltd.

John and Suzanne Chadwick, authors of "The Chadwick System: Discovering the Perfect Hairstyle for You," were the biggest-name guest artists. The Chadwicks, who are the duke and duchess of the international hair trade, have been respected tastemakers since they won prizes in two consecutive World Hairdressing Championships in the late sixties. They speak with clipped cosmopolitan accents and wear their hair oiled and slicked back into tight ponytails. Their models exhibited what the Chadwicks predicted would be the new head shape of 1989—a sleek cloche of hair named the Erté Bob, in homage to the elegant illustrations of the famous artist. "Adieu to the frozen hard-core hair that wobbled around last year," the Chadwicks declared, prophesying the end of what they called MTV hair—giant manes of wild curls favored by rock singers, TV starlets, and those wanting to look like them. There was no evidence of the Chadwicks' tidings on the heads of most conventioners, however. Cascading curly perms were everywhere, being fluffed, puffed, sprayed, tipped, and frosted as their wearers promenaded from booth to booth to sample the merchandise.

The celebrity stylists who most impressed the big-hair crowd were the three Altieri brothers, of Toluca Lake, California, who performed on a stage set up in the middle of the convention floor by Matrix Essentials hair products. The Altieris are salon owners themselves, and cut one day a week (Thursday) at Altieri Power Hair, in Studio City, California. The rest of the



"One final question: Do you now own or have you ever owned a fur coat?"



"All this was nothing but potatoes before we arrived."

time, they travel around the country to promote Matrix products.

"Bold! Innovative! Creative!" booms a voice over loudspeakers as lights flash on the Matrix stage and rock music builds in a crescendo. "Ladies and gentlemen, buckle up, because here they come: the three gunslingers of the salon industry, the bad boys of hair from Southern California, the Altieri brothers—Heinz, Tony, and Riccardo!"

The brothers leap onto the stage, slapping each other with high-fives. Tony, twenty-nine, is a former world-class surfer, with porcelain skin and blond shoulder-length hair, which at the crown rises up in a mushroom-cloud pouf above a black headband. Riccardo, thirty-four, and also an ex-jock, is deeply tanned, and his hair is a gigantic mop of auburn tendrils that cascade below his shoulders. Heinz, thirty-five, has black hair pulled into a ponytail that reaches to the small of his back; the sides of his head are cut short and chenilled in a pattern of confounding complexity. He is the narrator of the show, and is wearing a lace jabot, a great, billowing topcoat, and high

jackboots festooned with chains. If they had guitars instead of blow dryers, you could easily mistake the Altieris for heavy-metal rockers.

"We attack hair!" Heinz snarls as two models with wet hair take seats toward the front of the stage and Tony and Riccardo grab shears. They cut hair the way Benihana chefs cut meat. Scissors twirl on their fingers like six-shooters; hair-spray cans are flipped over the shoulder and caught; tufts of cut hair fly like sawdust spraying from a wood-chipping machine. They snip faster than you can count, or even see, whooping with the sheer pleasure of hair-cutting in front of an audience of adoring fans with Instamatics and camcorders.

"Here, right here!" Tony yells, and Heinz speeds over with a squirt bottle and gives the model a shot to the head. "Dryer!" calls Riccardo, and Heinz flings it to him like a microphone on a long cord. Tony fumbles and drops his comb.

"Two minutes," Heinz warns, and the last touches are put on the models. The climax of the show comes when they stand and parade around the stage.

"This is a Tony Altieri creation," Heinz proclaims. "This is a Riccardo Altieri creation." Altieri creations are nothing like the smooth, Erté-inspired cloches championed by the Chadwicks. They are MTV hair—big and flamboyant.

Between shows, the Altieris catch their breath at a round table near the lo-mein concession, outside the hall, and are accosted by beauticians who want to be Altieri hair models. "Hello, ladies. Hello, girls," Heinz says as passing admirers blow them kisses.

Tony spots a pretty girl whose hair he wants to cut. "I've had it done seven times in the last two days," she says, but she can't resist the invitation to be cut by the Altieris in their next show.

At the next table, two women exhibitors eat lo mein and trade observations.

"Where's your booth?" one asks. "Behind Theatre Q," her friend replies.

"Oh, that's too bad," she says.

"Oh, no," her friend says, planting the tines of a plastic fork in her Chinese noodles and fluffing up her banana-curl fall with long, glittering fingernails. "I love Q. It's extreme."

DRY

CHEYENNE, Wyo.—Four and a half tons of county and private records, waterlogged in a historic flood, have been dried out in a special vacuum tank.—*The Times*.

MR. D'ACHINDA knows the moment that transformed him from an exile into an American. "It was the first time I dreamed not in the language of my birth but in the parking lot of a shopping mall. Or perhaps it was the instant I realized I no longer had a favorite recipe for the starchy root of my boyhood village but loved over all others one service area on the New Jersey Turnpike, the Admiral William F. Halsey. The HoJo Cola there is most highly carbonated; a brief immersion will restore the lustre to a Roosevelt dime."

A modest insight perhaps, but Mr. D'Achinda has become a humble man. A document reprocessor specializing in the safe, thorough drying of water-damaged papers, he travels the interstate system in a truck fitted with elaborate equipment, much of his own design. He restores deeds and death records saturated in flash floods; he rescues library books soaked by faulty sprinkler systems—"or those triggered by teen-age boys in an excess of testosterone vigor," he says, chuckling indulgently. Once, when the pipes burst at a Kamera Kwik, he saved thousands

of vacation snapshots. "I returned many to the wrong envelopes," he admits, "but I believe that no one noticed."

Just as the American representative promised a decade ago in the besieged provincial capital, Mr. D'Achinda and his countrymen now dominate this field, finding a niche between the Korean greengrocer and the Greek coffee shop. "Not that I trusted this fellow," says Mr. D'Achinda. "To deal with governments is to confront harsh self-interest. You must expect deceit, treachery, toxic fluids poured into the irrigation system at the experimental-soya farm, a popular night-club performer called upon to shatter the patella of an outspoken critic of the President-for-life, the duty-free importation of Steven Spielberg films crudely dubbed into the seventy-two dialects of your small and troubled country, with accompanying plush toys."

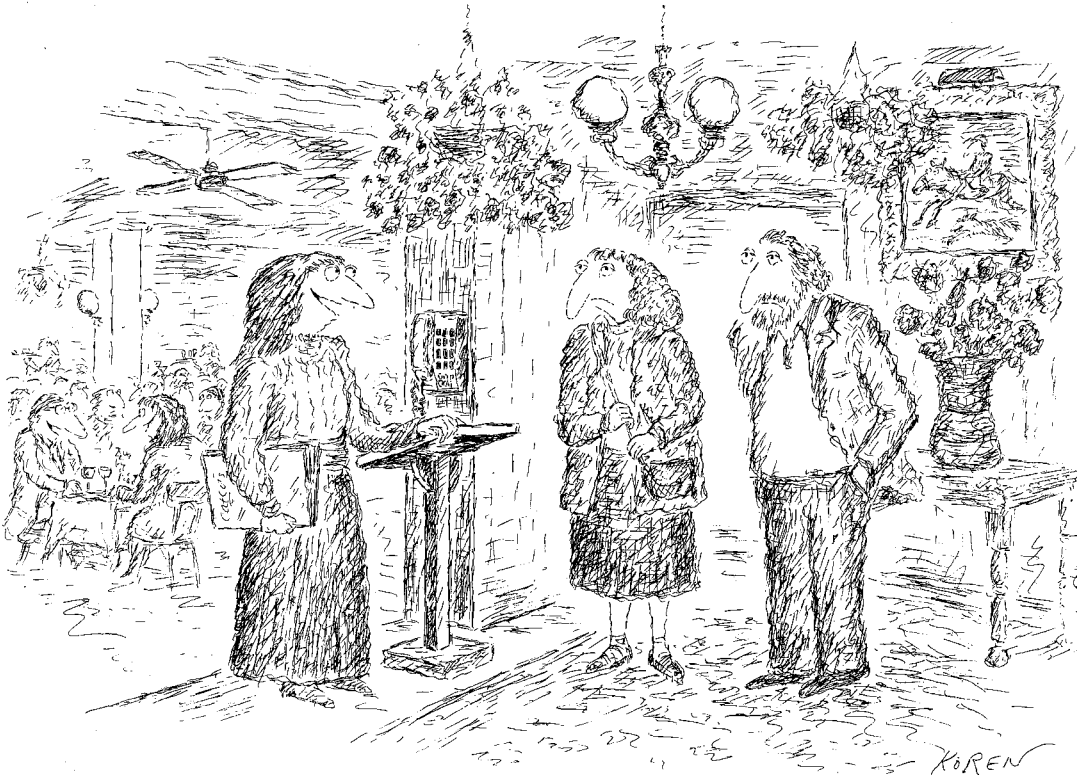
But this time the promise was kept: the American resettlement effort was generous and efficient, benefitting many officials of the old regime. Mr. D'Achinda smiles appreciatively as he drives across I-80 near Wilkes-Barre,

Pennsylvania, comfortable on his lumbar-supporting cushion. His little cardboard pine tree freshens the air; his Fuzzbuster radar detector eases the mind; his heating coil plugs into the dashboard whenever he wants a steaming mug of *tskutar*. "And," he adds, "I have a place high on the waiting list to install the vital organ of a monkey into my Uncle Bahor in exchange for one of his own."

"How my uncle smiled when we arrived at our new home," Mr. D'Achinda continues, "its concrete anti-terrorist barrier tactfully disguised as a bird feeder. Astonished by the diversity of your newsstands, he was particularly impressed with *Celebrity Sleuth's* 'Network Nudes,' rhapsodizing over the breasts of Donna Mills, Abby of TV's 'Knots Landing.' Soon he adopted several stray cats. He trained one of them, a big orange tom named Spiro, to soil the editorial page of the *New York Times*, disdainfully stepping over *Post* and *News*, *Newsday*, and that pink paper to reach his target. Uncle Bahor won many barroom bets with this stunt, a protected form of political expression in his new land."

Mr. D'Achinda worked and saved, and soon he had the money for his own truck, purchased from a prosperous countryman who was graduating to a bigger vehicle. (He had grown rich drying out bales of C.E.O. love letters in the Romantographic Room at *Forbes*.) They conducted their transaction in the old way. "But because I have no wife," Mr. D'Achinda explains, "my neighbor Louise Pahlavi prepared the special foods. Babette Thieu—she owns the Liquor Pit down the road—brought a bottle of *tsamar*. This truck was just a little Jeep Wagoneer. On the side I painted the star and crescent and the name Susan Sarandon. I was in business. I would have taken our guests for a drive, but Spiro had soiled the passenger seats."

Mr. D'Achinda took what work he could find,



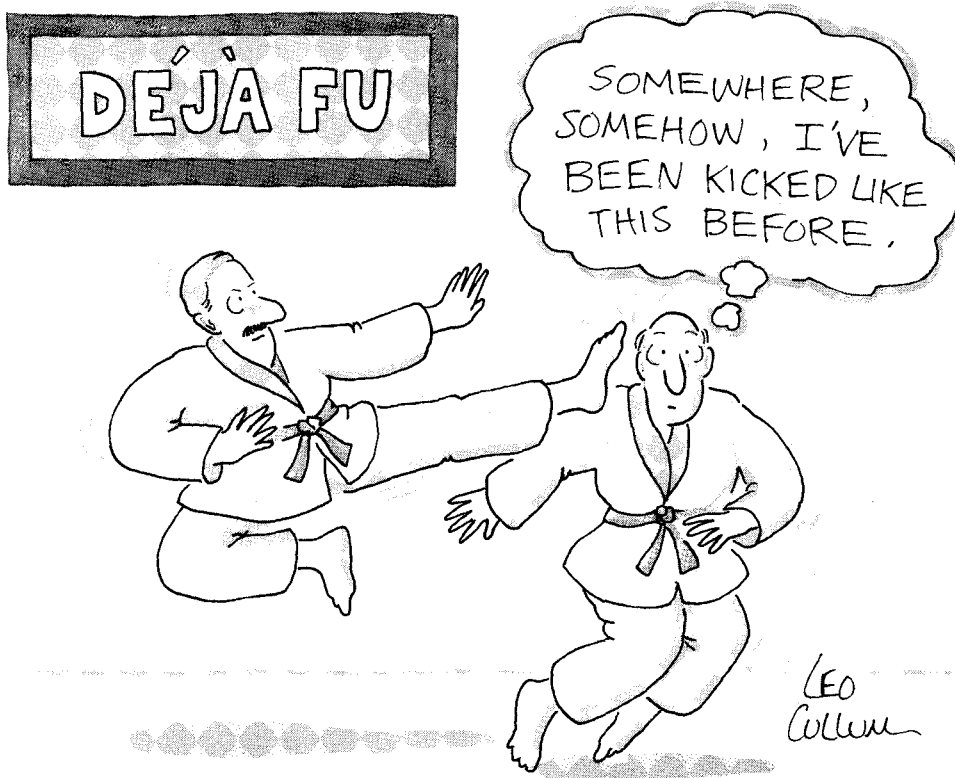
"Would you prefer the talking or the non-talking section?"

anyplace the little truck, Susan Sarandon, would carry him. "I must have dried a thousand acres of double-knit quilts, sodden in unexplained plumbing mishaps in isolated Midwestern farmhouses. Such pipe bursts were generally blamed on Jewish bankers, their methods unspecified. Once, when things were slow, I dried the hair of all the contestants in the Wee Little Miss Missouri Pageant. Another time, I was summoned to a Nevada hotel suite to dry a wallet dropped into the bathtub by Mr. Howard Hughes. He paid me seven thousand dollars, though he could easily have done the job himself with his toaster."

There was no vacuum tank then, no DocuDry letterhead with its smiling-piece-of-paper logo. There was only Mr. D'Achinda in his silver suit, clumsy surplus gear once used by aircraft-carrier fire crews. His hands protected by asbestos mitts, he'd heft the heat gun and stride toward a mountain of wet paper. "I seldom slept the night before a big job," he recalls, "although I gobbled dozens of E-Z Doze. I was too nervous; there was so little margin for error." It seems humorous now, but it was hard to laugh when, knee deep in the ashes of N.E.H. grant applications, he faced an angry mob of psychohistorians outside the flooded mallroom of Ohio State University.

Mr. D'Achinda persevered. He experimented with microwaves—eleven of the biggest ovens he could find, ganged together in the bed of a pickup. The rig was a menace, scrambling TV signals, jamming pacemakers, stunning mosquitoes until they drifted hubcap high around the truck, a Chevy longbed he'd named Sword of the Prophet and decorated with a drawing of Jessica Lange. In North Carolina near Camp Lejeune he brought down a Marine T-40 Trainer. "My lawyer calls it pilot error." In Memphis, he confronted the terrible consequences of seepage in the vault beneath Grace-land. "I was able to save many room-service receipts from the King's Vegas period."

Even with his improved dryer, papers in the middle of the piles stayed damp. On the huge microwave railway cars G.E. executives tackle that problem with teams of avid young apprentices who cheerfully clamber in among the paper with their long rakes, eager to keep these entry-level jobs that in-



sure their stay in this country. How could D'Achinda vie with the radar train? Its sheer size was intimidating: it could dry a Vice-Presidential archive in an afternoon. "Still," he reminisces, "it was exciting to challenge the giant. You cultivated speed and agility, you needed the resourcefulness to thrust a chunk of scrap metal into the switching equipment, stranding the train on the edge of St. Jo for days, while you swept into town and demoisturized thousands of King Hose beefcake calendars, fundraisers for the volunteer fire department."

More vexing were the franchise outlets, the Dodge mini-vans with the grinning face of Mr. Dry Guy painted on the side. "I understand the yearnings of these retired couples with their small savings, their mysteriously insolvent pension funds, their licensed handguns and tight-lipped suspicions nursed for thirty-five working years. They want to be useful, to see America, to avoid the spare bedroom of their children. It is a heroic thing to cruise into a town with your nationally advertised service and evaporate the sewage runoff from the files of the police department's Contraceptive Squad. But how can I compete with these old fools? They must merely meet expenses until they drop dead one day—maybe a

stroke on I-75, the Mr. Dry Guy van drifting slow and deadly over the medial strip into oncoming traffic. I must make a profit, feed a family, build a future. Can I be blamed if late at night I use a small fire extinguisher to smash portions of their motor?"

As Adam Smith predicted, competition sired innovation. Mr. D'Achinda converted from microwave gear to the modern vacuum tank. Hauled on a trailer behind a big White Freightliner, his tank maintains the low pressure necessary to dry papers at temperatures under seventy-five degrees when the seals hold. He's painted a scimitar on a front fender and named the truck Melanie Griffith. This is the rig he drives across I-80, heading for Iowa, where heavy rains imperil first drafts throughout the Poetry Workshop Belt.

Regrets? "Uncertainties perhaps. There was a moment—this was years ago—when I could have destroyed all copies, scripts and score, of Broadway's 'Cats.' I had only to turn the heat gun a degree or two higher. Otherwise, my life is good. If only N'Djina, my driver back home, could see me so happy behind the wheel. But I'm afraid he could not jump high enough to grab the strut of the departing helicopter."

—RANDY COHEN

NEWS OF THE WORLD

SEVENTEEN kilometres east of Nachlingen, a tiny farming community scalloped along the woolly green skirt of the Black Forest, where this morning the head of another chicken has popped like a blister from the heat—"BAVARIAN BIRDS LOSING HEADS OVER SUMMER HEAT WAVE," he considers as a possible headline—Frank realizes Raoul Duke must be dying. "And the Duke, he's fine, too. He's been a little tired lately, but the vet says that's natural. He's had a long, long, rich, full life, Frank. The Duke, you know, not Dr. Vernon. If he was a person he'd be a hundred and twelve years old." Such news of Frank's past life comes to him in regular airmail installments: postcards from Universal Studios and Knott's Berry Farm (his son); concerned notes from the city desk of the *Washington Post* (Sandra, his former editor); manila envelopes thick with documents—sign where indicated—from the D.C. law firm of Martin, Martin & Sullivan (Anne, his ex-wife, indirectly); and audiocassettes wrapped in brown butcher paper and return-addressed 3434 Silver Maple Way, Landover, Maryland. As Frank pursues and reports the sensational stories of Europe, these dispatches from home follow him, hotel to hotel (he no longer has a permanent address), across the Continent. It is a tape that speaks to him now, from the Blaupunkt of the rented BMW, in the voice of his ex-mother-

in-law. Her hands are crippled with arthritis, and she must use a tape recorder to update Frank on her persistent hemorrhoids, encroaching suburban blacks, and the Duke, whom she accepted into her fenced back yard two months ago, following the sudden splintering of the Frank Borden clan. "So you don't worry about the Duke—he's doing just fine." There is a pause on the tape and a clump of white wooden houses, windows shuttered against the heat, drifts silently past. Out there, Frank knows, beyond the rows of corn, ears drying and curling on the stalk like tiny brown fingers—out there an uncontrollable pressure of steam and brain fluids is brewing in chicken heads across the land. More than two dozen have exploded since Monday in this area alone. "And Frank, I just loved that article you wrote about the little baby Dutch girl with the two heads."

IT takes several minutes for Frank's call to roam the thousands of miles of cable between the Federal Republic of Germany and Landover, Maryland; in the meantime he browses through that morning's edition of the *Süd-deutsche Zeitung*, left unattended on the counter of the Nachlingen post office. The mail clerk, phone clamped between his hunched shoulder and cheek, fans himself with a sheaf of letters and sighs. When he sees that Frank has come to the right page, he

leans across the counter and raps the day's weather report with a knuckle. "Horrible, eh?"

"Horrible," agrees Frank, reading. A cool front is supposed to move up out of the mountains by the weekend, but today the air is as intractable as hot cement.

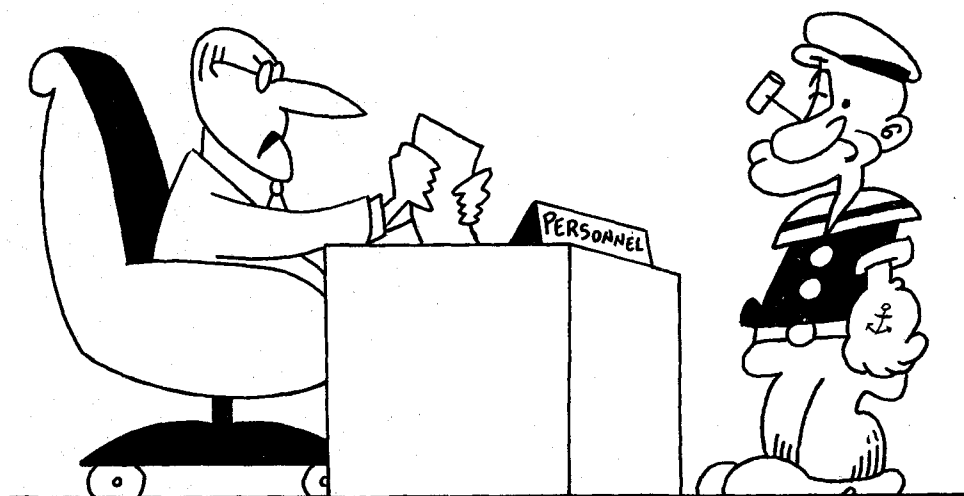
It turns out that Raoul Duke is, as Frank suspected, dead—dead even before Anne's mother made her latest tape. "I didn't want to worry you, Frank," she tells him, her voice bobbing in a wash of transatlantic static. "With everything you have on your mind and all. I know how you loved old Duke."

"For heaven's sake, Dot," he says. She makes the situation sound much grimmer than it is. Raoul Duke was an old dog, rescued from the gas chambers of the Humane Society when Frank was still in college, more than fifteen years ago. As Dot herself said, Raoul Duke's was a long, rich, full life, and now he has gone to a deserved rest. Pity, Frank has come to believe these past two months in Europe, should be reserved for the truly bizarre tragedies of life—the bi-headed babies and noggin-popping poultry—not the everyday glitches of dog death and divorce.

Listening absent-mindedly to Dot's heartfelt condolences—a solid, stable professional, he has always been her favorite, her other daughters having gone through long strings of sometimes violent U.S. Marines and body-and-fender men—Frank comes to a short article that shows promise: a soprano in an Italian opera company, distraught over uncontrollable weight gain, has fled her company at the summer Music Festival in Salzburg. Authorities say she is believed to be suicidal. Now *that*, Frank thinks—that is something to get excited about; that is *News of the World*.

"He went in his sleep, Frank. There was no pain. Dr. Vernon said it was like a feather floating away in a breeze."

When the conversation is over, Frank hands the phone back to the mail clerk and pays for the call. He cannot imagine Raoul Duke floating anywhere. More likely, Anne's mother recruited the Carver boys from next door to lug the huge corpse through the back-yard minefield of dog dung and into the bed of their pickup.



"'I yam what I yam an' tha's all I yam!' What the hell kind of résumé is that?"

"Funny, eh?" the clerk asks. He raps a knuckle on the suicidal-soprano story, puffs his cheeks out, and sings a snatch of Wagner in a hoarse, creaky falsetto.

Frank smiles and consults a yellow train schedule taped to one of the post office's imitation-marble pillars. It should be no problem, he decides. He is not due in Berlin until Friday. If his afternoon interviews today go off without hitch or delay, he can (a) speed back to Stuttgart, (b) pick up his luggage from the hotel, and (c) make it to the station by eleven o'clock. He will be able to compose the chicken piece on the overnight train and be in Salzburg ("BEEFY DIVA DIVES TO DEATH," he considers; "THIS FAT LADY WON'T SING ANYMORE") by dawn.

"Thank you," Frank tells the mail clerk. He folds the newspaper into a tight, expert rectangle and tucks it beneath his arm.

BETWEEN sips of warm Hacker-Pschorr, the chicken rancher, a friendly old man with corrugated brown skin, motions out the window and claps his hands together. "You are in the barn the work doing and—bang!—out of the hounds the devil it scares." He chuckles and refills Frank's glass.

Frank writes this information in his notebook. "It's horrible," he says. Really, though, not all that horrible. It would have been better if this barnyard blitzkrieg (good, Frank says to himself; he writes the phrase down) were spiked with an element of *human* tragedy: animals, no matter how weird or wacky their demise, generated less interest than would, say, a buxom blond farmer's daughter killed or even blinded by an errant beak or skull bone.

Frank remembers his first big story with the *News*, a story that had it all. It was back in May, not long after he left the *Post* and took the job as a stringer in Europe. Four young nuns drowned themselves in the Seine, just below where the Pont Neuf connects the Left Bank with the Île de la Cité. He and Anne had strolled to the center of that very bridge on their honeymoon, eleven years earlier, perhaps on the same afternoon their son was conceived. Frank plans to take Tony to the Pont Neuf when he comes to visit in

August—it's a good view of Notre Dame. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Charles Laughton is one of Tony's favorites. They used to act it out, Tony and Frank taking turns as Quasimodo, with Raoul Duke as the angry mob of Parisians. When the hunchback rang the bells of the cathedral (the bass keys of the old Steinway Anne's grandmother had left them in her will), Raoul Duke would race, barking, around the living room, slipping across the worn parquet floor, his movement more lateral than forward. Eventually he would bounce off a wall, causing the family photos and Impressionist prints to rattle and shimmy on their hooks, and collide with Tony. Down they would go in a giggling, panting heap, thin white arms hugging thick black neck.

Frank smiles to himself without losing the look of rapt and respectful attention he has refined over so many years of interviewing Pentagon officials and Senate subcommittee chairmen. Ignoring the old farmer's amiable chattering, he pushes his family from his mind and brings the day-

dreams back into a proper organizational framework. Paris: what a story. A suicide pact, rumors of rampant lesbianism at the convent, the possibility of an illegitimate infant child, its throat cut and its tiny body buried beneath a great stone in the catacombs of St. Julien l'Hospitalier. The last part was mostly conjecture, of course, and Frank's new editors in Los Angeles had loved him for it. They—and he—had been uncertain how he would adapt to the nature of his new position, to the nature of the tabloid medium, but the Paris story dispelled all doubt. They gave it a double-truck spread with two banners, five kickers, and, inch for inch, more headline than copy. The Diva idea has that kind of potential, Frank thinks, particularly if she leaps from the heights of Nonnberg Abbey and flattens a tourist or two on the cobblestones below. "Photos of the chickens?" he asks the farmer.

The old man shrugs and smiles. He cups his hand to his ear, and for the first time Frank notices, in the distance, the throaty barking of weimara-



ners. "The hounds, you understand. It is for them a big feast."

EVEN if he had the time or the desire, Frank would still find it impossible to sleep on the D-train from Stuttgart to Salzburg—a midnight local that clatters to a stop every ten minutes and never picks up enough speed to blow a cooling breeze through the windows. "The weather is horrible," an old woman in a Bavarian peasant dress tells him. She watches with curiosity as he secures his briefcase to the seat next to him, using two long strips of double-sided tape he carries for such a purpose. He props open the lid of the briefcase and takes from it a ballpoint pen, a legal pad, and a blue plastic box of index cards (blue is for Central Europe, red for Western, green for Southern). He copies information from the index cards—coded "CHIX" in the upper-left-hand corner—onto the legal pad. When he finishes with a card he pins it to a cork board fastened to the inside of the briefcase lid.

The chicken story is completed just as the train crosses over into Austria, a little before three o'clock in the morning. Before shutting the briefcase, Frank retrieves last week's postcard from Tony, realizing that the photo, an aerial view of Chavez Ravine inset with an action shot of Fernando Valenzuela, is reversed—Fernando appears a righty. He taps the postcard against his knee. At least his son will grow up watching a team that plays on real grass. It should comfort him, Frank supposes, that Anne did not choose to pursue her new life (her *New Life*, as she put it to him in a letter) in Minneapolis or Houston. "Dear Dad, Everything O.K. here," the back of the card reads, as short and sweet as always. "Gramma told me R.D. was sick, and I was sad."

There in the rocking and swaying train car, the backs of his slacks wet against the red vinyl seat, Frank himself does not feel sad. He would have, of course, before taking up his new job. After all, this was a dog so tangled in the weave of his life that Frank can honestly say that he is unable to drum up any image of the past fifteen years without that big black block head eventually pushing and snuffling under the fingers of memory. Frank remembers

LIFE IN THE VALLEY

Like many brilliant notions—easy to understand
But hard to believe—the one about our hating it here
Was put aside and then forgot. Those freakish winds
Over the flaming lake, bearing down, bringing a bright
Electrical dust, an ashen air crowded with leaves—
Fallen, ghostly—shading the valley, filling it with
A rushing sound, were not enough to drive us out.
Nor were those times the faded winter sun
Lowered a frozen half-light over the canyons
And silent storms buried the high resorts
With heavy snows. We simply stayed indoors.
Our friends would say the views—starlight over
The clustered domes and towers, the frigid moon
In the water's glass—were great. And we agreed,
And got to like the sight of iron horses rusting
In the fields, and birds with wings outspread,
Their silver bones glowing at the water's edge,
And, far away, huge banks of cloud motionless as lead.

—MARK STRAND

Anne standing in the kitchen of the little house under the sycamores of T Street, dicing Spanish onions for the potato salad, her blond hair twisted into a ponytail and plugged through the slot of an Orioles cap. It is '79 or '80, because Tony is still in his high chair, hollering and pumping the air with his tiny, no-knuckle fists. Anne is weeping and laughing as she stumbles over Raoul Duke's broad back to pull a box of graham crackers from the shelf. Frank laughs to himself—the Duke always staked out the kitchen when there was the chance of food being dropped. Still, no sadness; Frank is proud of his self-control.

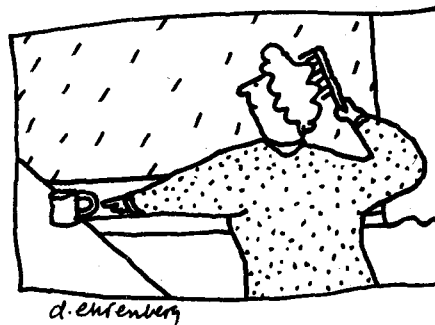
"Apple?" asks the old woman sitting across from Frank, who smiles and shakes his head. She sighs and waves a hand in front of her face as if to brush the stew of hot night air away. It is the hottest summer she can remember, she says, and she was reared in the flatlands near Mainz, where summers are notorious. Before she can extract the pic-

tures of her seven grandchildren (all "big, strapping boys") from the leather rucksack at her feet, Frank reopens his briefcase and busies himself with the task of coding index cards. This new set he marks "FAT" in the upper-left-hand corner.

IN Salzburg Frank phones in the chicken saga, twelve tight but lurid paragraphs heavy on the adjectives, to the Western Hemisphere editor of the *News*. Cecil, a friend of Frank's since college, now his boss, spends most of his time rewriting clips from the London tabs—gruesome murders, freak accidents, giant lizards on Mars—and punching them into a derelict Compu-graphic typesetter that chugs noisily in one corner of his office. Frank can understand, then (even if he does not always appreciate), Cecil's need to chat when one of the regional stringers rings a story in.

"Good stuff," Cecil says when Frank has finished dictating. "Reminds me of that lady from Toronto who put her parakeet in the Waring to spin it dry. 'BYE BYE BIRDIE,' May of '88, mug of the guilty appliance on the jump page. Talk to me, Frank: how's it going? How you doing with the Anne situation?"

Frank works the shoes from his feet and wiggles his toes. From the window of his hotel room he can see the peak of the Untersberg beginning to glow with dawn. The international travel alarm



clock he has set on the nightstand says that it is almost 9 P.M. in Los Angeles.

"You're working late, Cecil."

"As always. Listen, Frank, Carol and I had Anne over to dinner a couple of weeks ago. She said Tony will be flying over next month."

"Yes," Frank says, brightening. "I thought we'd go to Paris, Munich, the mountains, maybe Rome. He's a big fan of gladiators, chariots, things like that. I want to take him skiing, but that'll have to wait until winter. I think this will really be something for him. I can't wait to take him up to Ludwig's castles."

"I want you to know they're doing O.K.," Cecil says. "Anne has a show on the thirty-first. Just a little place down in Malibu, but it's a start. Some guy from San Francisco bought the one called 'Forest.' The one with the things of garden hose? She's doing good."

Frank positions a stack of newspapers on the edge of the bed. Frankfurt, Berlin, Paris, Zurich, Brussels—fresh from the all-night newsstand at the train station. He squares the stack with the palm of his hand and takes out a fluorescent highlighter. Sources in Salzburg won't be up for another couple of hours; he has a chance to get some work done.

"No one I talked to seems to know why chickens, exactly." Frank retrieves an index card from the blue box and glances at it. "Try and get in touch with a Dr. Harold Melton, N.Y.U. He's an animal pathologist. His number is—"

"Don't sweat it, Frank," Cecil says. "If we can't get in touch with a science guy over at the college we'll just jam a 'DOCS BAFFLED BY' on it and run it as is."

WITH a few calls to Festival officials, Frank tracks the Milanes opera company to one of the hotels just off the Mozartplatz. There the



"Damn it, Malcolm. Don't think because you're vice-president you can waltz in here anytime you please!"

impresario of the troupe, a morose-looking man with an impeccable silver mustache, tells Frank much that was not in the initial news story. This is not the first time his principal soprano, scheduled to sing Susanna, has fled the stage because of an unshakable weight problem. There was London in '85, Bayreuth in '86, and, less than six months ago, Vienna, where she accidentally pulverized a delicate wrought-iron chair at a sidewalk café on the Kärntnerstrasse. She dashed shrieking into St. Stephen's and barricaded herself in a confessional booth. Her husband was sent for to calm her down, which he did, but in her haste and hysteria she had become jammed; carpenters had to be called in to pry her from the small wooden box.

"I see," Frank says, scribbling in his notebook. The story is getting better by the minute. "And they finally got her out with crowbars?"

"So it has happened before," the impresario says, looking at Frank with gloomy eyes. "But this time, we believe, is the worst. Her dilemma, you must understand, causes her the greatest anguish. We believe that this time it

may have reached its crescendo. Her husband is searching for her, but we do not have much hope."

"You have no idea where she might be?" Frank wonders how difficult it could be to find a three-hundred-pound woman on the narrow, crooked streets of Old Salzburg.

The impresario shrugs. "Yes, we are all very worried. You should have heard her sing! What a power, what an agility of voice! Not since Ponselle."

"I have to find her," Frank says, standing. There is no time to lose.

"God bless you," the impresario calls to him, touched by Frank's concern. But Frank has already closed his notebook and hurried from the room.

BELOW the Casino, at the foot of the sheer slate precipice that rises above the Equestrian Fountain, there is no body and no sign of a desperate plunge. Likewise, there is no prima donna clinging to the battlement of Fortress Hohensalzburg, wailing an aria and nibbling a Ritter Sport bar. The sluggish but powerful Salzach would probably sweep away anything that might fall from its bridges, but

still Frank picks his way down the steep bank, through the weeds and rocks, past the midday sunbathers, to search along the river's loamy fringe.

His biggest fears now are (a) that the Diva might decide on a private death, opening her veins in the tepid sink water of some secluded pension, (b) that she will delay and delay, until finally Frank must give up the chase in favor of the story waiting for him in Berlin (*neo-Nazis who claim to have unearthed the real skeleton of Martin Bormann*), or, worst, (c) that, as before, she'll end up returning to her company. A depressed but alive opera singer, three hundred pounds or not, isn't *News of the World*.

A copper-colored, long-haired dachshund falls into step behind Frank, shyly sniffing along the path beside the river but keeping suspicious eyes upturned. Frank stops, squats, and holds his hands out. "Hey, boy, hey boy," he clucks in German to the dog, which lifts its ears but does not advance. "Pretty puppy, good dog, come here, come here." Frank takes a slow, careful duck step forward. The dog scrambles into panicked action, its four stubby legs churning with such ferocity that it backs up onto its hindquarters and topples over.

Frank, laughing, takes another step. "The way to get dogs to like you," he

has told his son, "is to show them you're friendly and that you're not afraid of them. Then they'll know they don't have to be afraid of *you*."

This time the dog remembers to turn before fleeing and manages to dart away, a leash fastened to its collar sizzling through the grass. When it sees that Frank is trotting after it, whistling and clapping his hands against his thighs, it wheels, stops, and begins to growl.

Frank stops also as the dog's growl takes on a higher-pitched, more threatening timbre. "Good dog." Frank backs up and turns to run as the dog lunges at him, its clicking jaws just missing the back of his ankle. Adrenaline, longer legs, and an acute sense of embarrassment (he does not want to become himself a two-paragraph filler) allow Frank to outspurt the dachshund and leap halfway up the riverbank, ripping the inseam of his slacks in the process. The dog struts beneath him, grinning, one long ear flopped up onto its head. Soon a young boy runs up and regains the leash, pulling the dog along in the direction of the Ostbrücke.

Frank glances at his watch—in Los Angeles (in Malibu) it is only six o'clock in the morning—and throws a broken piece of shell limestone onto the flat stomach of the river. A few sunbathers farther down lift their heads off

balled towels and contemplate with mild interest the splash and the noodles of heat rising from the water. Frank removes his suit coat, unfastens the top button of his shirt, and begins the climb up to the street.

FRANK stops by his hotel to change pants, reaching his room just as the phone rings. The voice on the other end of the line is husky, brusque: Sandra, his editor from the *Post*.

"I'm worried about you, Frank," she says. "Have you talked with Anne lately?"

"Hello, Sandra," he says, his voice flat. "Anne who?"

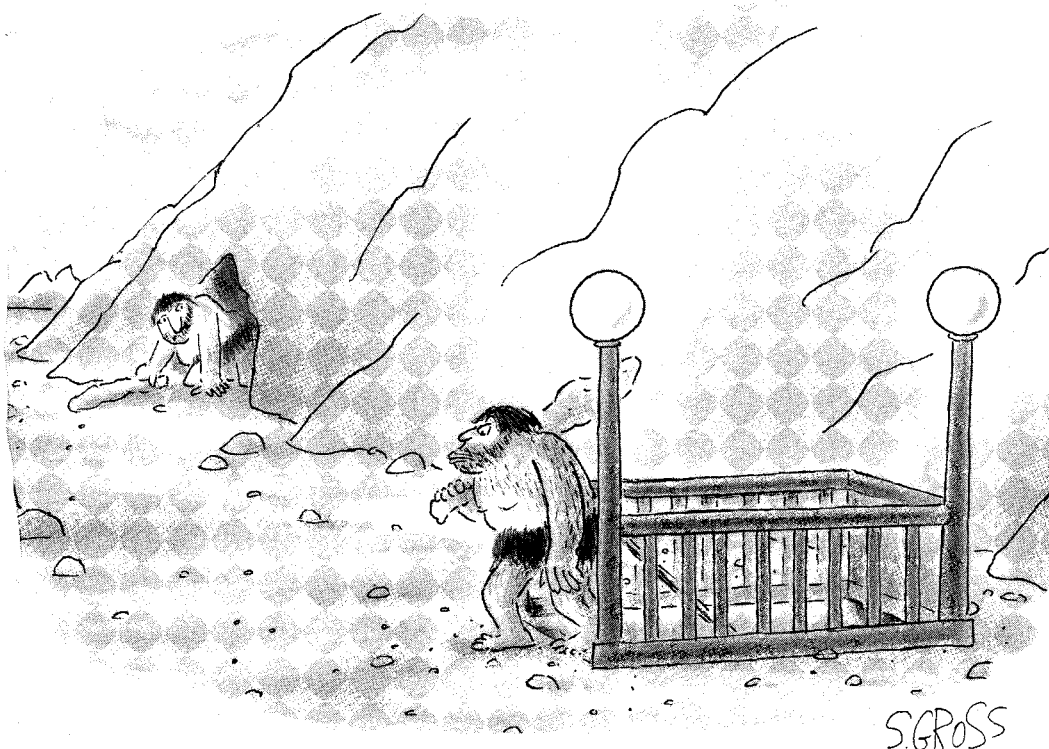
"It's a cliché, Frank, I know, but sooner or later you're going to have to start thinking about getting back to your life, your career. You're a helluva reporter, Frank, you're a young man."

"I like my life," Frank says. "I like my career."

THE downstairs hallway is empty, but the door to the soprano's room (No. 8, as revealed by a covert glance at the company roster this morning) is locked. Frank tries the old credit-card trick with his American Express but manages only to whittle a layer of rust from the heavy bolt. Circling the outside of the hotel, he discovers that the windows of all the

ground-floor rooms open on a back alley. He paces off the distance from the corner of the building and then, with the help of a warped plastic milk crate, peers into the window of No. 8. The room is empty except for a small table, two chairs, a large trunk, and a single bed, much too frail-looking for the huge creature Frank pictures as having occupied it.

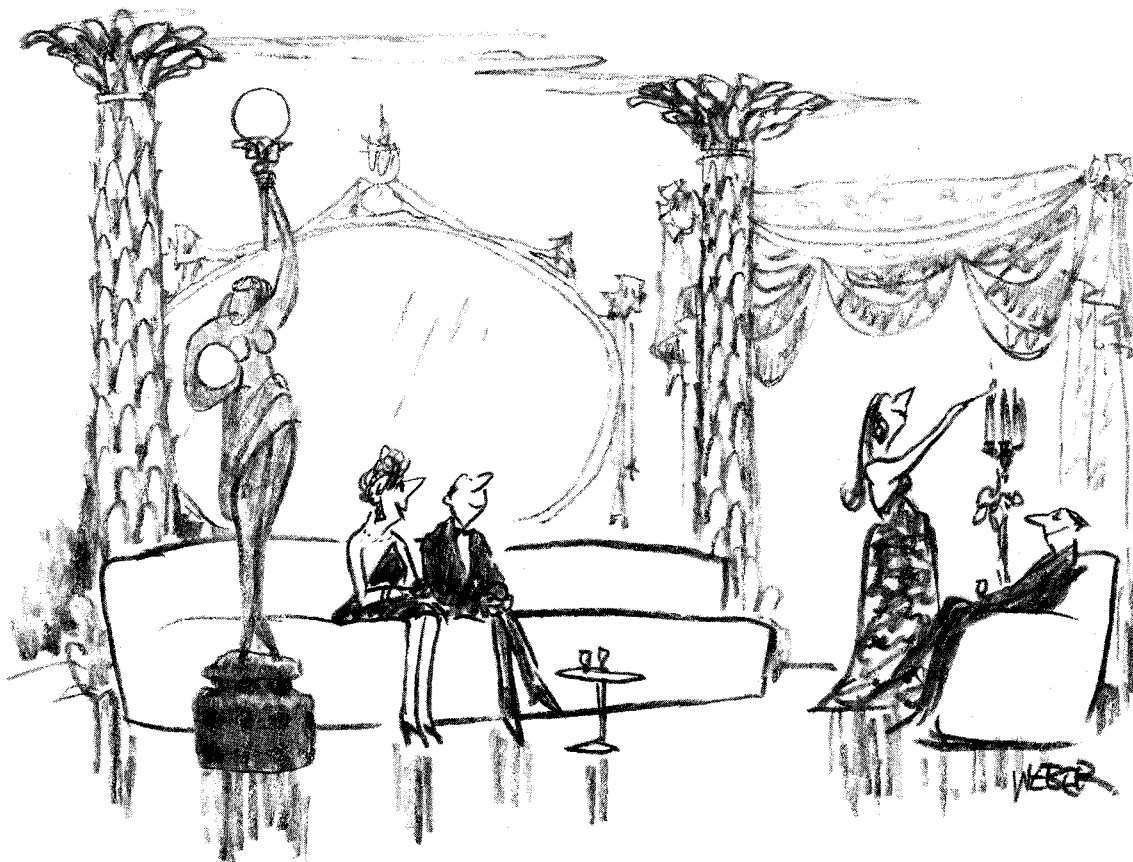
The window is unlocked and wide enough for Frank to crawl through. He goes directly to the trunk and examines it. At first he finds nothing that could be of use—no diaries, no family photos, no horned Viking helmet—just an assortment of toiletries, several towels, an umbrella. Digging deeper into the



trunk, though, Frank finds an enormous pair of pale-blue panties.

"For heaven's sake," he whispers, holding the panties up with both hands. He can picture the photo now: the Diva's Drawers snapped next to a normal-sized pair. Her panties are the size of a large pillowcase.

A cart rolls past in the hallway and someone unlocks a nearby door. Frank wads up the panties and stuffs them into his pocket. Waiting until he is sure the alley is deserted, he crawls back through the window, landing with one foot sunk deep into a box of spoiled strawberries, from the hotel restaurant, left moldering in the heat.



"We love what you've done with your money."

THE desk clerk hands Frank a message when he stops by his hotel for dinner. A representative from the opera company called earlier with the good news: the Diva is still alive. Police say that a woman fitting her description boarded an afternoon train to Munich. Her husband has been dispatched by car.

"Damn it," Frank says. He collects his mail—a letter that has found him early; he is due here in Salzburg late next week for a warlock convention—and returns to his room. The gloomy impresario with the silver mustache answers the phone on the first ring.

"No, not even her husband is certain," he tells Frank. "She adores Munich—the English Garden, the Leopoldstrasse, the galleries. She could be perhaps anywhere." Then, after a thoughtful pause: "The glockenspiel is her favorite. Whenever we are in Munich she visits the top of the Old Peter bell tower."

"The Old Peter bell tower," Frank repeats, spreading a Michelin map of Munich onto his lap.

"It is the best view."

The next train to Munich does not

depart for another hour, so Frank can no longer ignore the letter. In her loose, fluttering script Anne informs him that everything is going well in California. She is sorry to hear about Raoul Duke. And she is sorry to say that Tony won't be able to come to Europe in August after all. Orientation at his new school starts earlier than expected, and she wants him to have enough time to get adjusted. She guesses Frank would want that, too.

Frank crumples the letter up and tosses it to the floor. His head hurts and the small room is suffocating. The worst part of the day is over, but he sees from the window that the blue of the sky is still tinged with white, as if it had been bled pale by the heat.

Frank lies on his bed and tries to concentrate on the options at hand. Friday, as originally planned, is Berlin: if he takes an evening express to Munich today, there is no way he will be able to reach Berlin until late Saturday. And even that schedule leaves him less than twenty-four hours to find the Diva. Not enough time, if things go as

they've gone today. And hers is the kind of story—rich with human pathos and broad comedy—that Frank cannot pass up.

"Won't work, Frank," Cecil tells him when he finally gets through to L.A. "René called from Mexico City yesterday and said she can't send the vampire stuff until she can line up some sort of victim-pic. We have to roll with the Bones of Bormann thing. If we're lucky, the Skinhead Rally at the Olympic Stadium will escalate into a riot Saturday, and then we've got a good, strong Nazi package for the fold on 3."

"For heaven's sake," Frank says. "Forget the Nazis. This opera story is a real one. I could *be* there if I hustle, Cecil."

"Be *where*, Frank? Suppose she is at this tower place—what if she decides not to ice herself yet? Are you going to tail her around Europe until she does, if she does? Tell me, have you gone out of your mind?" Cecil clears his throat and pauses. Frank knows he is considering the circumstances and already regretting his choice of words. "What

I mean, Frank," Cecil continues, in a more reasonable, more artificial tone, "is that you can cover this soprano thing *after* it happens. The other thing you can't. Skinhead Nazi riots wait for no man, Frank. You'll have to forget Munich. We need you in Berlin this weekend."

IN Munich Frank rides the U-Bahn from the train station to the Marienplatz. Emerging from the subway, he shivers and pushes his hands into his pockets. In the sky a mass of oyster-gray clouds, coughed up by the Alps to the south, roils overhead, responsible for the slight, sudden chill in the air. Despite the clouds a large crowd is gathering on the square between the St. Peter bell tower and the Neue Rathaus. It must be approaching the hour, when the knights and coopers of the glockenspiel spin through their ringing dance for the battery of tourist cameras below.

"Another one not afraid of a few stairs!" The old woman sitting in the tower entrance accepts Frank's five-mark piece and pushes his change across the countertop with the back of her hand. "A crowd today," she says, with a smile and a bob of her hairy chin, as Frank moves quickly past her into the socket of moist gloom.

He takes the steep stone steps of the Old St. Peter Church tower three at a time. By the time he reaches the grid of dusty wooden beams that support the bells, three-quarters of the way up, his legs are burning and beginning to go numb.

In the well beneath the last flight of stairs, just below the door leading outside to the balcony, he comes upon a fellow-climber. The way the man sits, hunched up against the wall, his knees tucked to his chin, causes Frank to hesitate. "Are you all right?" he asks, first in German, then in English. He is about to try French, the only other language he knows, when the man lifts his head and shows Frank a small face red and shiny with sweat or tears.

"Her voice," the man says in slow, broken English. "A voice from the angels! What has her flesh to do with beauty? What is the flesh when she has a voice from the angels?"

When he hears the man's thick Italian accent, Frank feels his chest tighten. The Diva's husband throws up his hands and leans to the side so Frank can leap up the stairs past him.

"She does not come down," he sings after Frank. "She does not come down this way."

FRANK sees her at once, on the other side of the bulbiform copper pinnacle of the tower. She balances on a sagging balustrade, white and trembling, like an enormous rosebud dollop of whipped cream. The silk dress snaps against her in the rising wind, and Frank notices that the iron railing circling the platform is pearly with moisture from the descending clouds. "Wait," he says, unable to move either toward her or away. They are alone. He has no idea what he should say to her—if he should say anything at all. He stands and stares and tries, at least, to organize his thoughts and alternatives in a rational manner. He can (a) continue to stand and observe; that is why he is here, after all; he has his briefcase and his camera with him. He can (b) run for help—but, really, how effectual, one way or another, would that be? Frank's mental structure begins to wobble, and he forces himself to concentrate. He can (c) try to comfort her, tell her that her problems are no big deal, that being fat is just not, in the end, *News of the World*.

She glances blankly at Frank and then looks away again. In many ways she is how he pictured her—except for her face. Instead of an obese, pallid mask twisted by lunatic despair, her face appears only quietly unhappy. It is just an ordinary face, the kind that Frank sees every day, a face with pretty, dark eyes. Still, for some reason, Frank feels his heart sink with sadness.

"*Qual'occhio al mondo può star di paro,*" he calls to her, "*all'ardente occhio tuo nero?*" It is the only Italian he can remember, a snatch of some

opera he once reviewed for his college newspaper. Puccini? He isn't sure what the line means, only that it has something to do with pretty, dark eyes. He used to sing that line to Anne (who has pretty, pale-green eyes) back in the days when he still did things like that, when he wanted to be romantic and take her to bed. She always laughed and clubbed him on the nose with a rolled-up magazine. "*Qual'occhio al mondo può star di paro,*" he repeats, softly, "*all'ardente occhio tuo nero?*"

For a moment Frank thinks that she will burst into tears. She lifts her thin black eyebrows and blinks. For the first time she seems to notice Frank and the wind, sodden with drizzle, that blows against her. Then she drops her chin onto her collarbone and begins to laugh.

Across the square the bells of the glockenspiel ring, and the appreciative murmur of the crowd below rises to fill out the lower register of the song. Through it all comes the Diva's beautiful, musical laughter, each note perfectly rounded, as articulate and melancholy as her face.

"Oh, damn," Frank says, at a loss for a way to stanch this flow of grief. The balcony is small, and he knows he is close enough to reach out for her, grab her soft quaking shoulder and pull her down to safety. As before, though, he can't marshal the energy to move. He sighs and manages to back up to the support of the tower's copper-plated onion dome, then slides down onto his haunches. Before he realizes it he is weeping, gently but with persistence. It is more a slow leak than a blowout, he guesses, but it is beyond his ability to control.

The copper figurines of the glockenspiel clank to a halt, the mechanical rooster in its cubbyhole gives a final crow, and the last peals of the bells fray and dwindle into the clouds. Frank continues to weep, even after the Diva stops her lovely staccato laughter and slips from the bannister. "Raoul Duke is dead," Frank explains to her in a whisper when she kneels down to touch his arm. —LOUIS BERNEY



She concluded by stating that "we are now a comprehensive University that offers strong technological and business programs. We are attracting students from a larger geological background."—*The Triangle, newspaper of Drexel University.*

All the way back to the Mesozoic.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GREAT EXCEPTION

I—LIBERTY



LAST November, a group of academics and lawyers and clerics and activists from countries as varied as Uganda, Argentina, South Korea, Chile, South Africa, Brazil, Guatemala, and Haiti gathered at the Aspen Institute's Wye Woods Conference Center, in Maryland, to try to puzzle through one of the most complicated issues facing politics all over the world as they attempt to move from dictatorial to democratic systems of governance—the question of what to do with the former torturers persisting in their midst. In many cases, the receding security and military apparatuses, which were responsible for the preponderance of human-rights abuses during the previous regime, retain tremendous power, and they will not abide any settling of accounts. They demand amnesties covering all violations committed during their tenure—amnesties designed to enforce a total amnesia regarding those crimes. The fledgling democracies thus face a chal-

lenge to a central bulwark of their authority—the principle of equality before the law—just as they are attempting to consolidate their rule.

Over and over again, the same issues get played out, and over and over again, as the participants at the Aspen Institute conference came to realize, the same two imperatives seem to rise to the fore—the intertwined demands for justice and for truth. The security forces, of course, will abide neither; but, if anything, the desire for truth is often more urgently felt by the victims of torture than the desire for justice. People don't necessarily insist that the former torturers go to jail—there has been enough of jail—but they do want to see the truth established. Fragile, tentative democracies time and again wrestle over this issue of truth. It's a mysteriously powerful, almost magical notion, because often everybody already knows the truth—everyone knows who the torturers were and what they did, the torturers know that

everyone knows, and everyone knows that they know. Why, then, this need to risk everything in order to render that knowledge explicit?

The participants in the Aspen Institute conference worried this question around the table several times—the necessary distinctions seemed particularly slippery and elusive—and then Thomas Nagel, a professor of philosophy and law at New York University, stumbled upon an answer. "It's the differences between knowledge and acknowledgment," Nagel said haltingly. "It's what happens and can only happen to knowledge when it becomes officially sanctioned, when it is made part of the *public* cognitive scene." Yes, several of the panelists agreed. And that transformation, another participant added, is sacramental.

THE place where issues of this sort are being confronted perhaps more forcefully and dramatically than anywhere else in the world these days is

AUBADE

Listening to bird song in a blue dawn
 Waking in a bad city quiet the street the houses
 Then a few strangers a man and his woman
 Going Lord knows where or from she ahead
 He in the rear till arms one round the other
 (After she pauses he catches up)
 The two proceed drunkenly in step

They're advancing in the bad city
 I'm stagnating in a blue dawn
 Watching it whitening now from my window
 (A hint of disaster low on the radio)
 While in the spring air the leaves
 On the trees are tranquil and green
 A motorcycle a black Kawasaki at rest
 In a gutter its front tire swung slightly awry
 Beneath a night lamp which yet burns . . .
 Once it goes out the morning shall begin

So as the sap rises or grows thin
 The heart's eaten away alone in shame
 In spidery rooms in yellowy buildings
 Clouds always floating at the edges of things . . .
 A little tale insomniacal it neither
 Supposes nor forms a whole only a desire
 To be held responsible to exact the approval
 Disapproval of the soul . . .

So as I say my prayers I'll protect
 My dreams or as I inhale the Hudson
 I'll taste my blood because there's a fly
 Or a roach travelling across my skin
 Because the money's running out and I may die
 Will die because if I whisper your name
 My name is never returned

Six o'clock . . .

People are driving to work
 People are taking a leak . . .
 The broken panes in this kitchen are dirty
 Where the Wandering Jew's hung aloft from its orange pot
 A ripple of purple darkening and gleaming . . .
 I'll water it when I remember
 Or prune it when I must

Yet how little cohesion there is between
 One route then another one year then the next
 How that fly's dying on the floor
 In a quiver of useless rage the eternal in the mortal
 How I'll repeat how I'll murmur the quiet over and over
I still have your letters I read them over and over . . .
 Listening to bird song in a blue dawn
 (Or late in the day lost again in the shell-torn city)
 Being told how much you forgot
 How much we never knew

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

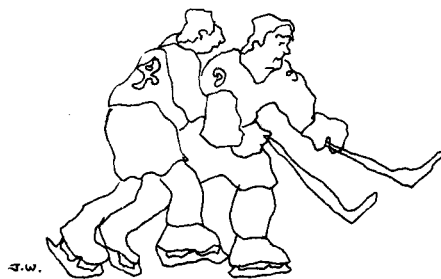
the tiny South American republic of Uruguay, and this is strange, because thirty years ago Uruguay might have seemed just about the last place on earth where anyone would have expected such problems to arise. Back then, Uruguay—a country with about the same area as Washington State and a population of under three million people, almost half of whom live in the lovely harbor-capital of Montevideo—was world famous as “the paradise of fat cows,” its remarkable prosperity being grounded in the vast pasturelands from which it derived its principal exports of beef, leather, and wool; it was also called the Switzerland of Latin America, the Sweden of the South, the model country, and the Great Exception.

Slotted along the north shore of the wide Río de la Plata estuary where it empties into the Atlantic, what is now Uruguay was initially a battleground for Spaniards, moving northeast from Buenos Aires, and Portuguese, coming south from Rio de Janeiro. The area's original, Indian population was virtually wiped out in the process, so that Uruguay today has very little mestizo

presence or influence—another exceptional circumstance in the Latin-American context. The country itself was eventually constituted, in 1828, as a buffer state between the newly independent entities of Argentina and Brazil. The rest of the nineteenth century in Uruguay was more typically Latin-American—an endless round of coups, banditry, dictatorships, and civil warfare. In the midst of that jumble, one faction distinguished itself by wearing red hatbands and was hence known as the Colorados, while another wore white and was labelled the Blancos. Increasingly, the Colorados came to represent the interests of the capital, and the Blancos the more rural and conservative interests. This phase of Uruguayan history reached its climax

in 1903, with the Presidential election of a dynamic young Colorado journalist-politician (himself the son of a leading former Colorado general and President) named José Batlle y Ordóñez, who was known to his contemporaries as Don Pepe, and to posterity simply as Batlle (pronounced Ba-jay).

Influenced by his early days on the Left Bank of cosmopolitan Paris, Batlle set about establishing a trailblazingly progressive social democracy. His eventual legacy (he died in 1929) was a country where schooling through the university level was free to all citizens and the general literacy rate rose to ninety-five per cent. Full health coverage was a universal right, and though the standard of medical service was by no means excellent, it was generally adequate (especially compared with that found in any other country on the continent). Laws encouraged homeownership among a large middle class (social scientists estimated that this class constituted as much as a third of the population) and protected most workers—or, at any rate, most urban workers—through a system of continually renewed rent freezes and subsi-

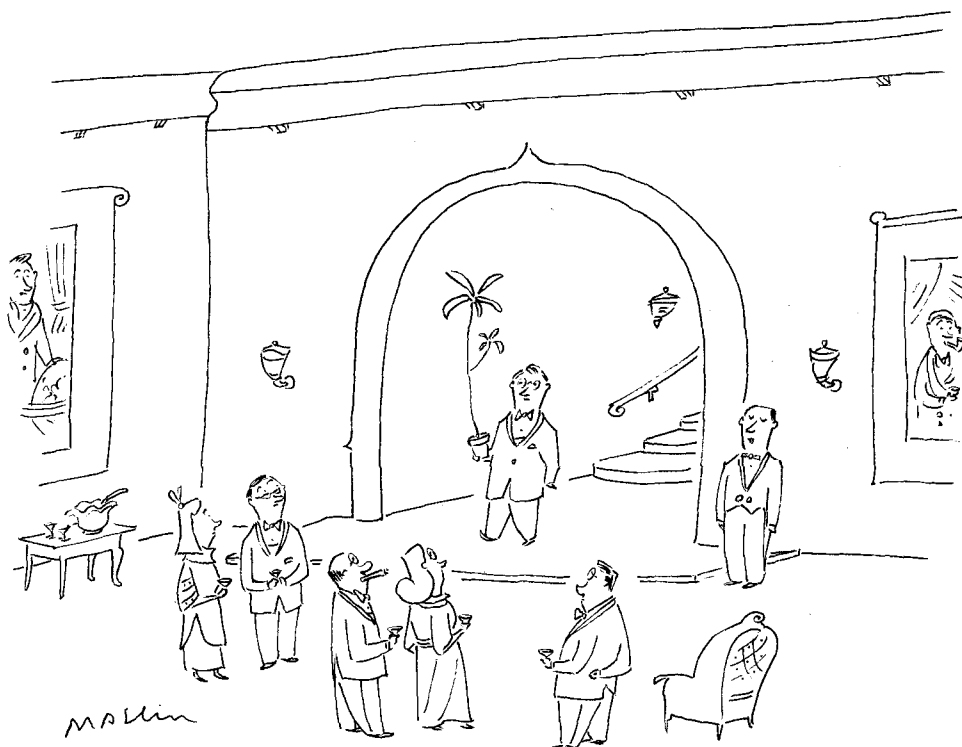


dies. The elderly, too, were protected, through a generous web of guaranteed pensions.

During the first several decades of this century, Uruguay swelled with European immigrants, principally from Spain and Italy. Many of them were labor activists, syndicalists, and anarchists fleeing from oppression in their home countries. Such people were often more inclined to come to Uruguay than even to the United States, especially after the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. The vast majority of today's Uruguayans derive, within a generation or two, from that European influx.

Batlle left his countrymen a strong anti-clerical bias. (He insisted that the word "God" had to be lowercased every time it appeared in his newspaper, and he stipulated that no public buildings should bear the names of saints; and although present-day Uruguay is nominally eighty per cent Catholic, secularism continues to be religiously observed.) In addition, Batlle bequeathed to his successors a profoundly democratic sensibility—he brought social peace to the polity by instituting a system of "co-participation," in which Colorados and Blancos shared directorship of state enterprises and monopolies on a proportional basis—and one that was profoundly anti-militarist. George Landau, who is currently the president of the Americas Society in New York, began his career as a commercial attaché at the American Embassy in Montevideo, in the idyllic fifties. "In those days," he told me recently, "the Uruguayan military were so marginal, so inconsequential, that they took care to change out of their uniforms each evening before they went home, so that they wouldn't be mistaken for bus drivers." Other observers regaled me with tales of how in the good old days the military were mainly in charge of street parades, cutting the grass in the plazas, and clearing the litter off the beaches.

In the fifties, though, prices and exports began sliding precipitately, and soon the game was up. Faced with this crisis, the Uruguayan political establishment reacted with paralysis and delusional procrastination: surely things would right themselves. In addition, the country's managers became increasingly steeped in corruption of the sort that such long-term economic crises tend to invite: exploitation of pa-



"Edward H. Arthur and the avocado plant he's grown from a pit."

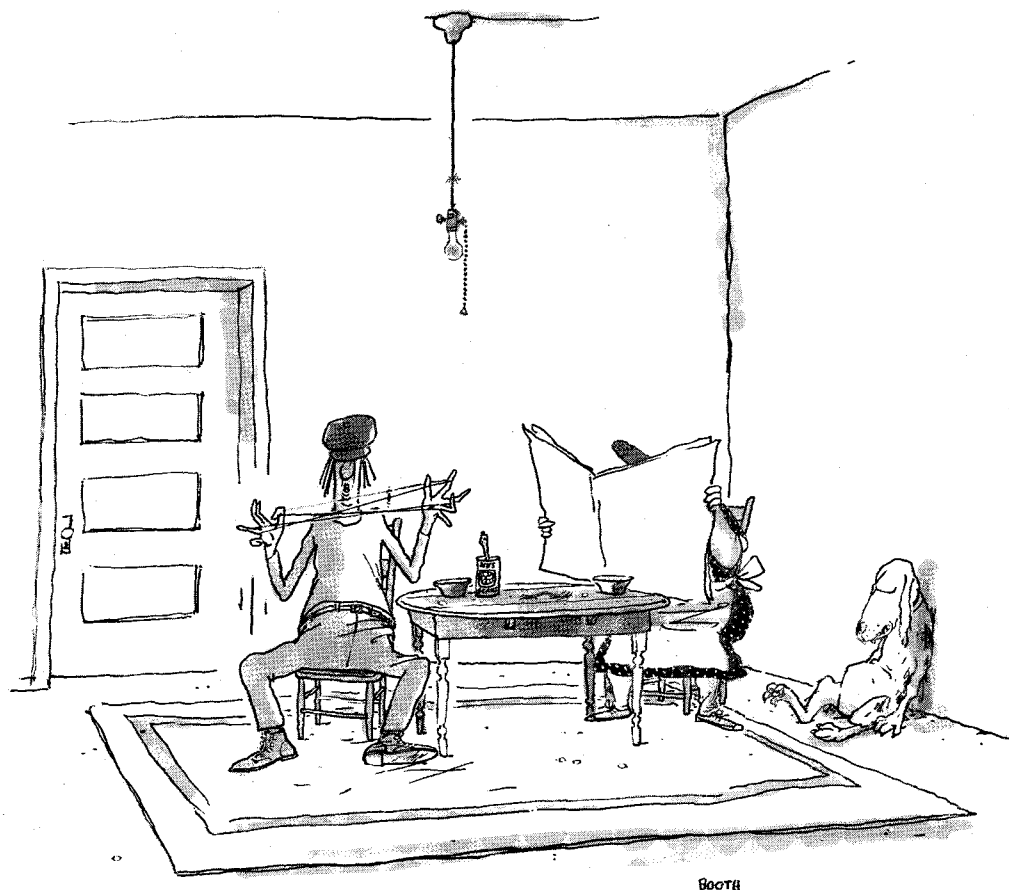
tronage, rampant speculation, money laundering, and the like. During my first visit to Uruguay, in late 1986, I asked a historian named Lucía Sala how she thought it possible for a country with as rich and deep a democratic and nonmilitarist tradition as Uruguay's to have plunged itself into the kind of nightmarish repression that Uruguay was to undergo in the nineteen-sixties. She answered carefully, precisely, measuring out each word: "I think that any country that undergoes a crisis as deep as that of Uruguay could end up with a military dictatorship. Any country."

In 1958, the Uruguayan electorate voted the historically dominant Colorados out and replaced them with a fairly hapless group of Blancos, who improvised ineffectively for the next eight years. In 1966, the voters turned to the Colorado candidate, a retired general named Oscar Gestido, who was considered an honest and capable administrator. Unfortunately, he died before completing the first year of his term and was replaced by his relatively unknown Vice-President, a former newspaperman (and onetime boxer) named Jorge Pacheco Areco, who was both decidedly more conservative and decidedly more authoritarian. Within

a week of taking office, Pacheco issued a decree outlawing the Socialist Party and several other marginal leftist and anarchist groups, and shut down a couple of objectionable newspapers. "We elected Eisenhower," went a Montevideo joke, "and we ended up with Nixon."

ONE of the main entrances to the University of the Republic, in Montevideo, is flanked by two statues, one of Cervantes and the other of Dante. This arrangement was no doubt originally intended to celebrate the twin national heritages—the Spanish and the Italian—claimed by the overwhelming majority of contemporary Uruguayans, but nowadays those statues have a darker connotation: they recall the trajectory of the Tupamaros, a band of young urban guerrillas, many of them students at this university, who rose to prominence during the late sixties and the early seventies, for their careers did indeed arc inexorably from the quixotic to the infernal.

The Tupamaros were founded, in the early sixties, by a shy, bookish young socialist named Raúl Sendic, who had become radicalized while trying to organize the rural poor, the ten per cent of Uruguay's population who



"Leon, necklines are plunging in Paris."

lived in squalid *pueblos de ratas*, rat towns. These abject peasants had never enjoyed the beneficence of Uruguay's welfare reforms (Batlle had more or less consigned the countryside to the Blancos), and in the current crisis the paralyzed political establishment was clearly incapable of changing things. The Tupamaros—for the most part, children of Uruguay's middle class—rebelled against what they saw as the smug hypocrisy of their parents' world. Initially, their forays into "armed propaganda" tended toward the antic (Chaplin seemed as much their hero as Che): hijacking food trucks and dispersing their contents amongst slum dwellers; raiding a gambling casino and scooping up the loose change (taking care later to return a percentage of the loot as a tip for the croupiers); staging midnight raids on banks and company headquarters and making off with highly incriminating evidence of corruption, which they then gleefully published. Their philosophy was summed up in a pithy slogan they scrawled on the walls of a posh night

club following one early-morning raid: "*O bailan todos o no baila nadie*"—"Everybody dances or nobody dances."

Their behavior infuriated the authorities—especially President Pacheco, who now urged his security forces to take a tougher line, and foreign advisers likewise encouraged them to adopt increasingly Draconian measures. Perhaps the most famous of these advisers was Daniel Mitrione, an American police instructor who was stationed in Montevideo as part of a program sponsored by the Agency for International Development (AID). This program, founded as an integral part of John F. Kennedy's Alliance for Progress (itself a response to the prospect of a Communist beachhead in Cuba), brought Latin-American police officers up to AID's International Police Academy, in Washington, D.C., and sent American agents down to Latin America to assist in counter-insurgency training. Precisely what Mitrione was doing in Montevideo remains a matter of controversy in the United States, but in Montevideo today

it is hard to find anyone who doubts that he was in fact doing exactly what the Tupamaros said he was doing: training the Uruguayan police in techniques of "precise" and "efficient" torture for use during interrogation. Nevertheless, it is also hard to find anyone in Montevideo these days who will forgive the Tupamaros for kidnapping him, in late July of 1970, in an attempt to secure the release of confederates of theirs who were being held in Pacheco's jails, and for then, when that attempt failed, killing him.

These events in Uruguay were hardly taking place in a vacuum; they coincided with a general economic crisis, a series of leftist insurgencies, and a countervailing series of government responses throughout Latin America. The reactionary responses were centered in the militaries of the various countries and had at their ideological core the rapidly evolving Doctrine of National Security. This doctrine, promulgated by military theorists throughout the continent but perhaps most elaborately developed by the Brazilian generals

who had brought down their own country's populist democratic regime in 1964, held that the principal threat to the region was no longer overt aggression between armies within the continent or by invading forces from outside—the two threats that had previously been invoked to justify the continent's traditionally lavish military spending. Rather, the new threat was posed by the "world Communist movement," and was one of "internal subversion," which ran the gamut from armed sedition to subtle stratagems that were even more dangerous. According to the doctrine, the Third World War was already under way: the very institutions of traditional democratic governance (labor unions, universities, newspapers, church parishes, parliaments) were hopelessly infected with Communist tendencies, and only the region's militaries—institutions of pure, untainted integrity and discipline—were in a position to respond to the threat. Therefore, paradoxically, situations could easily occur in which only a military coup and

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subsequent dictatorial military rule could save democracy—or, more precisely, save the true heritage of the West, a set of anti-Communist values that predated mere bourgeois democracy.

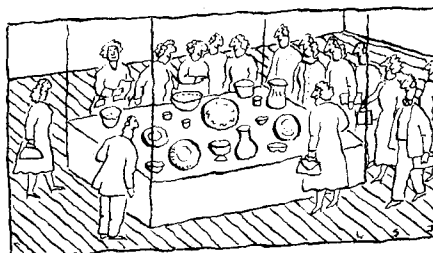
There is considerable argument regarding the degree to which the United States was directly implicated in the promulgation of the Doctrine of National Security throughout Latin America. Several Uruguayan academics with whom I spoke insisted that the doctrine was by no means a simple North American transplant. In Uruguay, they said, the influence of embittered French veterans of the Algerian and Indo-Chinese wars, who were highly esteemed by the military in neighboring Argentina, was considerably more substantial. Furthermore, they insisted, with an almost perverse hemispheric pride, the Latin-American militaries were quite capable of coming up with all kinds of unpleasantness on their own, and needed no instruction from the North. ("If anything," one man said, "*we taught you.*") Still, it remains a fact that several generations of Latin-American officers received training at the School of the Americas, operated by the United States Army, in the Panama Canal Zone and at its parallel institute in Fort Benning, Georgia. To what extent the Latin-American officers at these schools were exposed, as they were supposed to be, to the democratic and constitutional aspects of North American governance is debatable. They were, at any rate, exposed to each other, and proud graduates of the schools include Augusto Pinochet, of Chile; Gustavo Alvarez, of Honduras; Jorge Rafael Videla, Roberto Eduardo Viola, and Leopoldo Galtieri, of Argentina; and Manuel Noriega, of Panama—all of whom helped the program to earn its nickname, *la escuela de golpes* (the school of coups). A Montevidean historian named Selva López has compiled statistics on two periods during which Uruguayan officers trained in the United States and Panama: there were seven hundred and twenty-nine of them between 1950 and 1965, and—even after the final coup—seven hundred and seventeen between 1973 and 1977, when President Carter cancelled all military assistance, in protest over ongoing human-rights violations. The Uruguayans' favorite classes, according to Selva, were, in

order of popularity, Operation of Internal Security, Urban Counter-insurgency, Intelligence, and Interrogation by Military Intelligence.

In the face of the Tupamaro upsurge and a growing restiveness among labor unions and other sectors of Uruguayan society as they reacted to the economy's increasingly constrictive austerities, Pacheco turned more and more to his once inconsequential military. He dramatically increased the military's share of the national budget, and within the military, where a power struggle had broken out between constitutionalist officers and followers of the Doctrine of National Security, he regularly sided with the latter. During the early seventies, hundreds of constitutionalist officers were purged from the Uruguayan military.

The November, 1971, Presidential elections became a sort of referendum on the growing militarization of Uruguayan society. Leftist groups united around a new third party, the Frente Amplio (or Broad Front), which had a retired constitutionalist general, Liber Seregni, as its standard-bearer. Seregni had in fact resigned, in 1968, as commander of the Army's most important district rather than obey Pacheco's order to intervene in a civilian labor strike. The two traditional parties had meanwhile traded ideological complexions: the Colorados massed behind Pacheco's handpicked successor, an arch-conservative financial and political dynast named Juan María Bordaberry, while the Blancos were led by a decidedly progressive senator named Wilson Ferreira Aldunate. The Tupamaros declared a truce for the duration of the campaign, and in the election the anti-militarist candidates secured a decisive majority of the votes (fifty-nine per cent, with the Frente Amplio getting eighteen per cent of the total vote). Wilson Ferreira achieved a plurality over Bordaberry, but Pacheco's deputies on the electoral court jimmied the results and Bordaberry was declared the winner.

In mid-April, following the bloody



reemergence of the Tupamaros (by this time, their regular tactics included assassinating alleged death-squad members and blowing up alleged imperialist strongholds), and with a general strike looming, Bordaberry forced a bill through Congress transferring total authority for the war against the guerrillas to the military, which accomplished its task with brutal efficiency, completely annihilating the Tupamaro organization by early 1973. The surviving Tupamaros insist on this, and even the military today concurs: six months before the final coup that was to bring it to undisputed power, the military had already triumphed in the battle that it subsequently used as its pretext for seizing control. Some voices of protest continued to be heard in Congress and the larger polity, but on June 27, 1973, in the culmination of a five-year slow-motion coup, the military suspended Congress, instituted a Supreme Military Council as the only executive and legislative authority, and reduced Bordaberry's role to that of a figurehead.

During the ensuing twelve years of the *dictadura*, or dictatorship, Uruguay was transmogrified into what, according to Amnesty International, was the country with the world's highest per-capita rate of political incarceration. By 1980, one in every fifty Uruguayans had been detained at some point, and detention routinely involved torture; one in every five hundred had received a sentence of six years or longer under conditions of extreme difficulty; and somewhere between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand Uruguayans went into exile. Comparable percentages for the United States would involve the emigration of thirty million people, the detention of five million, and the extended incarceration of five hundred thousand.

THE main holding center for male political prisoners sentenced to the long, long terms that came to constitute the cornerstone of Uruguayan military justice was called Libertad—Liberty. (Most women prisoners were held at another center, Punta de Rieles.) Initially, the preponderance of them were Tupamaros, but later they included student activists, professors, labor leaders, journalists, lawyers, doctors, social workers, onetime members of the Communist or the Socialist Party or other suddenly proscribed

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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

parties, constitutionalist soldiers, and many others. Comprehensive statistics are still hard to come by, but thousands upon thousands of individuals served time—the majority serving six years or more—in Libertad and its adjacent institutions. Relatively few Uruguayan oppositionists were liquidated outright (a hundred and nine were killed, and a hundred and sixty-three were “disappeared,” according to the Servicio Paz y Justicia, or SERPAJ, which is the main human-rights-monitoring organization in Montevideo)—certainly nothing like as many as in Argentina or Chile. But, as the president of Uruguay’s Supreme Military Court said in 1979, speaking of the political-prisoner population at that point, “Since we don’t have sixteen hundred corpses, we have sixteen hundred problems.” And the Uruguayan military-prison administrators addressed themselves to that sort of problem with particular zeal.

Members of a delegation from the International Committee of the Red Cross who had toured several prisons in the Southern Cone during the winter of 1980 observed in their final mission report, “Libertad is the place where [the] system is pushed beyond the usual limits, both in the area of security and in the search for every possible means of hurting the prisoners.” (Conditions at Libertad apparently so unnerved these Red Cross delegates that, for one of the very few times in the organization’s history, a copy of their highly confidential mission report was leaked to the press.) The report noted that, bad as things were in Libertad, the systematic abuse of Uruguayan political prisoners routinely predated their arrival at the prison: “For all the prisoners, the tension and insecurity . . . did not start at the prison doors but, rather, earlier, at the time of the interrogation. They have all been tortured, kept in secret places of detention, questioned—all of them, without exception. . . . All of them have spent weeks, months, sometimes more than a year, in military units. In some units, prisoners are tortured with electrodes, in others they are suspended by their arms, which have been previously tied behind their backs, or kept with their heads under water until suffocation, not to mention similar refinements.”

Late in 1986, I spoke with several veterans of Libertad, and, indeed, all of them told tales of such preliminary

“refinements.” Dr. Liber Mandressi, a forty-eight-year-old plastic surgeon, said he spent “eight years and forty-five days” in Libertad. He was arrested on December 16, 1975, which was around the time the military began in earnest to turn its attentions to the Communist Party, of which he was a member. (The Uruguayan Communist Party had previously enjoyed a long history as a distinguished, if marginal, participant in the country’s democratic politics.) Dr. Mandressi was initially taken to an abandoned factory, behind the barracks of a mechanized-cavalry regiment, that had been nicknamed *El Infierno* by its guests. “All of us were hooded all the time,” he recalled. “And all of us were tortured for days on end, without even being interrogated at first. There must have been a hundred and fifty, two hundred people there; you could hear breathing, coughing, moaning—we weren’t allowed to talk to each other. Occasionally your hood would slip a bit, but you could still see nothing. It was pitch-black. At one point, they kept us standing, our hands tied behind our backs, for four full days. One almost loses all sense of time in such situations, but four times I heard the birds outside chirping with the rising sun—that’s how I know it was four days. Eventually, they’d take us in for their interrogations—beatings, shocks, *submarino* immersions. They weren’t really after any information—they knew everything already, had everybody’s name. It was all just part of the process. Once, I became aware that a seven-year-old boy had been brought in and was being forced to witness his parents’ being tortured. I know I wasn’t hallucinating—at the time, I thought I was—because I checked with others later, and they had all had the same hallucination.”

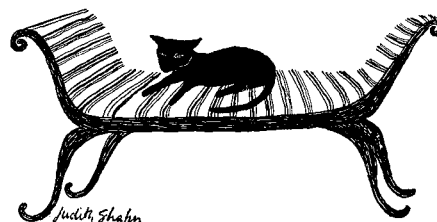
I asked Dr. Mandressi whether, being a plastic surgeon, he got many former torture victims as patients nowadays.

“No,” he said. “You have to understand that these guys were specialists—

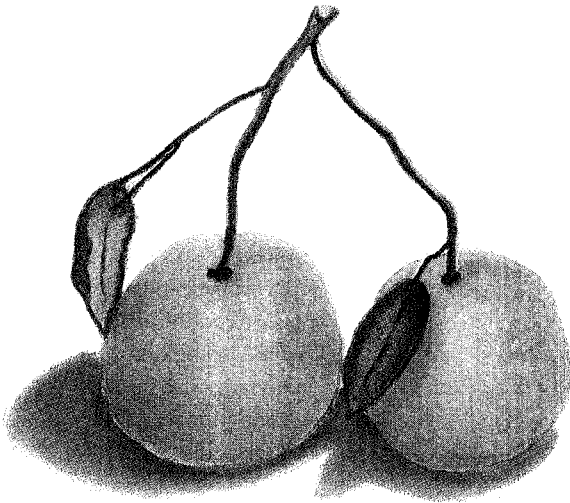
the main torturers. They were highly trained in methods of exacting the maximum pain without leaving any significant physical traces—and, for that matter, without killing the victim in the process. There were relatively few deaths under torture in Uruguay. This was because there were usually doctors in attendance at the sessions.”

This remarkable assertion—that doctors regularly supervised torture sessions in Uruguayan military prisons—was one I heard again and again in Montevideo, in the accounts of both victims and subsequent researchers. According to the most authoritative random survey so far made of former political prisoners, fully seventy-four per cent claimed that doctors had attended their torture sessions.

One afternoon, on that first trip of mine, I was given a tour of Montevideo by a young woman. The vernal warmth of the city—flowering trees, friends sitting around outdoor café tables—belied the horror of my guide’s reports: how, for instance, everybody had known that torture was going on here, at the intersection of Maldonado and Paraguay, near downtown, in that apartment building right over there next to the police precinct house, because you could hear the screams, especially in the evenings, when the street noises had died away. We got in our car and headed toward the suburbs, coursing out of town on the Rambla, the beautiful boulevard that skirts the water’s edge, one miniature scalloped bay after another, changing its name every few kilometres: Rambla Franklin Roosevelt, Rambla Francia, Rambla Gran Bretaña, Rambla Naciones Unidas, Rambla Presidente Wilson, Rambla Mahatma Gandhi, Rambla O’Higgins . . . Rambla República de México. Here we pulled over to the curb and looked across the beach, and all the other beaches, receding in the distance toward the glistening city of Montevideo. “This was one of the most notorious torture centers,” my guide said, turning my attention to a gorgeous villa of brick, stone, and grillework on the landward side of the Rambla. “The victims were, of course, hooded, so they couldn’t enjoy the view. But the torturers could, and I imagine they took many delicious breaks, lounging up there, sunning themselves on the balcony. Now the villa has been decommissioned, and bought by a private party.” The car



Illustrations by Wayne Bressler



CREOLE

FEAST:

The Culinary Caribbean

The culinary history of the Caribbean region began long before Columbus's arrival. The Arawaks and the Caribs, two major groups occupying the islands, had no trouble surviving on the bounty of the land.

Tom & Michele Grimm/After Image Inc.

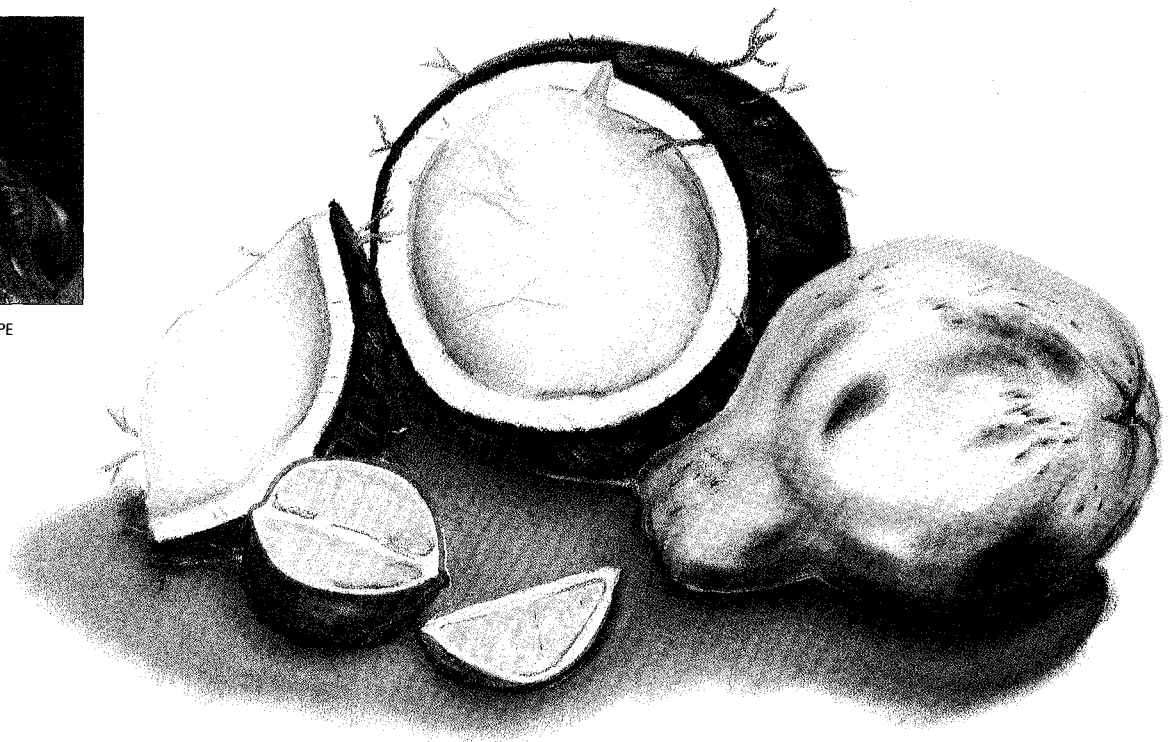


FRESHLY-PICKED BANANAS

Suzanne L. Murphy/After Image Inc.



COOK ON GUADELOUPE



The gentle, peaceful Arawaks were cultivators who grew root crops, maize, and peanuts, and who also were adept at catching and cooking fish and water fowl. They baked, stewed, smoked, and roasted their meat, frequently seasoning it with cassareep, a condiment prepared from cassava juice, salt, and pepper.

The fierce Caribs were hunters and devoted meat eaters (and also cannibals). They ate much the same as the Arawaks, but eschewed turtle meat and pork, feeling that the former would render them stupid and the latter



A DAY'S CATCH

cause them to have beady eyes. It is perhaps from the Caribs, who used no salt and seasoned their food with pepper sauces like *taumalin*, made from pepper, lemon juice, and crabmeat, that the region gained its fondness for such sauces.

Columbus's arrival in the Caribbean signalled a change in the diets of the Old and New Worlds. New World vegetables such as tomatoes, corn, and chilies, would eventually become integral parts of European, African,

and Asian cooking. Those continents, in turn, would introduce to the area rice, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables, including the sugarcane that would make the region's fortune in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries. The subsequent wars in the region employed freebooters, privateers,

and buccaneers (so named for their preference for meat smoked in the *boucan* manner), who added to the culinary lexicon.

Culinary excess was one of the stamps of the plantation era in the Ca-

ribbean. Eyewitness accounts of lavish parties, expansive breakfasts, and groaning-board feasts (complete with roasts, smoked fish, and a variety of spirits) were common in travellers' tales of the period. Miniature lakes of punch, complete with slaves in rowboats serving the guests, were not unheard of as party highlights.

African slaves brought with them dishes such as *coo coo*, a relative of the West Afri-

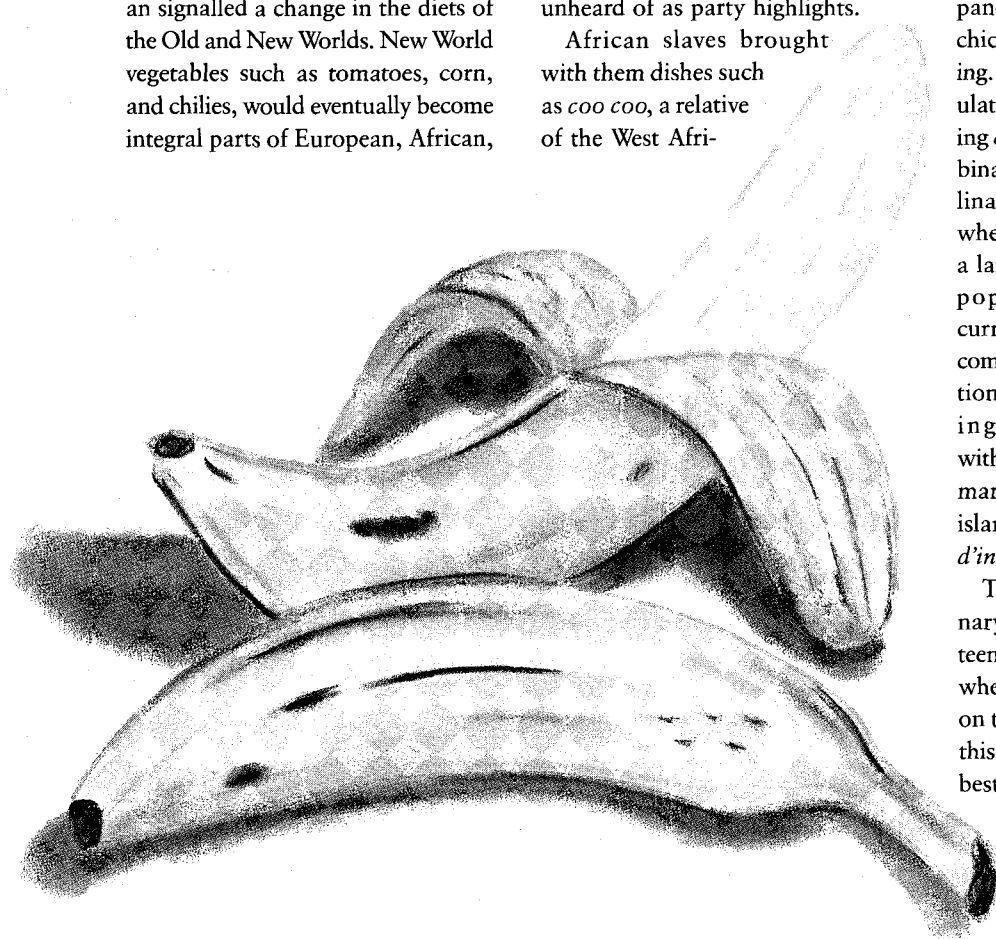
can mashes, *fufu* and *foutou*; *callaloo*, a close cousin of the *sauce feuilles* of Benin and the *gumbo z'herbes* of New Orleans; and *matoutou crabes*, a traditional Easter dish in the French Antilles. These dishes have become emblematic of African-influenced Caribbean cooking.

During the post-emancipation era, Caribbean immigrants from India and China brought with them vegetables such as the Chinese bok choy (known as pak choy in the Caribbean). They used their own culinary techniques and

new ingredients they discovered to create combinations such as *colombo de porc*, a curried pork dish, and chop suey, which owes little but its name to China. Visitors to Trinidad will find reminders of this culinary thread on virtually every street corner where *rôti* vendors sell their crêpe-like pancakes wrapped around a curried chicken, lamb, beef, or vegetable filling. Areas with a sizeable Cuban population are home to restaurants serving *comidas chinas y criollas*, a combination of Spanish and Chinese culinary traditions. In Martinique, where there is a large Indian population, curry powders combine traditional Indian ingredients with such hallmarks of the island as *bois d'inde* (allspice).

The dark ages of Caribbean culinary history ranged from the nineteen-forties to the nineteen-seventies, when tourism was the main influence on the Caribbean kitchen. However, this era produced some of the region's best-known cocktails such as the

African slaves brought with them the dishes *coo coo* and *callaloo*.



RICE HARVEST

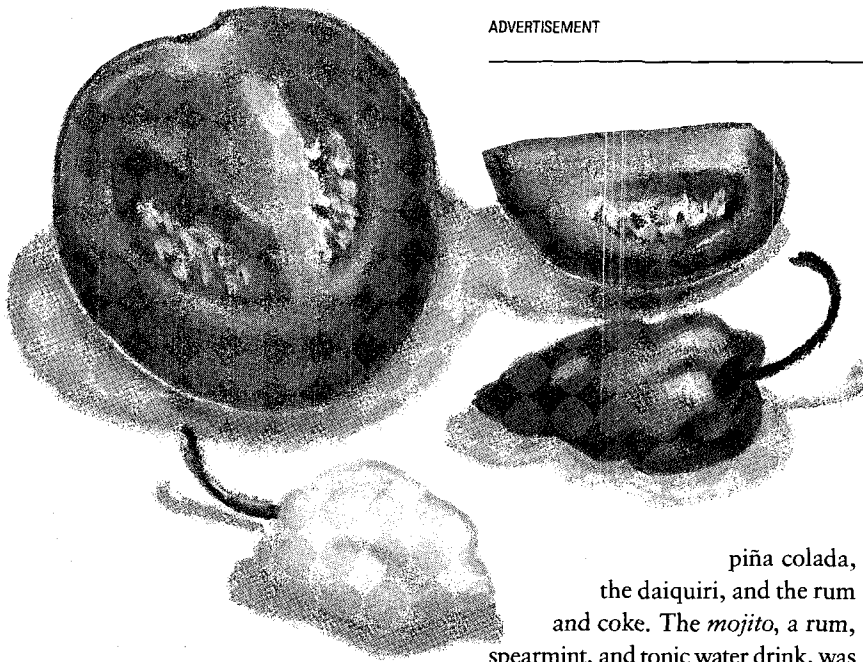


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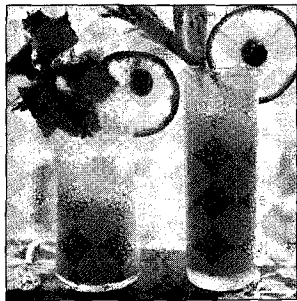
piña colada, the daiquiri, and the rum and coke. The *mojito*, a rum, spearmint, and tonic water drink, was said to be a favorite of Ernest Hemingway.

The late nineteen-eighties finds a renewal of culinary traditions in the Caribbean. Today's tourists are

more adventurous eaters, and are demanding authentic Caribbean tastes. In the United States, a few pioneer Caribbean restaurants have emerged from urban ethnic neighborhoods, and in the Caribbean, growing health consciousness and higher standards of living are transforming the cuisine.

Chefs are looking to local produce and the diverse seafood of the region for inspiration. In many island nations, nouvelle cuisine is increasingly a source for new dishes. Countries such as Jamaica have resorts which offer local specialties such as *ackee* and saltfish at buffet tables. In Guadeloupe, a traveller finds *feroce d'avocat* with *mignan de fruit de pain*; dinner in the Dominican Republic is often accompanied with a basket of *pan de casabe*. □

CUISINES OF THE



RUM PUNCHES



SEAFOOD STEW

ANGUILLA - Restaurants selling all of the sea's bounty make Anguilla a seafood lover's dream. There is no end to the enjoyment of the island's specialties such as lobster (the clawless Caribbean type), crayfish, whelk, yellowtail, and red snapper. All are freshly caught in local cays and reefs, and brought to the table still suffused with the taste of the sea. Shellfish is usually grilled or prepared using other classic recipes, but can also be found in more innovative forms such as crab *beignets*, lobster *taboule*, and conch *torte*.

ANTIGUA AND BARBUDA - The people of Antigua have always been fascinated with culinary things. In fact, the Antigua black pineapple figures in the country's coat of arms. This pineapple, which is being recultivated after nearly disappearing, is small and very sweet, and can be purchased whole in local markets, or

as locally-made pineapple jams and preserves.

The classic Antiguan dish is pepperpot, one of the traditional Caribbean soups. Antiguan pepperpot has more vegetables than its namesakes on other islands, and uses chicken, beef, or pork. Antiguan are fond of their *fungi*, which is made from corn and traditionally served with boiled fish.

Dishes are frequently seasoned with one of the incendiary sauces for which the islands are known.

ARUBA - Visitors to Aruba are usually more concerned with the odds at the gaming tables than they are with the island's cuisine. But when they

must eat, a few of the excellent local specialties visitors will find are breaded conch; *pan bati*, a cornmeal and flour pancake; fried plantains; and red snapper Aruban-style. The island's cuisine runs the gamut from the traditional Creole cooking of Aruba, which mixes African and Dutch cooking in dishes such as *sopito* (a fish soup flavored with coconut), to Indonesian *rijsttafel*.

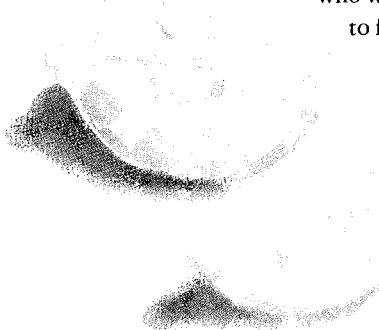
THE BAHAMAS Conch is the mainstay of Bahamian cuisine. It is served in restaurants all over the country, but true aficionados in Nassau head for Potter's Cay, under the bridge to Paradise Island, where seafood lovers and photographers watch the local conch-mongers open fresh conch. The meat is mixed with a squeeze of lime, raw onion, and Bahamian bird peppers, and the combination is usually eaten

ISLANDS

as a late breakfast or as a "restorative" after a late night. Boil fish and stew fish are also breakfast favorites, and are eaten with johnnycakes or grits. Another favorite in the Bahamian culinary lexicon is souse, a lime juice, pepper, and onion marinade that's used to dress anything from pigs' knuckles and tails to chicken wings.

Crack conch, a Bahamian variation on Caribbean fritters, are served as appetizers or as *amuse gueule* during drinks. They are often accompanied by tartar sauce, or a local hot sauce made from bird peppers.

Food lovers
who wish
to fur-



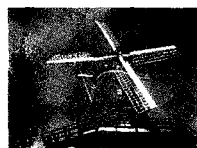
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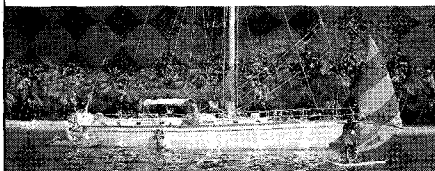
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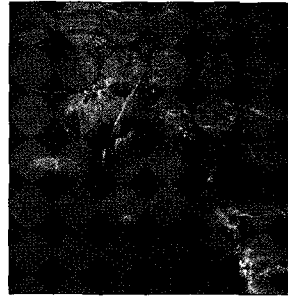
ther explore Bahamian food should try the lunches sold out of car trunks at lunch hour in Nassau. The portions of chicken, mutton, ribs, and fried fish reveal more about Bahamian food than any cookbook could.

BARBADOS - Unlike many other Caribbean countries, Barbados has been under one European influence since its initial colonization—

British. The result is a style of cooking that mixes the heartiness of British fare with the spicy inventiveness of African cuisine, one that combines the bounty of local fruits and vegetables with the wealth of local seafood. Two dishes are representative of the cooking of Barbados: pudding and souse, and flying fish. Pudding, the country's traditional Saturday dish, is well-seasoned sweet potato placed in a sausage casing and steamed, and souse is a spicy mixture of pigs' feet, snouts, and tails served in a lime-juice marinade along with green bell peppers, cucumber, onion slices, parsley, and fiery hot capiscum chilies. Flying fish are usually lightly breaded and pan fried, and accompanied by tartar sauce.

As elsewhere in the Caribbean, rum is the typical drink and Barbados produces several brands, most notably

Mount Gay and Cockspur. Wednesdays, it is possible to visit the Mount Gay factory and learn about this quintessential Caribbean beverage.

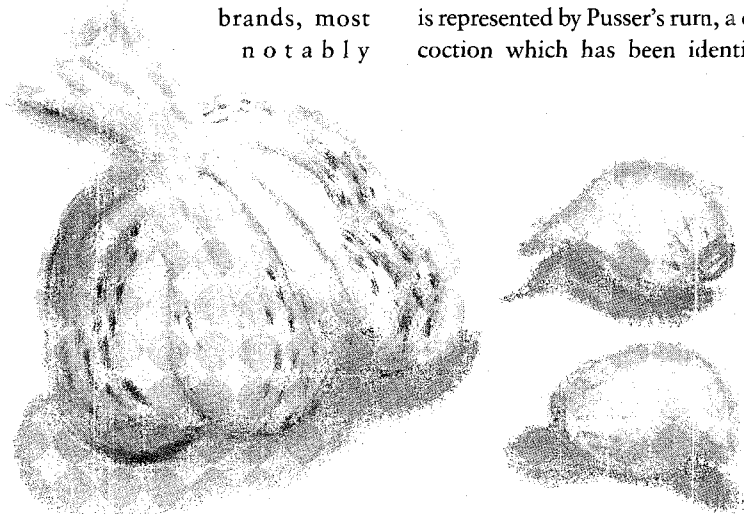


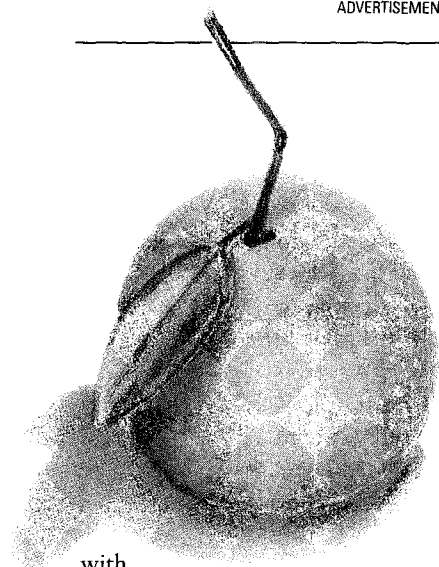
SEA TURTLE

BONAIRE - Since virtually all foodstuffs on Bonaire must be imported, seafood is at the heart of the cuisine of Bonaire. Lobster is a specialty and is served grilled at many island restaurants. Other popular local dishes include

goat curry, conch stew, and a lamb casserole called *stobà*. Those wishing to explore more than just the culinary side of the island should take a trip to the salt ponds or go to view the marvellous flamingos that inhabit the area.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - A British influence is, of course, predominant in the cooking of these islands, but it is still possible to find numerous local dishes. *Mauby*, a non-alcoholic drink made from tree bark, is served along with West Indian specialties using tropical ingredients such as mangoes, papayas, and hot peppers. On Tortola, the visitor can find a wide selection of local spices and cure-alls ranging from crystallized ginger to a Caribbean hangover cure, all packaged in locally-designed containers. The spirited side of culinary life here is represented by Pusser's rum, a concoction which has been identified





with
the British navy for several
centuries.

CAYMAN ISLANDS - The Cayman Islands' original name of Las Tortugas was a tribute to the large numbers of wild turtles that Christopher Columbus found there. Today, the animals are rare in the wild, but aquaculture (the farming of turtles, crayfish, and tropical freshwater fish) helps keep the turtles a viable species, and forms an integral part of the Cayman Islands' economy.

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keep
turtles
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CURAÇAO - In the minds of food lovers Curaçao means not only great food, but the renowned liqueur as well. Traditional local dishes include *funchi*, corn pancakes that are eaten plain or with a variety of fillings, and *keshi yena*, an Edam cheese stuffed with meat, shrimp, or chicken and then baked. More esoteric dishes include *zult*, pickled pigs' ears, and *sop-*

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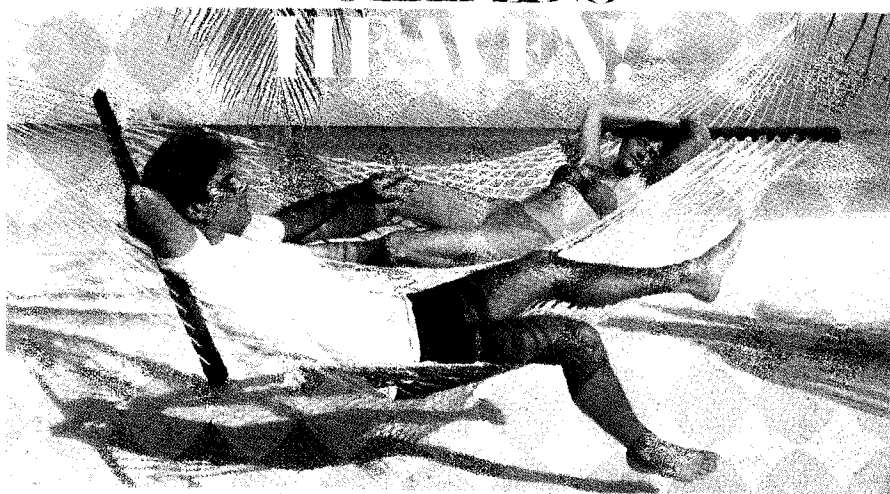


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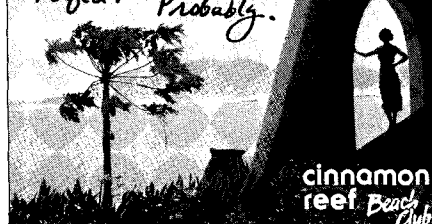
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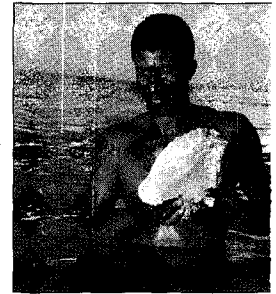
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pi juana, iguana soup. All can be accompanied by Curaçao's own Amstel beer, which is brewed from desalinated sea water.

Spaniards planted the orange trees

that led to the creation of Curaçao liqueur, however the arid climate produced a fruit that was inedible. Two hundred years later the fruit's aromatic oil (the main ingredient in the locally-produced liqueur) was



CONCH DIVER

found to be perfect for flavoring foods and drinks. No food lover could visit Curaçao without a stop at the country's "floating" market where Venezuelan schooners bring fresh produce. It is also a treat to sample local foods cooked over charcoal fires near the old market.

DOMINICA - The food of Dominica bears witness to the history that has changed the island: Spanish, British, and French culinary traditions are all present here. Perhaps the most noted local dish is *crapaud*, or mountain chicken as the immense island frogs are called. They are featured on local menus along with dishes like crab back and *ti-ti-ri*, a whitebait-sized fish.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - In Santo Domingo, restaurants abound with Spanish and Dominican menus, but the capital also has excellent Chinese restaurants which serve up classic dishes such as beggar's chicken and Peking duck at very low prices. Local Dominican dishes include hearty stews such as *sancocho*, lamb, conch, and *chicharones de pollo* (small pieces of marinated fried chicken). The ultimate Dominican meal, though, is that of *chicharones de cerdo con yuca*, a dish of crispy pork cracklings served with yucca. The moist, sweet pork and the starchy yucca seasoned with a squirt of lemon

juice are typical of what traditional Dominican dining is all about.

Those in search of local seafood can purchase grilled lobsters and freshly-caught fish at beach stands along Playa Grande on the northern coast, or at the beach bars that line the roads heading to La Romana.

GRENADA - The Isle of Spice is one of the world's largest producers of nutmeg and mace, and these spices run as a leitmotiv through the cooking of the region. To sample the traditional cooking of the region, try Mama's Restaurant, located in Belmont near the capital of St. George's. The restaurant offers a vast selection of traditional Grenadian dishes ranging from fresh fish to *manicou* (opossum) and *tatou* (armadillo) along with a selection of salads and curries, and exotic ice creams for dessert.

GUADELOUPE - This island is one of the culinary high points of the region for those who enjoy Creole food in the French style, or simply French cooking in all of its permutations. Local specialties include *colombo de porc*; *maconne*, a kidney bean and rice dish flavored with spices; and turtle soup. Things culinary are given such a high place in the cultural activities of Guadeloupe that there is an

annual Feast for the Women Cooks celebrated on the second Saturday in August. And this feast is by no means the only date on the calendar dedicated to food. On Easter Monday, families go to local beaches and

cook *matoutou crabes*; the Christmas season brings French feasts, with Antillean dishes added to the traditional *réveillon* dinners that are held on Christmas and New Year's eves.

HAITI - Haitian cooking is distinctive from the other French-influenced ar-



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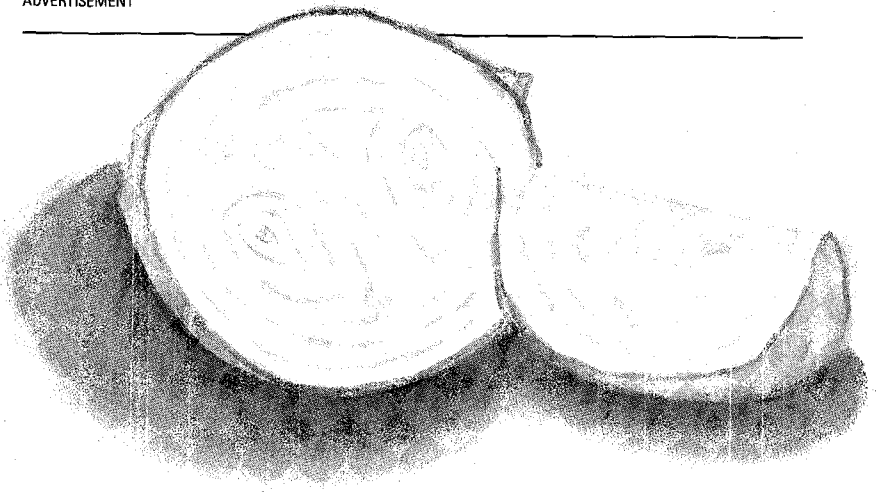
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eas of the Caribbean, and mirrors the island's independent history. The traditional African-inspired dishes eaten by Haitians include *tum-tum*, a pounded breadfruit or cornmeal mush similar to the *funchis* and *coo coos* of the English-speaking islands. These dishes, though, are cooked mainly in private homes. Restaurants feature such Haitian specialties as *riz djon-djon*, rice cooked with indigenous black mushrooms; *banane pese*, deep-fried plantains; *griots de porc*, deep-fried pork bits; *poisson gros sel*, red snapper seasoned with shallots, onions, and hot pepper; and *tassot dinde*, sun-dried turkey. The northern area of the country around Cap Haitien is known for its *cuisine du nord*, which features recipes with cashew nuts.

A French culinary tradition is also found in Haiti, and most cooks favor the inventive use of tropical produce in recipes from *cuisine bourgeois*: *tournedos bordelaise*, *langouste flambé*, *escargots bourguignonne*, and the like.

A visit to the markets in Kenscoff is obligatory, and it is possible to see the haggling, the color, and the activity that make Caribbean marketplaces the centers of life for the community.

JAMAICA - "Ackee, rice, saltfish are nice and the rum is fine any time of year. . . ." So says the calypso, and

nothing could be truer of Jamaica, where the culinary traditions of England and Africa have blended to produce a distinctive cuisine.

Traditional Jamaican food is increasingly served and enjoyed at local hotels. Dishes such as jerk pork and *janga*, peppered shrimp, are prime luncheon treats and are available at numerous roadside pork pits. Travelers who are more adventurous can search out such traditional Jamaican

dishes as curried goat and manish water or others with more evocative names like stamp and go, batter-fried saltfish fritters, and matrimony, a dessert that blends orange slices and star apple fruit in cream. Many people are already familiar with some of Jamaica's exported culinary products, such as Blue Mountain coffee, and a trip to the interior of the country enables one to watch the coffee beans being picked.

MARTINIQUE - The cooking of Martinique and Guadeloupe differ slightly though they both spring from the mix of African and French culinary styles. Menus fairly bristle with such Creole classics as *crabes farcis*, bread crumb-stuffed land crabs that are highly seasoned and baked in their shells; *blaff*, a fish poached in wine spiced with lime, garlic, onion, cloves, bay rum berries, thyme, and peppers; *boudin créole*, a local blood sausage; and *accras*, fluffy codfish fritters.

Jerk pork is available at roadside pork pits.

Other chefs have added their own touches to the island's menu with recipes such as lobster vinaigrette and *soufflé de papaye*.

Classic French cuisine is also in the forefront here, where everything from snails to Normandy duck is available. No meal in Martinique would be complete without a 'ti-punch, a rum drink comprised of rum, sugar syrup, and a squeeze of lime.

MONTSERRAT - This country is known as the Emerald Isle of the Caribbean, an appellation that goes back to the 1632 landing of Irish settlers from St. Kitts. Shamrocks abound on stamps and on the country's seal, and this is one of the few countries in the Caribbean to grow white potatoes. Favorite local dishes include mountain chicken (frogs' legs), goat water stew, and curried mutton.

PUERTO RICO - In the Caribbean, Puerto Rico is the standard bearer of



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Spanish-influenced cooking. The island boasts a rich culinary tradition that combines the recipes of the Spanish settlers with local ingredients and a dash of the culinary inventiveness from African slaves. Dishes such as *asopao*, a chicken and rice mixture similar to paella, and *lechón asado*, roast suckling pig, hark back to this tradition. They are complemented by dishes such as *sopa de*

quimbombo, an okra soup, and *bacalitos*, codfish fritters, that bring African flavors to the menu. Foods are frequently seasoned either with *adobo*, a marinade of lemon or vinegar, garlic, pepper, salt, and spices, or a



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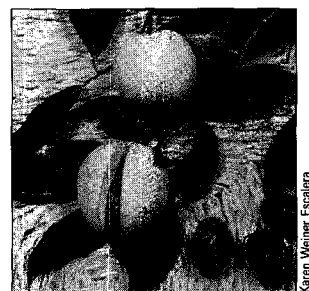


mixture known as *sofrito*, which is made of sautéed onions, garlic, and green peppers. Those travelling around the country can sample Puerto Rico's regional specialties at the island's numerous paradors or visit the local saints' day celebrations, such as the one held in Loiza Aldea each July, where it is possible to find delicacies such as *empanadas de jueyes* (crab cakes) and coconut water.

SABA - This island, known to devotees as "the big green gumdrop," is the place to go for rest and relaxation. Island culinary specialties include hearty dinners served at Queenie Simmons Serving Spoon, where the menu changes daily, and the offerings are simply "a plate of food" and Saba Spice, a local liqueur that is a potent mixture of nutmeg, rum, and "secret ingredients."

ST. BARTHÉLÉMY - On St. Barts, the culinary accent is French. This small island boasts over sixty restaurants serving dishes ranging from grilled lobster and steak to haute cuisine prepared by chefs trained in some of France's best kitchens. The island even boasts two cooking schools: Cooking in Paradise, offering instruction in creole cuisine, fish dishes, and tropical desserts, and the Saint Barts Cooking School, featuring four one-week sessions of instruction and demonstrations.

ST. CROIX - Here is the dining crossroads of the U. S. Virgin Islands. Those looking for traditional Cruzan cooking can find it in small restaurants around Christiansted. It is distinguished by the use of Cruzan seasoning, a mixture of fresh thyme, pepper, chives, and salt, which is rubbed onto meats and poultry before



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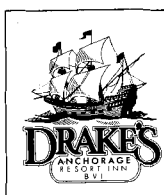
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they are grilled. Those visitors hungry for international cuisines will be well served here as the island offers everything from classical West Indian cooking and Indian colonial curries to Italian fare.

ST. JOHN - Two-thirds of St. John is devoted to the Virgin Islands National Park. The

remaining one-third boasts two elegant resorts. The accent is on relaxation and enjoyment of nature and not on things culinary, but there are snack bars at some of the beaches, a small restaurant in Cruz Bay, and dining facilities at the two resorts.

ST. KITTS AND NEVIS - Traditional dishes on St. Kitts and Nevis combine locally-grown vegetables like breadfruit, chayote (called christophine here), eggplant, and okra in stews and sauces which accompany local fish such as blue parrot and kingfish. French, English, and African culinary influences are also in evidence here.

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ST. LUCIA - There is an intriguing mix of French, English, and Creole cooking here, with specialties like banana bread, fried plantain, boiled cucumbers, and pumpkin soup. Dishes are hearty and make frequent use of root vegetables, such as African yam and dasheen. Traditional cooks on St. Lucia use pots (heavy clay vessels), which is typical of much African cooking in the Caribbean.

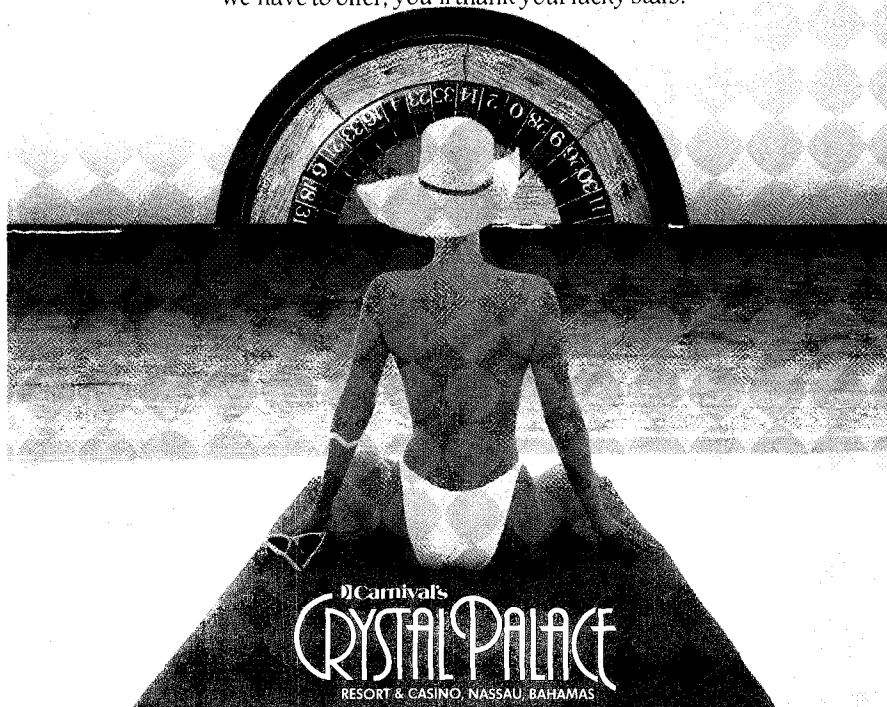
From St. Lucia's English past comes *callaloo*, thick with fresh spinach and



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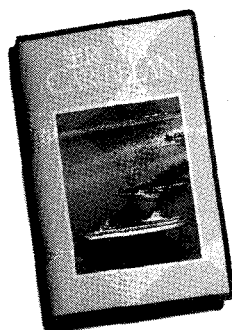
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flavored with salted beef. French creole influences bring *poule Dudon*, a sweet, spicy chicken dish and *tablette*, a coconut sugar candy.

ST. MAARTEN/ST. MARTIN - Dining is a major preoccupation on the bi-national island of St. Maarten/St. Martin: restaurants abound and the variety is endless. There is only a slight



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Dutch influence in island kitchens, though. The sole taste of the Dutch empire can be found in the Indonesian *rijsttafel*.

On the French side of St. Martin, restaurants range from French and Creole to Italian and Vietnamese.

ST. THOMAS - The most urban of the U. S. Virgin Islands offers visitors a wide selection of cuisines. At first glance it would seem nearly impossible to find traditional West Indian cooking, but that isn't so. There are many inventive chefs who use local ingredients to enhance nouvelle cuisine meals. Those wishing for a more authentic taste of St. Thomas should head for Frenchtown, outside of Charlotte Amalie, where restaurants serve *callaloo*, boiled fish and *fungi*, breadfruit, and potent rum punches.

ST. VINCENT AND THE GRENADINES- St. Vincent, Young Island, Bequia, Mustique, and the rest of the Grenadine chain offer a calm that is rapidly disappearing from the Caribbean scene. Local food seems to have taken a bit from all of the culinary traditions that have crossed the islands and encompasses everything from rum punch to *pommes frites*. One culinary landmark is Captain Bligh's breadfruit tree. A spur of this first breadfruit tree

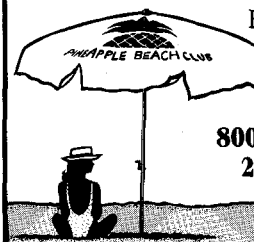


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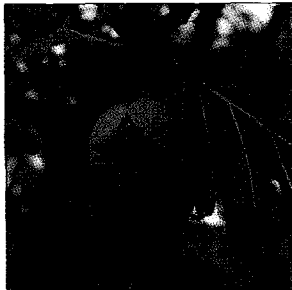
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stands in the Botanic Gardens in Kingstown on St. Vincent.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO - *Callaloo* —the traditional soup of the Caribbean—is so important on Trinidad that it became the theme of a Carnival band. Other well-loved dishes on the island include *coo coo*, a steamed breadfruit or cornmeal pudding that is either eaten covered with a sauce, or accompanies steamed fish; *pelau*, a creolized pilaf; and *rôti*. Indian sweets and savories like *chana*, pepper-flavored roasted chick peas, are favorite snacks. *Tatou*, *manicou*, and iguana are stewed or fried and served in a sauce; *cascadura* is a popular local fish used in island recipes.

TURKS AND CAICOS - Those in search of the local foods of Turks and

Caicos should go to Pillary Beach, where turtle stew is the specialty. Other



BREADFRUIT

island delicacies include conch fritters, conch stew, conch salad, turtle, spiny lobster, and fresh fish such as grouper, snapper, and wahoo. Hotel restaurants offer a selection of international cuisines including British, Mexican, Chinese, French, and Italian dishes. □

Jessica Harris teaches at Queens College, has written for Caribbean Travel and Life, Travel Weekly, and Essence, and is the author of a book on African influences on New World cooking and a Caribbean cookbook, "Sky Juice and Flying Fish," to be published in 1990.

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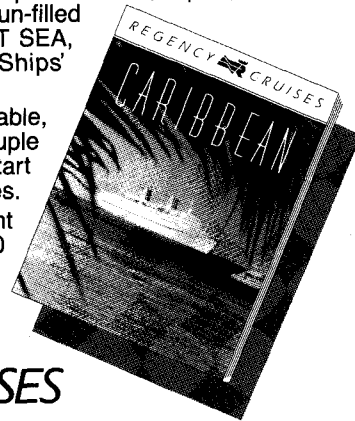
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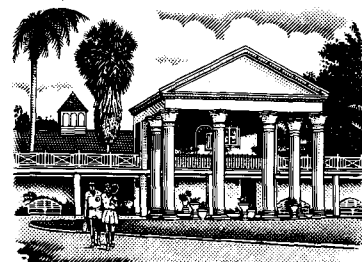
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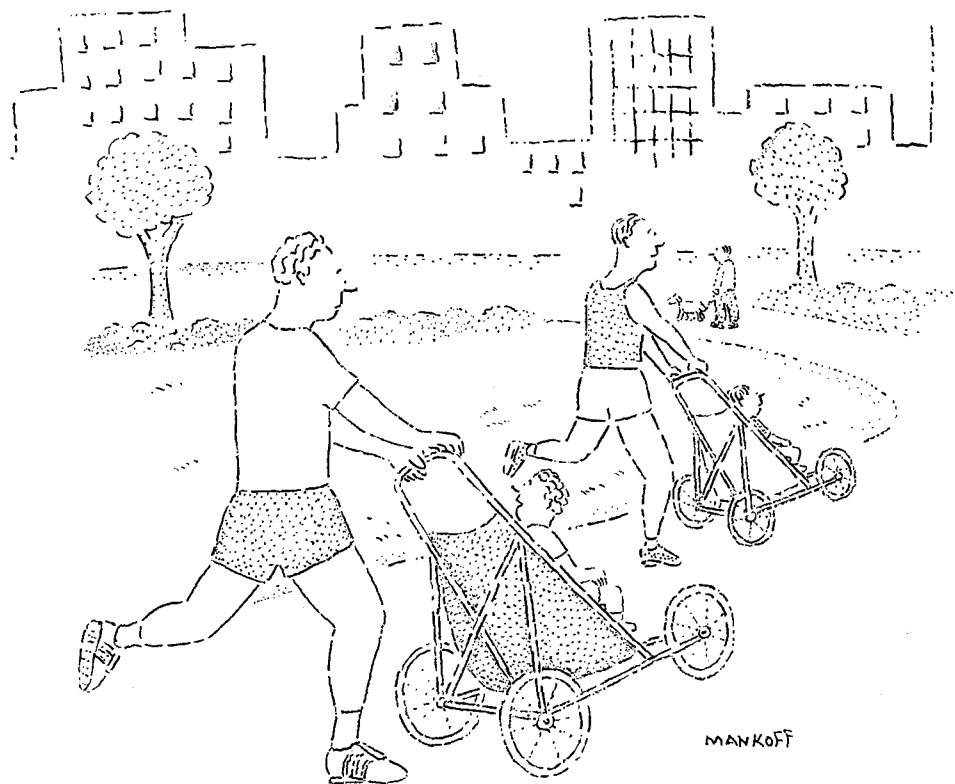
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in the driveway bore military plates.

Some of the worst instances of Uruguayan torture took place not in Montevideo, and not even in Uruguay, but in neighboring Argentina. An ironic aspect of the Doctrine of National Security's descent upon the entire Southern Cone was the order in which it engulfed the various countries: Brazil, beginning in 1964; Uruguay, in June, 1973; Chile, in September, 1973; and Argentina not until 1976. Political refugees streamed from one country to the next. Many progressive Uruguayan students and activists fled first to a Chile still percolating with Salvador Allende's socialist experiments; after the coup there, they and many of their Chilean colleagues decided to settle in Buenos Aires. It was an understandable choice—these people wanted to be near their homes and their loved ones; they wanted, as one of them put it to me, "to at least stay in the same season"—but in many cases it proved a fatal one, for nowhere else in South America was the repression as physically savage as it soon became in Argentina, during the "dirty war." In keeping with the "doctrine of ideological frontiers," a corollary of the National Security Doctrine by which neighboring militaries agreed to forswear considerations of local sovereignty—considerations that at one time constituted their very *raison d'être*—in order to pursue international Communism across each other's borders, Argentina's military invited special commando units from the Uruguayan armed forces to Buenos Aires, to search for their nationals hiding there. Many of the deaths and disappearances ascribed to the Uruguayan military in fact took place in Buenos Aires, where such techniques were more in fashion. (If those victims had stayed in Montevideo, they would doubtless have been captured, tortured, and imprisoned, but they might still be alive.)

Two of the Uruguayan military's most infamous murders were committed in Buenos Aires in May of 1976, when Héctor Gutiérrez Ruiz, the former president of the Uruguayan Congress's Chamber of Deputies, and Zelmar Michelini, the Frente Amplio's dynamic former senator (he was often referred to as Uruguay's Kennedy), were kidnapped and killed within hours of each other. (The kidnappers bungled a simultaneous at-



"Pass 'em, Pop."

tempt to grab Wilson Ferreira, the Blanco senator who had been robbed of his Presidential victory several years earlier. He thereupon fled into exile in London.) These actions were apparently part of a wider intermilitary offensive, in which the Southern Cone dictatorships made efforts to eliminate moderates who might try to rally "legitimate opposition" from their various safe havens around the world. Another such victim was Orlando Letelier, Allende's former Foreign Minister, who, with his assistant, Ronni Moffitt, was assassinated, later that year, by a Chilean hit squad with a car bomb in Washington, D.C.

Not all the Uruguayans captured in Argentina were disappeared—or, at any rate, permanently disappeared. One woman I met in Montevideo, a thirty-eight-year-old schoolteacher named Sara Méndez, told me that she had sought refuge in Buenos Aires and, in mid-1976, had been kidnapped. Her nineteen-day-old son was kidnapped along with her. That was the last she saw of the child, although she continues to search for him to this day. She was taken to Automotores Orletti, on Calle Venancio Flores, one of the worst torture centers in Buenos Aires, and was tortured continuously, under

the direct supervision, she says, of a notorious Uruguayan colonel named José Nino Gavazzo. Several dozen other Uruguayans were also tortured there. (A further twist of irony is that only those Uruguayans who became victims in Argentina have had their cases fully and officially documented. "Nunca Más," the report of Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín's National Commission on the Disappeared, includes a detailed survey of the fate of Uruguayans captured there. No similar effort has yet been undertaken by the reconstituted Uruguayan democracy to document the fate of Uruguayans captured in Uruguay.) During the first three months, the torturers tried to force Ms. Méndez and her compatriots to sign a document stating that they had been kidnapped not by the Uruguayan military, as their colleagues on the outside were frantically trying to tell anyone who would listen, but, rather, by those very colleagues, who, according to the document, were using such faked kidnappings as a way of sullyng the honor of the Uruguayan military. Then the torturers took a different tack: one day, the whole group of prisoners was secretly returned to Uruguay, where they were summarily "reappeared." Suddenly,

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their mug shots were being broadcast on Uruguayan television's evening news, and they were proclaimed to be a band of terrorists who had just been caught attempting to infiltrate the country from Argentina. Following a mock trial, Ms. Méndez was sentenced to five years in Punta de Rieles.

ALMOST all the former political prisoners with whom I spoke in Montevideo described their initial reaction upon their arrival at Libertad or Punta de Rieles—whether from Argentina or from El Infierno or anywhere else—as one of relief. The reason was simple: the seemingly endless regimen of physical torture that had characterized their preliminary detention at last seemed to let up. Electroshock sessions, *submarino* immersions, and other such methods hardly ever occurred inside the prisons. Such torture had already served its purpose, and, besides, one could always be transferred back to El Infierno for a refresher course. The regime at Libertad and Punta de Rieles was more subtle. Major A. Maciel, who was a director of Libertad, observed at one point, regarding the prisoners under his charge, "We didn't get rid of them when we had the chance, and one day we'll have to let them go, so we'll have to take advantage of the time we have left to drive them mad."

Libertad, Punta de Rieles, and their associated institutions were methodically designed to demolish the mental, emotional, and moral integrity of their inmate populations. Furthermore, they were so designed by psychologists working closely with the military. "The war continued inside the prison," Dr. Martín Gutiérrez, Libertad's first psychiatrist and a subsequent senior adviser to the ruling junta, recently explained to Maxwell Gregg Bloche, an American physician who investigated the behavior of military doctors in Uruguay. "Day after day, rule after rule—all was part of a grand design to make them suffer psychologically." It was this drama—a prison conducted on behaviorist principles run amok—that alarmed the visiting delegation from the International Red Cross.

(Prior to the *dictadura*, behaviorist psychology had enjoyed relatively little currency in Uruguay. The psychology department of the university in Montevideo was overwhelmingly Freudian.

One woman I spoke with, a graduate student in psychology who had been on the verge of completing her training the year of the coup, reported that, from one day to the next, most of her professors were fired, and, even more disconcerting, Freud himself was banished. New syllabuses were put together overnight, featuring behaviorist texts—especially American social psychology. She had to start again from scratch. She speculated that at one level Libertad was the behaviorists' revenge for past neglect.)

A Libertad veteran named Hugo recalled for me how, on the day of his arrival at the prison, he was immediately interviewed by a prison psychologist. "Now, I was arriving there after weeks of torture," Hugo said, "and here was this psychologist—very nice, expressing seemingly sincere concern about my well-being, wincing with apparent compassion at my descriptions of what had happened to me, assuring me that here everything would be safe, inquiring how he could be of help. The trouble was, everything was being taped, and every confidence was immediately betrayed. The same thing happened with everybody. If you told the guy you had this, that, or the other idiosyncrasy, he'd endeavor to find you precisely the sort of roommate who would most grate on you. If you said you desperately needed to be outside, he'd make sure that you got a cramped indoor job."

The regime at Libertad was based on a topsy-turvy system of negative and positive reinforcements. The reward end of the scale, for example, included the privilege of seeing visitors; the punishment, or sanction, end had various gradations, culminating in extended stints in *La Isla*, the dreaded block of isolation cells. The International Red Cross delegation noted in its report, "The implementation of every sanction is connected with a violation of the rules. The problem, however, is that such rules undergo daily changes, so that sanctions are never predictable. Every privilege may suddenly become a crime and therefore give rise to a sanction." Elsa Leone de Gil, a Uruguayan psychologist who has been specializing in the rehabilitation of former prisoners in places like Libertad, told me, "The environment was totally unstable and unpredictable. The prisoner inhabited a crazy world filled with perils. Orders were there to be followed

absolutely, but they changed diametrically, arbitrarily, and without any notice, from one day to the next: Always keep this door open—always keep this door shut. Take a bath right now—at a moment when the water has been shut off—or else! Violations were recorded with mock-scientific thoroughness, so that you were made to see that—on paper, anyway—you had indeed now committed three violations, which had such-and-such a consequence. But it was all double binds piled on more double binds.”

“*Aquí Se Viene a Cumplir*”—“Here One Comes to Obey”—declared a sign at Libertad. But it was precisely one of Libertad’s horrors that within its walls to obey was almost impossible. Furthermore, even the rewards were spiked. For example, a family visit, when it did occur, took place by way of telephones, the inmate and his visitor separated by a double wall of glass, and at its conclusion the inmate still had to go through a full-body search. In addition, the conversation was continuously monitored, and the authorities eagerly exploited any chinks that became exposed in the process. Thus, as soon as one woman prisoner at Punta de Rieles, whose boyfriend had been faithfully visiting her for years, found out that he had fallen in love with another woman and intended to marry her, the authorities slapped the prisoner into solitary confinement, so that she could not be consoled by her friends on the inside.

Children’s visits were particularly gruelling experiences, for both parent and child. A woman named Marta told me that whenever she took her four-year-old son to visit his father at the prison inside the Naval Artillery Barracks not only was she prevented from entering the prison at all but the boy was required to walk the last block by himself. He came to a huge door that opened and then closed with huge bolts. “There were three other kids in the room waiting, and eventually the four fathers were marched in, all wearing hoods, which they were not allowed to remove till the gate clicked shut behind the children,” Marta said.

At Libertad, the International Red Cross noted, “the child who comes to visit (once a month) leaves his or her mother behind the barbed wire perimeter to meet his or her prisoner father in a pretty garden arranged specially for children’s visits (sandboxes, slides,

“I’d love to get to know
the real you.”

“Me, too.”

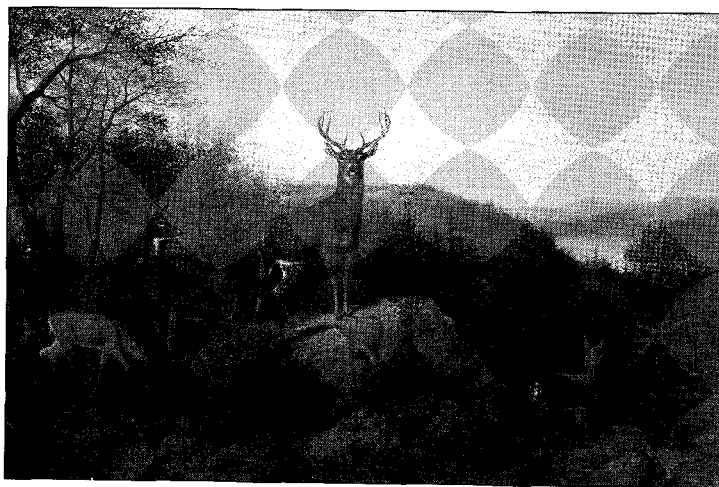


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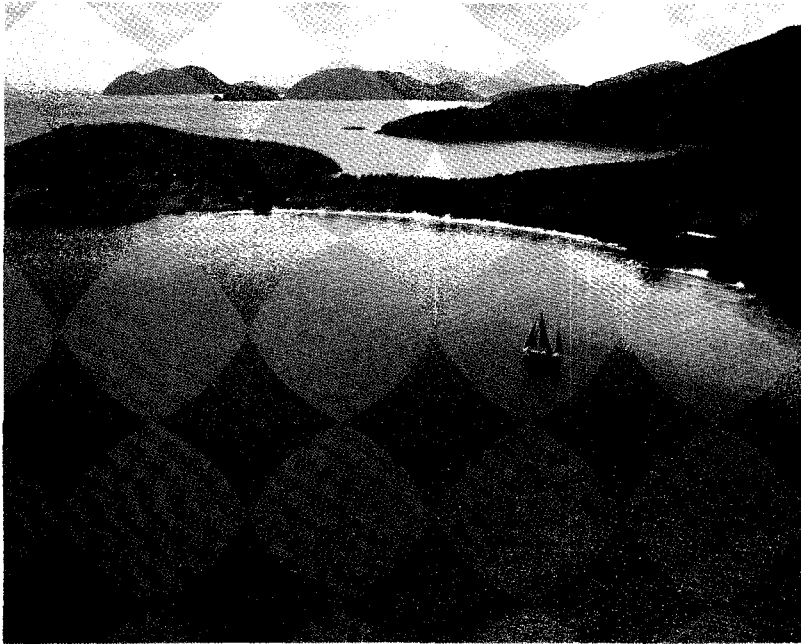
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swings, etc.). The visit, which takes place on a bench, will be stopped as soon as the father makes an affectionate gesture. The punishment will be one or two months of disciplinary cell, with no visits. On the other hand, if the father makes no such gesture he will be able to meet his child during nine hours every year. In any event, following each visit the child is interrogated by a guard." In a further refinement, the authorities occasionally waited until a family had gone to the considerable trouble of travelling to the prison and standing in a long line and then told them that their loved one was being disciplined (which might or might not be the case) and hence was not being allowed visitors; the prisoner, for his part, was told that his family no longer cared and had stopped coming.

And all this was being painstakingly documented. Dr. Mandressi told me that at one point he was recruited to serve as an assistant to one of the prison's top psychologists, a doctor named Dolcey Britos, whom many former inmates have accused of being the mastermind behind the entire system. Whether or not Dr. Britos had conceived the whole thing, he clearly revelled in tracking it. Dr. Mandressi was shown reams of "statistical charts," ostensibly concerned with the classification of psychiatric disorders but in fact clearly intended to determine which sorts of sanctions proved most effective in aggravating which sorts of disorders.

The prison psychologists also studied the effects of massive infusions of drugs. The International Red Cross report stated, "Tens of thousands of tranquillizers are handed out each month. Under prison conditions, the inmate's medical records are barely related to ordinary treatment, and are geared to a different purpose." Not surprisingly, under all these conditions many prisoners began to break; the prison psychiatrists did what they could to accelerate the process.

No one had a name inside Libertad. Year after year, inmates were referred to by number alone: 612; 2228. . . No one was allowed permanent possessions: whatever makeshift stash a prisoner might accumulate (a whittled keepsake, a daughter's drawing) was subject to summary confiscation at any time. (Late-night blitz searches were particularly frequent.) No one had any privacy. According to Elsa Leone de

Gil, Libertad's architecture was loosely modelled on that sinister eighteenth-century dystopia the panopticon, a prison structure in which all the inmates could be observed without knowing when they were being observed. At Libertad, there were peepholes everywhere, and there were also bugging devices that would occasionally become conspicuously exposed, so that no one was ever permitted to imagine that he was *not* being observed at every moment. "Everything conspired to dehumanize the inmate," Gil explains. "When they were not being addressed by number, they were being called 'insect' or 'cockroach' or 'rat.' 'Apestoso'—'diseased one'—was a frequent slur. The guards were trained to show revulsion at all times; they were never to touch an inmate's clothing or dishes, and were to act as if these really were infected."

Hugo told me, "At first, things might have looked adequate, even better than adequate. Even the Red Cross people were initially fooled. For instance, they were told that we were shown movies all the time. That was true. Only, the movies were regularly shown out of focus. Or else the guards would take us to see a comedy and forbid us to laugh, on pain of sanction. And during one two-month stretch they forced us to watch a series of extremely violent movies, with extensive scenes of explicit torture—this at a time when the prison had just received a fresh batch of torture victims."

The news was piped in, at full blast, over the P.A. system each day at noon—a recasting of the 6 A.M. national radio broadcast, which, already heavily censored, had meanwhile been further processed, staccato-cut, and static-jammed for prison consumption. (There would be a detailed account of a sports match, for instance, without the final score.) Every so often, the authorities staged nerve-jangling fake escapes—sirens wailing, floodlights sweeping, guns firing—just to keep everyone on his toes, and also to ferret out incipient leaders (people who might be caught trying to calm their fellows, for instance) for special attention.

An hour a day, inmates were allowed outside, to walk the grounds in circles, but never in groups larger than two; they were always subject to interrogation by a guard, who would question each man separately about the

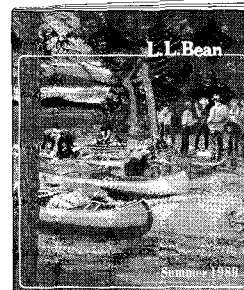
topic of their discourse, under penalty of sanction. Most of the rest of the time, the inmates were kept locked in their narrow quarters, generally two to a cell, with a bunk bed wedged over to the side and one stool. Except during mandated sleeping hours, no one was allowed to lie on his bed, so one of the cellmates generally had to be standing or pacing.

And this went on for years—six years, eight years, ten, twelve, more—until the prisoner's sentence had run its course. And then, when it was all over, the inmate or his family was expected to pick up the tab for room and board—a figure that could easily run into the thousands of dollars.

SHORTLY after democracy returned to Uruguay, in March of 1985, all of Libertad's inmates were released, and the prison itself was shut down—permanently, it was hoped. In November of 1986, however, following a riot of ordinary prisoners at a separate, somewhat overcrowded institution, the democratic authorities decided to reopen Libertad—temporarily, it was hoped, and, this time, under a civilian administration. I asked around Montevideo whether any former inmates might want to go out there with me, and at length I was directed to a young man—I'll call him Alfredo Peña—who agreed to do so. Early one morning, we hired a taxi and headed west out of town.

Peña was thin, and small-framed, and looked so young that when he informed me he'd put in twelve and a half years at Libertad I could hardly believe him. He had been arrested at the age of twenty, he said, while he was a student activist at the university. A few years earlier, he explained, he had been romantically involved with a girl who was the daughter of an Army colonel. He had met her at an outing of his progressive parish—he'd been more religious in those days. On finding out about his daughter and Peña, the colonel had become obsessed. "At that time, this colonel's family lived in a modest but nice apartment," Peña recalled. "Since then, believe me, he's moved up in the world. But he was already an extremely reactionary and authoritarian man; he treated his wife and his children the same as his men—life was war, and people were either subordinates or enemies. I refused to behave like a subordinate, so he hated

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me, and he continued to do so after his daughter and I broke up."

We were passing through generally flat, scrubby country, with some rolling hillocks and occasional stands of eucalyptus serving as windbreaks. "Anyway," Peña continued, "it turned out that there was a Tupamaro leader who happened to be named Alfredo de la Peña, and one day—this was shortly after the coup—the military apparently got hold of a document about some Tupa action with this guy's name on it. They published it, and three days later they suddenly hauled me in and began torturing me. One day, the colonel showed up at the torture center, yelling and screaming. He held me personally responsible for corrupting his daughter, both morally and politically, and now this proved everything—he was convinced that I'd seduced his daughter so as to spy on him, and he assured me that my continuing misery would be his ongoing personal project."

I asked Peña the colonel's name. He said he would prefer not to give it, and,

for that matter, he'd prefer it if I didn't use his name, either. I asked if he was afraid the military might be coming back. "They don't have to come back," he assured me. "They're still here, only barely behind the curtain, totally unscathed."

Peña was tortured for weeks, and eventually he signed a confession—"I had to, I couldn't take it anymore"—on the basis of which he received a twenty-five-year sentence. He was released only when Libertad itself was shut down. Since then he had been able to track down a copy of his confession, and it turned out that the text was word for word identical—"right down to the spelling errors"—with the document about the Tupamaro action which the military had published three days before his arrest.

Peña smiled: he was not past seeing the grim humor in his tale. In fact, he had a strong, tough, and probably saving sense of humor. "Everybody had his own story," he continued. "I had a friend who got married in 1972. He had a wedding reception, and then he

and his bride went to a house in the country they'd rented for the night. They got there at three minutes to twelve. At twelve-fifteen, there was a knock at the door, and the guy went to the window to see who was there. It was a young kid with a bunch of flowers from a florist. So he opened the door and reached out to take the flowers, and suddenly, from behind this kid, the police came barging in. They bagged both him and his bride and dragged them away. The bride was later released, but the groom was tortured until he confessed to something or other, and he ended up in Libertad, like me, and was only released at the end, like me. We always called him Billy the Kid—the fastest gun around—because his bride had a baby nine months after the wedding night."

The countryside streamed by. "I have no idea where we're going," Peña told me. "I hope *you* do," he said to the driver, who did. "I mean, I was there for twelve and a half years, but I hardly ever *went* there—at any rate, not without a hood. You can see, though, what a terrible trek it was for people's families. Visitors had to be at the prison's gates by 8 A.M., and there were long lines, so visitors often had to arrive the day before and find someplace out there in the middle of nowhere to spend the night." This was going to be Peña's first time back.

And then there it was, looming on the horizon. "That's it," the taxi-driver said. I don't know what I had expected—maybe the wretched, crumbling dungeon from the movie "Kiss of the Spider Woman"—but this was something altogether different. It was a sleek, white, rectangular, *modern* edifice. Basically, it looked like a Holiday Inn: five floors hovering in midair above massive steel pylons (the easier to prevent escapes, I suppose), two wings spreading out from a squat central tower (the panopticon's observatory). Road signs began to point the way to "RECUPERATION CENTER #2," which was what the prison was now called. We veered off the highway for the final approach. "The families were never allowed to drive these last two miles," Peña said. "They had to walk—old, broken parents, wives lugging infants and bundles. And then we had to walk, too, on the day of our release. Nobody was allowed to meet us at the gate. We had to walk



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the two miles out to the highway.”

When we presented ourselves at the main gate, unannounced—a foreign journalist and his guide—there was a certain amount of phoning back and forth, but presently we were ushered through several sets of gates and right into the office of the prison’s new director, a dapper police commander named José Luis Pereyra Roldán. He apologized for the relative mess of his office, explaining that he and all the guards and janitors and inmates had arrived only a few weeks earlier. “We even had to figure out how to get the water and electricity turned back on,” he said. Actually, the place was quite presentable. A little flag on his desk bore the spooky motto “Libertad o Muerte,” and from the wall behind him peered the stern image of José Gervasio Artigas, Uruguay’s George Washington (whose image has been appropriated, over the years, by everybody in Uruguay from the Army to the Tupamaros). The director assured us that the current prison regime had nothing in common with its predecessor. There were no soldiers here, he said, and he himself had been the civilian police commander in charge of a third of the precincts in Montevideo before he got this new assignment, which he didn’t particularly like. “For that matter, none of us do,” he said. “We do it to be of service.” The director excused himself to attend to a phone call, and Peña nudged me and nodded toward the ashtray on the desk. At first, I didn’t get what he was driving at, but then I noticed its insignia, “Brazilian Army,” and the motto, in Portuguese, “Progress Through Order.”

The director hung up and turned back to us. He wasn’t going to be able to let us into the prison itself, he said—things were just too new and chaotic—but he could assure us that the prisoners were being well cared for. There were, of course, no political prisoners, only common criminals—muggers, pimps, murderers. The crime rate in Uruguay was low, and though it had initially risen with the return of democracy, it had now levelled off, to an average of only four felonies per day in all of Montevideo. “I mean,” he said, “we’re nothing like Fourteenth Street in Washington, D.C.”—an odd reference, which he clarified by saying that back in 1972 he had received a fellowship to attend courses there

at AID’s International Police Academy.

After a while, he invited us to tour the grounds, exclusive of the prison itself, and assigned his lieutenant to show us around. As we left the director’s office, Peña came to a sudden stop. “*La Isla*,” he whispered, nodding toward a particularly dilapidated white bungalow: the isolation chambers. “That was the worst sanction,” he told me. “They’d throw you in there for months at a time, into a tiny, windowless cell with nothing in it but a bare electric bulb, which was on twenty-four hours a day, and a spigot, whose water was controlled from outside—you had to plead with the guards. A thin mattress was removed each morning and sometimes not returned in the evening. The meals gave you your only sense of time, but sometimes they skipped those, too, at random. You were hungry, but you couldn’t tell whether you were supposed to be. You were on edge all the time, with no distraction whatever—no books, no pen, nothing. I used to keep track of time by killing one fly a day—dead flies wouldn’t draw suspicion. One day, I was taken outside for a few minutes while they conducted a search—a search, for God’s sake! What on earth did they think I could be hiding? But it was good, because when they let me back in I immediately noticed two new buzzing flies.”

AT Libertad, stints in *La Isla* could last as long as ninety days—an ordeal, however, that pales in comparison with the most exquisite refinement in the Uruguayan military’s arsenal. This one was reserved for nine top Tupamaro leaders—the so-called “hostages,” including Raúl Sendic, the group’s founder, and Mauricio Rosencof, a playwright well known in

Latin America and Europe—each of whom spent more than a decade in solitary confinement.

During my visit to Montevideo, I got a chance to talk with Rosencof, who described for me the twelve years he spent in a series of dark, closet-sized rooms. I asked him how he survived at all.

“By dreaming,” he replied. “Imagination. Taking long walks with my daughter. Sometimes, when the guards weren’t looking, I’d stretch myself out for a sunbath on the beach. After a while, I’d get hot and go off to get a nice, cold drink. Then the problem became hiding the bottle, because the cell was searched daily. You can imagine the trouble I’d have been in if the guards had suddenly uncovered a Coke bottle. Hiding objects I acquired in my fantasies became quite a chore.”

I had read a memoir he wrote, in which he told of making a confidant out of a rooster that wandered into his cell one day. I asked him if the rooster had been real.

“I don’t know,” he said.

WHAT was the point of all this misery?

Obviously, one of its main functions, as the architects of the system declared outright, was to break the prisoners. But an even more important goal appears to have been to break the wider society. In Argentina, the repression affected a relatively circumscribed sector of the population; it would have been possible to live through the “dirty war” in Buenos Aires without personally encountering the family of even one of its victims. In Chile, similarly, the overwhelming brunt of ongoing repression, after the initial bloodbath and mass exiles, was borne by poor people, sequestered in their slums. Uruguay, however, was such a small country, and the repression there was so widespread, that everyone knew someone—knew several people, in fact—in prison or under torture. The military wanted it that way—relied on the fear that such knowledge engendered. Elsa Leone de Gil commented to me, “The panopticon at Libertad was merely a microcosm of the larger panopticon, which was the whole country. All Uruguay was under constant surveillance and subject to continual behaviorist conditioning.”

At a dinner I attended in Montevideo one evening, the guests described



for me the system whereby the military authorities assigned every Uruguayan citizen one of three classifications, the designation being stamped in his or her file in the central archives. "A" citizens were politically trustworthy, and hence could be employed by the state (Uruguay's principal employer), could travel freely, and were extended certain minimal freedoms. "B" citizens were deemed ideologically suspect, and hence could be employed privately but not by the state (tens of thousands were fired); their external travel privileges were severely limited; and they faced continual petty (and sometimes not so petty) harassment by the security services. "C" citizens weren't citizens: they were pariahs, stripped of all their rights, and even of the possibility of employment. (Any private company that endeavored to employ a "C" citizen invited a crippling series of government audits.) And anyone at any time could suddenly find himself reclassified "C"—because, after all, the state knew everything.

One guest recounted the story of a friend of his, a systems engineer who had been branded "C" and couldn't find work, and went to the military authorities to try to appeal the designation. The officer who at length received him reviewed his file and then said, "Ah, you see, you're a sandwich man." A *sandwich man*? "Yes, son of a former congressman and brother of a Tupamaro. You see, son-of, brother-of—the sandwich combination. I mean, you have to understand our position. If you had a house and you'd rented it and the people you rented it to had destroyed it and the next year their son came by wanting to rent it all over again, you wouldn't much want to rent it to him now, would you? It's what the Marxists call historical materialism." At that point, the man quipped, "Gee, maybe I'd better read up on my Marx." The officer was not amused. "No," he said sternly. "No, I wouldn't recommend that at all."

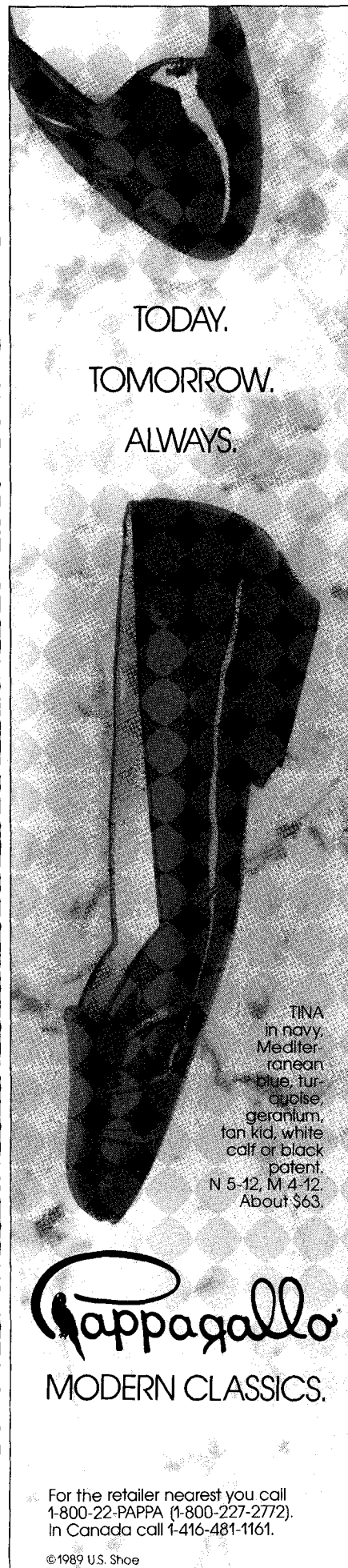
A young woman at the table recalled her school days: "Each school was assigned a retired military officer, or else some associate or relative of a military officer, as its new director. In every class, in addition to the teacher there was a teacher's aide, someone who in the old days was supposed to facilitate communication between teacher and students. Now he was there mainly to take notes on the be-

havior of both the teacher and the students."

Everything required state approval, I was told. You couldn't even throw a moderate-sized birthday party without obtaining permission from the security officials in charge of your precinct. Elections for captains of amateur soccer teams were supervised by military commanders in charge of such things, and the commanders retained veto power. Between 1973 and 1982, twenty-eight newspapers and magazines—including *Marcha*, possibly the most distinguished literary-political journal in Latin America during the sixties—were shut down by the authorities. As late as 1983, nine more newspapers were closed, along with a radio station. Censorship was ironclad. Unions were gutted and quiescent, schools purged and revamped.

"The whole country was run like a prison," one of the dinner guests said, summing up. "The actual prisons were merely the punishment cells."

WHAT did the military want to do with a population that was so totally subdued? Eduardo Galeano, the noted Uruguayan writer, provided me with a characteristically terse, aphoristic reply: "In Uruguay, people were in prison so that prices could be free." Several other people I spoke with in Montevideo concurred, explaining that one of the main reasons for the military's repression was to enable the generals to hand the country's economy over to their "Chicago boys"—neoliberal economic technocrats, many of them trained at the University of Chicago under the monetarist influence of Milton Friedman, who prescribe an unfettered marketplace, with a minimum of government interference, as the cure for most of the world's economic ills. These economists generally oppose protective tariffs, social entitlements, minimum-wage standards, government safety-and-health regulations—the kind of things on behalf of which unions, for example, might be expected to struggle. With the unions out of the way, the regime's economists might have thought they had been given a free hand. The Uruguayan military had a certain fondness for stark, proto-Fascist graphic imagery, and one particularly telling, and frequently reproduced, image was of a bold arrow labelled "Development," and wrapped in a protective tube la-



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belled "Security," hurtling toward a glowing star labelled "National Well-Being."

In Chile, that was pretty much the program. There the Chicago School held sway as completely and for about as long as it is ever likely to anywhere, and the considerable economic successes and failures of Pinochet's regime may provide the best extended case study for evaluating the merits of neoliberal free-market monetarism. In Uruguay, the situation was somewhat more muddled. At the very beginning of the military period, in fact, it wasn't clear that the military wanted to take that route at all. One faction became so outraged by evidence of vast business and political corruption which it was uncovering during its interrogations of Tupamaros that it started to launch a reformist, almost progressive anti-corruption offensive. By 1974, however, those zealots had been reined in. (One of their leaders, a Colonel Ramón Trópoli, was mysteriously assassinated in Paris.) The free-marketers thereupon achieved ascendancy under the guidance of Finance Minister Alejandro Véliz Villegas. (He was a Harvard alumnus, actually, with prior practical experience advising military regimes in Argentina and Brazil.) In the face of an occasionally wary military leadership (these soldiers, after all, had been reared in the Batllist welfare state), Véliz and his successors were able to push through some, though by no means all, of the components of the classic package: a loosening of financial regulations, the cutting of social spending, the selling off of state-run corporations, the reduction of protective tariffs.

These actions at first produced many of the classic macroeconomic responses to Chicago-style planning. Between 1975 and 1979, industrial productivity soared by seventeen per cent, and the country's gross national product—stagnant or falling during the sixties and the early seventies—suddenly began surging at a historic high rate of five per cent per year. "The social cost, however, was enormous, measured in emigration, falling real earnings, income concentration, and physical repression of all trade-union activists," according to Charles G. Gillespie, a political scientist at the University of Wisconsin. Real salaries, for example, fell twenty-eight per cent during that same period. But who among the

workers was going to complain about such a calamitous decline—or, at any rate, succeed in complaining? Meanwhile, speculators made killings in real estate and finance, and multinational corporations encountered a friendlier environment. By the end of the military period, twenty of Uruguay's twenty-two private banks were owned by foreign conglomerates. The military decreed handsome pay raises for its officers, and even junior officers began moving into the wealthier suburbs, such as Montevideo's Pocitos district. A boom in luxury construction ensued.

BY 1980, if one ignored the wider indications of general impoverishment (and the military-controlled press wasn't about to waste any ink bringing such figures to anyone's attention), one might almost have imagined the experiment to be a success. The generals, who were quite pleased with themselves, can perhaps be forgiven for assuming that almost everyone else was, too. Hadn't they put an end to the civil chaos of the sixties and the early seventies? (In 1976, for good measure, they had proscribed fifteen thousand former politicians, banning virtually the country's entire political class from any public activity for at least the next fifteen years.) Hadn't they brought prosperity?

It was against this backdrop—and, incidentally, under considerable pressure from the Carter Administration, with its vigorous human-rights agenda—that the Uruguayan generals now decided to set a plebiscite on a new draft constitution for November, 1980. They had noted Pinochet's success with a similar move in Chile in 1978. Now, just twenty-nine days before the scheduled vote, the military unveiled its new charter, consisting of two hundred and thirty-nine articles, compiled without the benefit of any public consultation. In his book "Uruguay: De-

mocracy at the Crossroads" Martin Weinstein, of William Paterson College of New Jersey, wrote, "In effect, the new charter would have ratified all the illegal acts of the regime and established a legal justification for the bans, political dismissals, and abuses committed by the dictatorship. In addition, 'national security,' as defined by the military and incorporated into the draft constitution, would have given the armed forces virtual veto power over all future government action."

Opposition to this constitution was furtive at first. Drivers took to running their windshield wipers with no cloud in the sky. Cafés posted signs with "NO" in huge letters and, underneath, in minuscule print, "*fumar*" ("smoking"). But for a very brief period shortly before the vote the regime opened up the public space just a crack. For example, a new weekly entitled *Opinar*, edited by a lawyer and journalist named Enrique Tarigo, was allowed to publish, and to campaign against the proposed constitution. Tarigo himself was allowed to appear in a televised debate, and in it he expressed his objections vigorously. But the polls still predicted a decisive triumph for the constitution.

One evening over dinner, a group of Uruguayans endeavored to convey to me what the day of the vote was like.

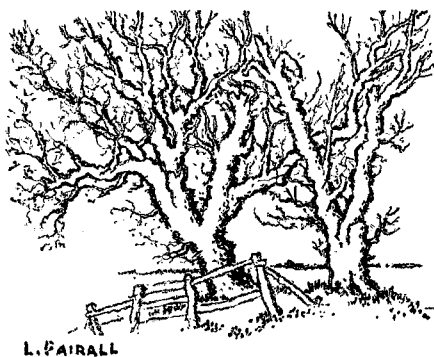
"The results were a foregone conclusion," one woman said, prompting her companions. "Do you remember how we all stood in those sullen lines, no one so much as nodding at anyone else?"

"Nobody confided in anybody else how he was going to vote," another woman said. "Everyone assumed that everyone else was going to be voting with the military. And not only that—everyone was sure that if you so much as whispered to anyone else that you might not be you'd quickly get yourself turned in."

"You voted, you left the precinct," one man commented. "Your eyes never left the ground, you just walked silently home."

"Back home that night," the first woman said, "we all sat glumly in front of our TV sets waiting for the inevitable. But it was the strangest thing: the early returns indicated that the constitution was going down to defeat."

"It turned out that everybody else had voted just like you!" the man ex-



claimed, becoming almost exultant at the recollection.

"The announcer kept breaking into this ironic smile as he continued reciting the incoming figures, remember?" the first woman said. "Remember how we all imitated him the next morning? And then the coverage blacked out altogether for a few minutes. It was as if the regime were hesitating, as if it were as surprised as the rest of us. Then coverage resumed, and the defeat continued."

Before the viewers went to bed that evening, the military's proposed constitution had lost, fifty-seven per cent to forty-three. I asked my dinner companions why they thought the regime had allowed the vote count to proceed.

"Uruguay has far too democratic a tradition for them to have faked the results," one man said. "It would have been obvious to everyone. Besides, it takes planning to fix an election, and they were certain that after the kind of decade that had preceded the vote, combined with the culture of repression, they couldn't lose."

"And also," another dinner guest said, "they're Uruguayans. They longed for validation—for the legitimacy that such a vote would have retroactively afforded them."

"But after that," the first woman said, "already the next morning everything had clearly changed. People in the street regarded each other differently."

THE military's initial reaction to the results was stunned anger. The generals pointed out that in any case it was the constitution that had been rejected and not them. Furthermore, they maintained, the transition to any other sort of rule would have to be painstakingly gradual, with a limited national election impossible before November of 1984, and then only if everybody behaved. In the meantime, censorship, arrests, and torture continued. In fact, if anything, the military hard-liners seemed to be in renewed ascendancy. (After all, look at the mess the moderates had wrought.) And then American pressure suddenly evaporated: in July, 1981, President Reagan, reversing a Carter ban, endorsed a fresh World Bank loan.

But now the regime's limited economic success began to sour. This was partly a result of the steep worldwide recession of the early eighties. In

Uruguay, those international effects were aggravated by the regime's rigid adherence to monetarist strategies, aimed at stabilizing the country's currency, the peso, at any cost. That cost was reflected in the country's burgeoning foreign debt, which increased eightfold between 1976 and 1982. Meanwhile, speculators, convinced that this madness could not go on, were busy converting their pesos into dollars and spiriting them out of the country. (In good Chicago School fashion, this process was unregulated.) There was a period when almost as many dollars were leaving the country in capital flight as were being pumped in through desperately needed foreign loans. And Uruguay, of course, was being stuck with a legacy of interest payments on what were, in effect, transfers of dollars from one overseas account to another. By the end of their reign, the generals had saddled Uruguay with a debt of five billion dollars, an extraordinary burden on a country with under three million citizens. (By contrast, an infamous basket case like Brazil, with its population of a hundred and forty-five million, faces a debt of a hundred and twenty billion dollars.)

Finally, in November of 1982, the regime suspended even the pretense of Chicago-style discipline, and the peso went into a free-fall, dropping from eleven pesos to the dollar to thirty-three in a matter of days. Those who had borrowed dollars on the basis of the government's assurances of a stable rate suddenly found themselves owing three times as much. A wave of bankruptcies naturally ensued. Economic growth stopped dead in its tracks, with the rise of five per cent per year transformed into a sixteen-per-cent drop during the next two years. "A sixteen-per-cent decline in growth; an unemployment rate of sixteen per cent; a five-billion-dollar debt; the exile or emigration of a fifth of the country, particularly its most technically skilled citizens; salaries losing half of their purchasing power between 1968 and 1984," the Uruguayan economist Alberto Couriel summarizes. "This was the masterpiece of the Chicago boys."

IN the midst of all this, at the end of November, 1982, the military allowed limited primary elections within the Colorado and Blanco parties (the Frente Amplio was still banned) to

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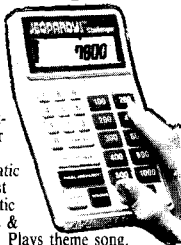
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choose a group of delegates who might negotiate some sort of transition toward limited democracy and, under military tutelage, select a slate of acceptable candidates for the November, 1984, general election. Many individuals were proscribed from this vote, but the one whose spectre most exercised the generals was the exiled Wilson Ferreira, the former Blanco Presidential candidate, who was spending his exile effectively lobbying against the regime in the capitals of Europe and North America. Not only was he barred from running in the 1982 campaign but it was against the law even to mention his name. (When a prize bull from his ranch showed up at a county fair, with Wilson Ferreira's name displayed on the label dangling from its neck, the bull itself was arrested and carted away by grim M.P.s.) Notwithstanding such difficulties, the slate unofficially associated with Wilson Ferreira within the Blanco Party was the overwhelming winner in the 1982 primaries, receiving about seventy-five per cent of the Blanco vote, while the Blancos received fifty-three per cent of the total vote, compared with the Colorados' forty-five per cent. In both parties, anti-military candidates received eighty-two per cent of all votes. The unmentionable Wilson Ferreira was thus clearly the front-runner in the early jockeying for the 1984 election.

Shocked and chagrined by the election results, the military returned to its hard line. Instances of arrest and maltreatment once again increased—most notably in June, 1983, when several dozen protesting university students were detained and tortured. A preliminary set of talks between the generals and some civilian delegates, at the Parque Hotel, on the Montevideo beachfront, broke off inconclusively in early July. A month later, the military issued a new decree, suspending all political activity. The Reagan Administration responded to this development by nearly doubling its request to Congress for military-training aid to the generals in Montevideo.

At this dark moment, a remarkable new figure arose: a young Jesuit priest—in this notoriously anti-clerical country—named Luis Pérez Aguirre. He was the scion of one of Uruguay's wealthiest and politically most conservative landed dynasties. (His mother's

family was very close to the Bordaberrys.) "With my family's wealth, I really could have had anything I wanted in a material sense," Father Pérez Aguirre told me one morning. "For instance, I loved flying planes. But gradually I came to a crisis in my life. When I flew, for instance, I was always looking for plenitude, wholeness, felicity. But, especially faced with all the suffering around me, I came to realize that you reach that plenitude only when you give, not when you take, pleasure—when you die to yourself so as to give life." Pérez Aguirre entered a Jesuit seminary in Argentina and subsequently studied in Canada as well. In 1970, he returned to Montevideo and was ordained. He worked first with university students and then, for six years, among prostitutes. In 1979, he became more directly concerned with human rights. "I became preoccupied with the paralysis, the demoralization, and I felt it was my responsibility to do something," he said.

In 1981, following the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to the Argentine Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, for his work on behalf of the Buenos Aires branch of the human-rights organization SERPAJ, Father Pérez Aguirre decided to found a SERPAJ branch in Montevideo. It was the first organization devoted to work on behalf of the victims of repression and poverty to be established in Uruguay since the advent of the dictatorship. Father Pérez Aguirre was repeatedly arrested and incarcerated.

But a growing movement of international support led to his eventual releases. "Once," he told me, "the Canadian government refused to go ahead with a big trade agreement until I'd been set free." He smiled, and added, "I was traded for beef."

I asked him if he was ever tortured. "Oh, yes," he said. "Of course. Repeatedly. That was the system here." He rolled up his shirtsleeves to show me a line of cigarette-burn scars running up each arm. "Physical, but especially psychological. They were very sophisticated in how they tried to break each person, through isolation and humiliation, and so forth. Once, in a Montevideo prison, I was brought into a public office and kept under the table, like a dog, with my legs cramping up, for hours on end, all day long, all the passersby seeing me like that. But reli-



gious people are trained for such situations. Once, in a military barracks, a cellmate of mine was thrown back into the cell after a session of torture, and he told me I was lucky, because I knew how to pray. All he could do, he said, was count up to a thousand and back. Still, the torture sessions could be quite arduous. Once, in the midst of everything, I started hearing someone speaking in English, giving instructions. At the time I thought I was hallucinating, but in retrospect I'm sure I wasn't."

SERPAJ took the lead in denouncing the tortures of the university students in June, 1983, and for the first time in the history of the dictatorship graphic and detailed testimony was provided on a human-rights violation as it was happening. Some of the opposition press, including Tarigo's *Opinar*, followed by extensively publicizing SERPAJ's charges. The regime became more and more annoyed. Father Pérez Aguirre started being taken in once a week for fifteen-hour interrogations.

When the Parque Hotel talks collapsed, one of his interrogators warned him that within days SERPAJ and all other political institutions were going to be delegalized. "We decided to raise the ante," Father Pérez Aguirre recalled. "Three of us decided to embark on a hunger strike. People were very skeptical. They told us that there was no tradition of Gandhi-style resistance in Uruguay, and that it wouldn't work. But we decided to go ahead. We established ourselves in the rooms in the convent which SERPAJ had been using as its offices." Uruguay's relatively pliant Catholic hierarchy had not supported Father Pérez Aguirre in any of his actions, but he had forged an association with a community of elderly nuns, and they had agreed, despite considerable pressure, to shelter his good works. "As soon as we started, there was a big commotion," he said. "People would come to visit us—especially the politicians—expressing solidarity. We didn't declare any particular terms for ending our fast. We just asked the population to reflect and to organize itself and to put pressure on the military and to inspire the political leaders, who were all depressed by the collapse of the talks and the new ban on political activity. It was hard to get word out, of course, since all the press was again being rigorously controlled. But we had a network, and people



"No, I will not marry you because it would be a hell of a party."

began coming to our office each day to talk and organize. After the second day, the convent was surrounded by the Army, and after the fourth day the phone line was cut. But people kept coming—hundreds of supporters. They would be repressed. The M.P.s were arresting two hundred at a time. But then more would show up. Everybody knew. And on the night of August 25th, our old national holiday, the people reacted in a very impressive way. At eight o'clock, the lights all over the city went out. And then, at eight-fifteen, there began a great banging of pots. A huge noise, all over town. We gave up our fast the next morning. A group of diplomats from France and Holland came to help escort us out. The military didn't know what to do with us. They decided not to arrest us, but they delegalized SERPAJ. We reorganized under a new name, and some high-up untouchables lent us their support. But the important thing was that the politicians had been revitalized. And a few years later the new civilian government, as one

of its first acts, relegalized SERPAJ."

The August 25th *caceroleo*, as it was called ("*Hola! Hola! Esta noche, hay caceroleo!*" the housewives of Montevideo chanted in their darkened back yards as they smashed their pots together), was the first of several public demonstrations. On November 27th, which had formerly been an election day, a huge demonstration, of over three hundred thousand citizens, converged on a central Montevideo square demanding a return to democracy. On January 18, 1984, resurgent unions managed to pull off a one-day general strike. Meanwhile, things were changing all over. The Argentine junta, thoroughly discredited by the fiasco of its 1982 war with Britain over the Falklands, was in fast retreat; a civilian President, Raúl Alfonsín, had been elected in October of 1983 and took office in December. (Four months later, Wilson Ferreira returned from Europe and established himself in Buenos Aires, so as to be close to the developing action in Uruguay.) In Brazil, the *apertura*, the liberalization

of its military regime, was in full swing.

Confronted with these trends, with the growing public opposition at home, and with the calamitous economy, the Uruguayan generals once again reassessed their situation. Over and over, in country after country throughout Latin America, the Doctrine of National Security kept running up against the same wall: the doctrine required the military, as the one cohesive, unified, purposeful entity in the country, to take charge of administering both the war against subversion and the development of the country itself; but precisely through the vicissitudes of such administration the military's own cohesion and unity and sense of purpose had come under threat. Corruption was eating away at discipline. Factionalism was sapping morale. More than anything else, it was these concerns that in 1984 animated the Uruguayan generals, and particularly the new head of the Army, the highly influential Hugo Medina.

The military wanted to get out, but on its own terms. And not all the way. It wanted to retain as much control as possible behind the scenes; in particular, it wanted to prevent a Wilson Ferreira Presidency, which at that moment still seemed the most likely outcome of an open 1984 election. With this in mind, the military now launched a campaign to assure a Colorado victory. To begin with, astonishingly, the generals relegalized the left, freeing the Frente Amplio's leader, General Seregni, from prison in March, 1984, and presently even reinstating the Party itself. Somewhat alarmed at these developments, Wilson Ferreira boarded a boat in Buenos Aires on the night of June 15th and arrived in Montevideo, to great public fanfare, the next morning. He was immediately arrested and flown to incarceration in a barracks deep in the interior. Following another general strike, on June 27th, the generals and the civilian politicians started a new round of talks, this time in the grounds of the Club Naval, in Montevideo. The Blancos boycotted these talks, in protest over the imprisonment of their leader. The Frente Amplio, however, participated.

The Club Naval talks proceeded throughout July. The civilian negotiators were headed by the new Colorado Party leader, a widely respected cen-

ter-right lawyer named Julio María Sanguinetti, who had been the Education Minister in Bordaberry's Cabinet and had largely sat out the dictatorship, neither collaborating with the military nor particularly distinguishing himself in opposition. Clearly, he and Medina had been involved in delicate behind-the-scenes talks for some time. (Clearly, too, he came to be the Presidential candidate favored by the American Embassy.) During the month, the military promulgated a series of Institutional Acts sequentially dismantling much of the repressive apparatus it had established in previous Institutional Acts. On August 3rd, the Club Naval talks concluded successfully, though without any formal signed agreements. Whether or not there were any secret protocols was later to become a subject of intense controversy.

The way was now cleared for the Presidential and legislative elections to be held on November 25th. Sanguinetti would be allowed to head the main Colorado slate. Tarigo was enlisted as Sanguinetti's running mate, in order to help gain the support of the Colorado's more reformist wing. Neither Wilson, still in prison, nor Seregni, still politically banned, was allowed to run. Sanguinetti eventually won. A few days later, Wilson Ferreira, who now had fair claim to consider himself robbed of the Presidency for a second time, was released.

Sanguinetti took office, on schedule, on March 1, 1985. On March 8th, he signed a bill that constituted, in effect, an amnesty for all remaining political prisoners. (The torturers and other military violators of human rights were explicitly excluded from this amnesty.) On March 10th, Libertad was shut down, and its remaining inmates walked the two miles from the gate to the main highway, to be met by their families. On March 14th, Raúl Sendic,

the last of the eight surviving Tupamaro "hostages," was released. (One had died in solitary.)

Sanguinetti, for his part, decided to establish his executive offices in an imposing modern building on the edge of town, near the junction of several major highways, which the generals had originally built as their Defense Ministry. (They were transferred to more modest quarters.) The building was named Libertad.

THE released prisoners and the returning exiles now encountered a country that was, in the words of the writer Eduardo Galeano, "as if bombed by economic crisis." Alberto Couriel told me that in his absence his once proud Montevideo had been "Latin-Americanized." The city looked almost the same as it had when he left, eleven years earlier, but the houses were shabbier, the apartment buildings less well maintained, the cars more conspicuously out of date. "Like Havana," he said, with a smile. Everyone I spoke with commented on the nightly apparitions of decrepit horse-drawn carts on their midnight rounds, carrying ragpickers who were scavenging downtown garbage to bundle back to their hovels on the outskirts. And there were the children begging. (According to SERPAJ, two hundred and forty thousand Uruguayans—nearly a tenth of the country's population—are now children living below the poverty line.) Mauricio Rosencof said, "Kids used to come up and ask you for money in the old days, too, but now they come in clusters, like grapes." Marcelo Vignar, a returning psychoanalyst, couldn't get over the proliferation of street vendors—onetime skilled professionals, people he'd worked with in the hospital, who had been forced out of their jobs and now lined the sidewalks, hawking maté gourds and old clothes and lottery tickets. The bleached-out store windows featured things like sneakers available on the installment plan; so were books. Galeano commented, "In the old days, Uruguayans bought five or six times as many books as they do today. Then came censorship, and now what the police forbade is forbidden by price." Louise Popkin, an American translator and a frequent visitor, told me, "It's true that this place is not as poor as El Salvador or Mexico, but poverty here is much more conflictive because of the fall from a



nostalgically imagined paradise. People here are *ashamed* of their current poverty—of having become so threadbare. They don't know *how* to be poor."

Sanguinetti, though, was turning out to be a responsible administrator, a man with a flair for the job, and he'd surrounded himself with capable public officials, most notably Enrique Iglesias, his Foreign Minister, who had served from 1972 to 1985 as the Executive Secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean. Sanguinetti and Iglesias and their colleagues were attempting to fashion an export-led recovery, and the exports for 1986 were indeed up thirty per cent over those for 1985. Growth, which had stood near zero in 1985, was back at six per cent in 1986.

(Sanguinetti had been helped here by a steady worldwide decline in both oil prices and interest rates.) Unemployment was down from its high of sixteen per cent, late in the dictatorship, to just over ten per cent. If the previous decades had shown anything, it was that neither the fifties economic model nor that of the seventies was going to work in Uruguay, and Sanguinetti and his men were now trying to cobble together some new approach, though one closer to the Chicago School model than the earlier one. For one thing, they were hoping to turn Uruguay, so strategically situated between the potential Argentine and Brazilian powerhouses, into a financial center or platform, a future Hong Kong or Singapore. With this in mind, they placed a very high priority on maintaining good relations with the country's creditor banks, and their record in keeping up the interest payments, of over four hundred million dollars per year, on the enormous debt was exemplary.

Yet, despite the rosy economic indicators that Sanguinetti's team was beginning to rack up, many Uruguayans harbored persistent doubts. In part, the surge in exports reflected the fluky effects of an explosive consuming binge that Brazil had embarked upon during the heyday of its first inflation-fighting "Cruzado plan," which had now gone bust. And the decline in unemployment in part reflected continuing large-scale emigration, particularly among young people, many of whom were no longer even trying to enter Uruguay's cratered economy.



The number of those leaving still vastly exceeded the number of exiles returning. One day, an elderly woman who was showing me around her neighborhood boasted about the local high school. "This is a great high school," she said. "Over half the graduating class has left the country." Back in New York, after my 1986 visit, I asked a forty-six-year-old Uruguayan journalist who works for a European press agency at the United Nations whether he had considered going back. "How could I?" he replied. "To what job? Besides, several members of my family down there rely on the small checks I'm able to send them. They couldn't afford to have me come back." The median age in Uruguay today is forty-seven. In the United States, it's thirty-two.

The country's economy staggers along, and meanwhile the victims of the repression try to fit back in. Sanguinetti's government offered help by way of a decree stipulating that all former public employees who had been unjustly stripped of their jobs by the military regime, whether through imprisonment or blacklist or exile, could return to them. This was, of course, a blessing for many (so far, more than nine thousand have taken the government up on its offer), but many others were in the position of my travelling companion Alfredo Peña. "I'm having a terrible time finding a job," he told me as we drove back from Libertad. "After all, my life was cut off at the age of twenty, and now, twelve years later, I'm just thrown back in. The people who were already established can resume their lives, perhaps, but I hadn't even started mine. Most jobs require experience, and I don't have any. The jobs that don't require experience are for young people—and the employers of young people don't want to waste their time with someone like me. And, anyway, I *am* awkward. I have had none of the experiences of my peers on the outside. In many ways, I feel I'm still twenty: I live with my family—I couldn't possibly afford an apartment of my own. I identify with twenty-year-olds, but they're different, too. It's a kind of limbo. In Argentina, the authorities disappeared people. In Uruguay, they disappeared people's lives."

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Mauricio Rosencof commented. "Ridiculous problems—doorknobs, for instance. I had no reflex any longer to reach for the knobs of doors. I hadn't had to—hadn't been *allowed* to—for over thirteen years. I'd come to a closed door and find myself momentarily stymied—I couldn't remember what to do next. Or how to make a dark room light. How to work, pay bills, shop, visit friends, answer questions. My daughter tells me to do this or that, and one problem I can handle, two I can handle, but when the third request comes I can hear her voice but my head is lost in the clouds. I feel like an athlete who has stopped exercising and is suddenly required to run in a five-kilometre race—and that's just walking down the block. And walking down the block I'm in a perpetual cringe. I'm constantly stopping to let whoever is behind me pass: my body keeps expecting a blow."

"The prison experience is a bit like an ironworks," Marcelo Vignar, the psychoanalyst, told me, drawing on his experiences in treating victims of repression. "With a human being, as with iron, beating can either strengthen or break. Some people are deepened by the experience, others..." He shook his head, and mentioned a man I'd met a few days earlier. "He, for instance, has been made lesser, narrower. You should have known him before. He was expansive, delightful, brilliant. Now he's foreshortened, brittle."

Therapy helps in some cases, but, as Vignar himself pointed out to me, therapy can do only so much; finally, the problems facing Uruguay in its reintegration are political. They had been acquired as a community, and sooner or later they were going to have to be addressed as a community as well.

PERHAPS the biggest problem that Uruguay faced in the latter half of 1986, and certainly the one most roiling the political waters, was the question of what to do with the former torturers. This problem has confounded each of the Latin-American countries in turn as one by one they have attempted to navigate the passage back from national-security dictatorship to some sort of constitutional democracy. And, as the participants at the Aspen Institute conference have noted, the question here is not simply one of justice—what to do with particular individuals who can be shown to have

participated to varying degrees in various sorts of tortures—but also one of truth, of how to document what really went on during the previous period and to assimilate and to honor that knowledge. Such issues of truth and justice, meanwhile, have to be addressed within the context of the ongoing existence of social sectors that themselves participated, to varying degrees, in the repression. In Argentina, the process was somewhat facilitated by the fact that the military there abandoned power in abject defeat; for at least several months, the new civilian government in Buenos Aires found it possible to pursue both truth (through "Nunca Más") and a modicum of justice (through public trials of leading members of the junta and other senior offenders). In time, the Argentine military regrouped and began to mount an increasingly stiff resistance to the civilian incursions, and the situation has grown more and more complex. In Brazil, the process was facilitated by the fact that the military there managed to leave gradually, so that when the final transition to democracy occurred the worst human-rights violations were a full fifteen years in the past. Besides, the worst violence had all along been aimed at a comparatively small sector of society. The transition was accomplished within the context of a consensus—subscribed to, for the most part, by both the ruling elite and the middle class—that there would be no need for exhaustive trials. The interests of truth, meanwhile, were fortuitously served by the remarkable efforts of the secret team that, working under the auspices of the Archbishop of São Paulo, produced the best-selling volume "Brasil: Nunca Mais."

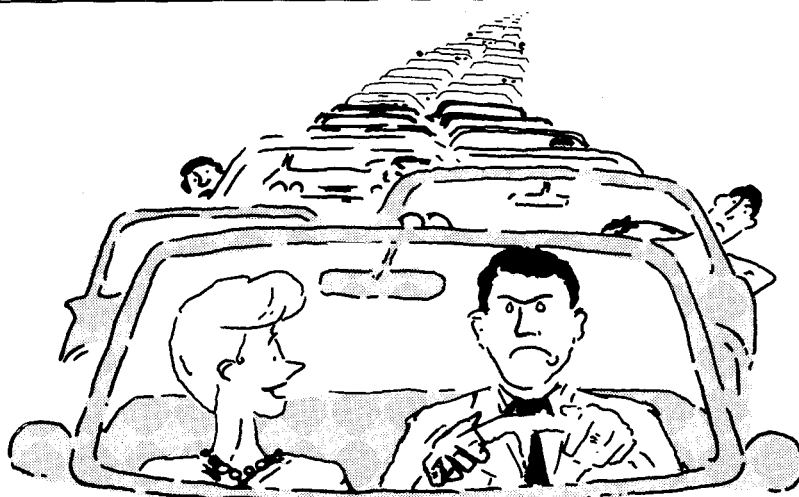
Uruguay had none of these advantages. The military there had left power largely of its own volition, and certainly unbowed, while gross human-rights violations had been occurring right up to the moment of leaving—violations that affected a much wider proportion of the country's citizenry. The size of the country inevitably presented particular difficulties during the Uruguayan transition. Almost half of the population lived in the capital, and, even so, Montevideo was not a large city. When the exiled widow of the assassinated legislator Gutiérrez Ruiz reclaimed her family home following the return to democracy, it turned out that Gavazzo, al-

legedly one of the most notorious torturers, was living in a house just down the street; each morning, she faced the prospect of having to see him. Father Pérez Aguirre, for his part, had already twice encountered his torturer on the street. Such chance meetings were fairly common, and they happened even more often in the small towns of the interior.

It's not at all clear what, or whether, arrangements regarding all this were agreed upon during the negotiations at the Club Naval. For a while, Sanguinetti maintained in interviews that the subject hadn't even come up. At one point, he told William Montalbano, of the *Los Angeles Times*, "The question of amnesty for the military was not discussed in the negotiations, just as no one said that the jailed prisoners would be turned loose the day after an elected government took office. It was an intelligent omission. We were seeking ways to remove obstacles, not to create them. You can't make a peace treaty discussing the origins of the war."

Nevertheless, when that first amnesty was promulgated, within days of Sanguinetti's inauguration, violators of human rights were expressly excluded from its provisions. More recently, Sanguinetti's people have admitted that during the negotiations the future President assured General Medina that the executive branch would not itself launch any prosecutions of violators, though it would not stand in the way of private citizens' bringing claims through the normal judicial channels. Some observers feel that in fact there were also guarantees as to what would eventually be done about such judicial actions, but Sanguinetti emphatically denies this.

Very early in the new administration, Uruguayans began lodging complaints against specific individuals, alleging torture, kidnapping, disappearance, extortion, rape, murder, and other violations, and the judiciary undertook a deliberate and painstaking consideration of these claims. Presently, thirty-eight cases were wending their way through the courts, involving accusations against more than a hundred and fifty officials (torturers, psychologists, doctors, supervising officers, and others). The military initially refused to allow any of its members to honor subpoenas to appear before civilian courts, on the ground that they could be tried only by juries of their



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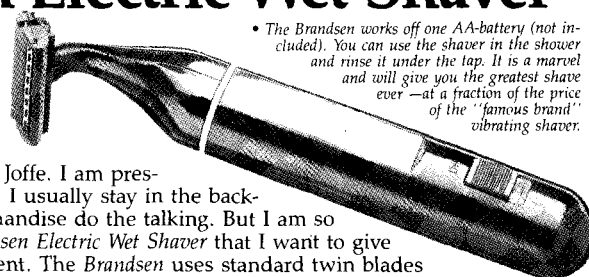
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peers—that is, before military courts. This issue sidetracked developments for almost a year while the question made its way up to the Supreme Court. The closer that court's decision loomed, however, and the clearer the indications were that the court would decide in favor of civil jurisdiction, the more agitated the military became and the more fierce were its demands for a speedy resolution of the entire situation.

In September, 1986, President Sanguinetti's Colorados proposed a blanket amnesty for the military. "Originally, I personally wanted some trials and a partial amnesty," he subsequently told Montalbano. "But once a general amnesty was declared for one side it became almost indispensable for the other." This sort of logic became the object of heated protest. For one thing, many victims of the worst repression had been ordinary citizens going about their ordinary lives; they had never belonged to any "side" of any putative "war." Furthermore, how could there be any basis for the claim of virtual equivalence between the situation of prisoners who had spent five or ten or more years undergoing continuous physical or psychological torments and the situation of those who had been administering torments and had never suffered even the slightest inconvenience as a result? The Colorado Party's initiative was easily defeated by a coalition of Blanco and Frente legislators.

As the Supreme Court now began assigning civil jurisdiction in one case after another, nineteen retired Uruguayan generals issued a statement proclaiming the "irreversible solidarity" of the armed forces and declaring that no soldier would ever be required to honor the subpoena of a civilian court. "Armies cannot be tried after the fact for winning wars," the generals asserted, and then, in an eerie variation on the old Tupamaro slogan, "Either we are all responsible or no one is responsible."

In reply to this assertion, Father Pérez Aguirre declared that, on the contrary, not everyone in the military was guilty and that indeed it was only through the just application of the law that the innocence of the great majority of its members could be firmly established. But the Blancos, in particular, were growing increasingly nervous about the prospect of widespread and blatant military disobedience. Alberto

Zurmarán, a Blanco Party lieutenant, who had been Wilson Ferreira's stand-in during the 1984 Presidential election, warned, "The threat is not of a coup but of something worse: a sector of society that remains defiantly outside the law—a kind of permanent de-facto coup." The Blancos proposed an amnesty of their own, covering everything but the most egregious cases. That, however, was too little for the Colorados, who were holding out for a blanket amnesty, and too much for the Frente, who were outraged because under this formula wholesale torture would not be considered an "egregious crime." On October 17, 1986, the Blancos' initiative, too, went down to defeat.

The military was growing more and more adamant in its refusal to allow itself to be judged in civilian courts, and at the same time the debate among civilians was intensifying. Sanguinetti asked rhetorically, "What is more just—to consolidate the peace of a country where human rights are guaranteed today or to seek retroactive justice that could compromise that peace?" It was becoming a question of how the future development of democracy could best be secured: by cautiously refraining from its full exercise at this delicate juncture or, rather, by boldly insisting upon it. "Democracy isn't just freedom of opinion, the right to hold elections, and so forth," one exasperated judge told me. "It's the rule of law. Without equal application of the law, democracy is dead. The government is acting like a husband whose wife is cheating on him. He knows it, everybody knows it, but he goes on insisting that everything

is fine and praying every day that he isn't going to be forced to confront the truth, because then he'd have to do something about it." Eduardo Galeano offered a different analogy in an interview he gave *Report on the Americas*, the bimonthly magazine of the North American Congress on Latin America: "On the part of the government and some important sectors of the population, there is a belief that democracy is a fragile old lady in a wheelchair. If she moves too much she will collapse, and if you speak too loudly she will have a heart attack. So democracy is something that shouldn't be touched. These ideas are actually the enemies of democracy because true democracy must move forward, deepen, and develop."

The psychoanalyst Marcelo Vignar, for his part, commented, "This is such a sick little country—torn and twisted and broken, with so much of the brokenness concentrated around this notion of knowledge, of *knowing*. 'You can't possibly know what it was like.' 'We didn't know, we didn't realize.' The torturer's 'I know everything about you.' The victim's 'I don't even know what I said, what I did.' The torturer's 'Scream all you like, your resistance is completely futile, no one will ever know.' This point about no one's ever knowing was the very subject matter of the torturer's discourse, do you understand? That's what the torture was *all about*. That's why the amnesty will be so terrible—because it will perpetuate the torture itself."

Most Uruguayans had taken to lumping the various amnesty proposals under the term *impunidad*—"impunity." But the Colorado Party's Senate leader, Paz Aguirre, told me that he didn't much like that term—that he'd rather characterize the process as "searching for peace." The search for peace, however, was hardly proving peaceful: debate was growing shriller. The Colorados were now tending to classify all the former prisoners as Tupamaros and to maintain that the opposition to the amnesty was principally a tiresome Tupamaro vendetta. Antonio Marchesano, Sanguinetti's Interior Minister, was quoted at one point as justifying amnesty for rape, provided "it was intended to instill fear" in the prisoners.

Public opinion, however, seemed to be holding fast. Uruguayans were, if anything, more viscerally anti-milita-



rist than ever. A major poll released in October showed seventy-two per cent still in favor of punishing those convicted of human-rights violations (sixty-eight per cent among the Colorado Party rank and file) and only eleven per cent opposed.

As the first trial before which military officers were ordered to appear was fast approaching, leaders of the three parties convened for a live television debate on the night of December 5th. The Colorado Party was represented by Interior Minister Marchesano, the Frente by General Seregni, and the Blancos by Wilson Ferreira. Marchesano and Seregni staked out predictable positions, but Wilson Ferreira adopted an increasingly abstruse stand and an increasingly tormented tone. (After all, as the military pressure grew it was the Blancos who were finding themselves the most under the gun.) He had hated the Club Naval negotiations all along, Wilson insisted; he had been in prison, and his party had had nothing at all to do with them, and rightly so, for secret deals had been struck and dark commitments made, and they were terrible and damnable and dastardly, but there they were, we were stuck with them. People watching the performance of this ordinarily smooth, assured politician couldn't get over the transformation: he was actually squirming.

On December 22nd, the Colorados and most of the Blancos united to force through—well, it wasn't an amnesty, exactly. Nobody wanted to admit to such a capitulation to the military's pressure. Instead, they were calling their act the Ley de Caducidad de la

Pretensión Punitiva del Estado—the Law Declaring an Expiration of the State's Punitive Authority, as if that authority had just died by itself. But to all intents and purposes the law amounted to an amnesty. Those saddened by Wilson Ferreira's about-face surmised that he had embarked on some elaborate courtship—that he was hoping to assuage the military's anxiety regarding his personal reliability, so that it might countenance his victory in the next Presidential election, in November of 1989. What he himself actually said was “The bottom line is we want to win the next election, and for that to happen the elections have to take place.” In any case, the whole process reeked of bad faith and a guilty conscience, and it was carried out at the last possible moment. The next day, December 23rd, the first of the military subpoenas was to have fallen due. Instead, that first trial was cancelled; all the trials were cancelled; there would be no further investigations, no truth-telling. The legislature debated into the small hours of the morning before passing the bill—fistfights erupted in the chamber—and then it adjourned for Christmas and the long summer vacation, during which politics in Uruguay are always supposed to lapse into a sort of languid suspension. The law's promoters no doubt hoped that by March, when political life resumed, the popular rage would have subsided. As things developed, however, these hopes were not to be realized.

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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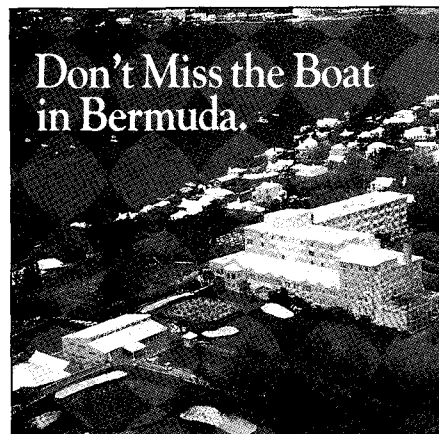
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THE DICTIONARY FACTORY

AFTER sixty-one years as a great—perhaps the greatest—monument of lexicography, the Oxford English Dictionary is emerging in a Second Edition. The Oxford University Press, hewer of the First Edition, is unveiling the successor monument, which it describes as “the most authoritative and comprehensive dictionary of English in the world,” on March 30th. Certainly no enterprise in the world of dictionaries compares with the Oxford University Press. From word-intoxicated warrens in the heart of the venerable university, lexicographers turn out dictionaries vast and minuscule, compendiums alphabetically ordering the expanding universe of theory and learning into accessible, disciplined ranks. The O.U.P. publishes dictionaries on history, biography, literature, science, nature, music, ballet, art, theatre, medicine, mythology, religion, law, computing, communications, geography—even nursery rhymes, saints, and sailing. Lexicographer to the world, the O.U.P. tames the barbarisms of some sixty-five foreign languages, including Iban. “We’re by far the largest employer of lexicographers, with over eighty in-house authors working on dictionaries,” Tim Benbow, the newly appointed director of the dictionary department, told me not long ago.

The O.U.P. constantly muddies the hierarchic waters, and its own staff is not clear about the latest reorganization. Some think that the dictionary department is now run by a troika consisting of Benbow, Nicholas Wilson, the chief editor of reference books, and Simon Wratten, the director of dictionary publishing. Benbow appears *primus inter pares*. He came to Oxford after a stint as the executive director of the O.U.P.-associated company in Nigeria. We met and spoke over lunch at an Oxford restaurant specializing in cuisine of the Indian subcontinent. O.U.P. staff members exhibit only the slightest reluctance to leave their headquarters, a classical building, on Walton Street, that has been likened to an Oxford college with quadrangle, to a hospital, and to a prison. Benbow reports to Ivon Asquith, the managing director of the arts and reference divi-

sion and a great-grandson of Prime Minister Herbert H. Asquith (1852-1928). In over-all charge of the O.U.P. are the delegates—most of them are senior academics appointed to serve, with the secretary to the delegates the effective chief executive.

This proliferation of responsibility parallels the spread of the O.U.P. itself, which now has branches from New York to Dar es Salaam. The O.U.P. employs twenty-two hundred people, of whom about three hundred are in the United States; it is the largest university press in North America, originating three hundred books a year. Dictionaries are by no means all that Oxford offers; it also provides general trade books and a profusion of scholarly monographs and journals. In the nineteenth century, its principal, and most profitable, merchandise was Bibles, and the address of its London office was Amen Corner. A single Bible is ordinarily judged sufficient for a lifetime, but people are less inclined than they once were to keep a dictionary forever, because languages and the life and learning and thought they mirror are constantly changing. This is an article of faith that dictionary-marketing people are not at pains to discourage.

The O.U.P. is not a company and enjoys charitable status. Since its domestic profits are not taxed, it competes with other commercial publishers on distinctly preferential terms. But it also publishes many scholarly works that no orthodox publisher would

countenance. Though it retains profits for its own benefit, the second object of its benevolence is the university of which it is a department. In the 1987-1988 financial year, when its turnover was almost ninety-eight million pounds and its profits were almost eleven million pounds (roughly nineteen million dollars), the delegates’ reserve fund reached an estimated fifteen million pounds, and, under a standing agreement, the O.U.P. started subsidizing its parent, turning over a million three hundred thousand pounds to the university. David Attwooll, who until recently was an editorial director of Reference and General Books, has explained, “As it happens, the O.U.P. has been extraordinarily successful in the past seven years, and the university hasn’t.”

Part of the publishing success stems from the university’s name and reputation—for scholarship, not profitability. Oxford University goes back some eight hundred years, and the O.U.P. traces its own beginnings to 1478, when the first book was printed in Oxford. “Ask Oxford—You Know They’re Right,” advises an O.U.P. ad. But market research and the ads of competitors have confirmed the suspicion that the élitist reputation has hurt sales in some quarters, by suggesting to diffident potential customers that they need cap and gown to consult a publication identified with Oxford. Simon Wratten would not dream of eliminating that identification—it is his trump card—but he has suggested, “We have to make people less afraid of the Oxford name.” The O.U.P. tries to do that by going deliberately down-market on occasion, and advertising in tabloids.

Samuel Johnson, the pioneering English lexicographer, noted in his preface to “A New Dictionary of Trade and Commerce,” which was compiled by Richard Rolt and published in 1761, that “it has lately been the practice of the learned to range knowledge by the alphabet.” Increasingly, this elementary exercise has all but overwhelmed the learned. It almost caused the O.U.P. to founder as it struggled, decade after decade, to construct the work that established its position at the sum-



mit of lexicography—that colossus of scholarship the Oxford English Dictionary.

IT began in 1857, a century after Johnson published his Dictionary, when Richard Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster, delivered a paper to the Philological Society entitled "On Some Deficiencies in Our English Dictionaries." Britain's Philological Society decided that what was needed was not a volume supplementing Johnson but a completely new dictionary. Trench favored historical lexicography, tracing the life of each word from first occurrence through subse-

quent changes in form and meaning. But could a single lexicographer do that for the entire language? Though Johnson was an incomparable authority on English, he had assistants. And, while Émile Littré was said to be working single-handed on his great Dictionnaire de la Langue Française, its end was not in sight. Putting German in order was demanding the effort of the two Grimm brothers—Jacob and Wilhelm—and they had a staff helping them with their Deutsches Wörterbuch. Trench maintained that for English "this almost boundless field could only be made available for dictionary purposes through the combined action of many." He noted that seventy-six members of the Philological Society had volunteered to help by reading the works of notable authors.

The society proposed the inclusion of "every word occurring in the literature of the language," and in 1859 it appointed Herbert Coleridge, a grandson of the poet, as the editor of the completely new dictionary. He prepared pigeonholes for word slips—sufficient for about eighty-five thousand. (Eventually, that would prove enough for only a single minor letter of the alphabet.) In 1860, Coleridge suggested that the dictionary should be ready for publication in two years. The next year, he died—aged thirty-one—in the service of the dictionary, as the society was informed. He had sat in wet

clothes and caught a cold while attending a society lecture. On being told that his case was hopeless, Coleridge had said, "I must begin Sanskrit tomorrow." He died with word lists and quotation slips on the quilt of his bed.

At that tragic juncture, Frederick J. Furnivall, a barrister, littérateur, polemicist, and dynamo, took over. He believed that it would take at least four or five years to achieve publication of the first part of the dictionary, and proposed starting with a concise dictionary as an abstract of the eventual large one, to be published in 1865. Reporting progress in 1862, Furnivall issued a characteristic communiqué: "We have set ourselves to form a National Portrait Gallery, not only of the worthies, but of all the members, of the race of English words which is to form the dominant speech of the world. No winged messenger who bears to us the thoughts and aspirations, the weakness and the littleness, of our forefathers; who is to carry ours to our descendants: is to be absent,—Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all, must enter." But the winged messengers were having problems with liftoff. The volunteers and Furnivall himself were hampered by the burdens of daily life. A propagandist for popular education, Furnivall was an inveterate founding father of societies—the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the Ballad Society, the New

Shakespeare Society, the Wyclif Society, the Browning Society, the Shelley Society—and *their* texts also needed editing. In 1871, he suggested that the illustrious phonetician Henry Sweet (who was to serve Shaw as a model for Henry Higgins in "Pygmalion") take over the dictionary, but Sweet demurred.

In 1876, the search turned to James Murray, a secondary-school teacher. Born in a Scottish village in 1837, the son of a poor tailor, Murray knew the alphabet at eighteen months, left school at fourteen, learned to read some twenty-five languages, and gained a reputation for philological and antiquarian learning. He prepared samples of dictionary entries, and, together with the Philological Society (represented by Furnivall), entered into negotiations with the Oxford University Press. On March 1, 1879, a contract was signed. Profits were to be shared between the O.U.P., the society, and Murray, with fifteen per cent going to Murray and twenty per cent to the society. He had ten years in which to complete a dictionary of between six thousand and seven thousand pages, with further provision for a possible subsequent dictionary of at least ten volumes and sixteen thousand pages.

Murray put up an iron annex, the Scriptorium, next to his home, north of London. The Scriptorium had desks



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for assistants, and a thousand and twenty-nine pigeonholes. From Furnivall came one and three-quarters tons of materials. Murray informed the society in 1879 that these materials "accumulated under [Furnivall's] roof as sub-editor after sub-editor fell off in his labours." One sack included a dead rat, another a family of live mice; one sub-editor's work arrived in a baby's bassinet. Furnivall had certainly flung the doors wide. "H" was in Florence, "Pa"—or what there was of it—turned up in a stable in County Cavan, Ireland; most of "Pa" had been used to light fires. From the start, Coleridge had appealed for volunteers to read and extract illustrative quotations, and the eventual goal was a quotation for every word and its every sense not obsolete by 1150, when, it was determined, Middle English had evolved from Old. One sub-editor had asked in 1865, "Is there no punishment for illegible writing beyond the private maledictions of infuriated sub-editors?" In April, 1879, the O.U.P. printed a thousand copies of an eight-page missive entitled "An Appeal to the English-speaking and English-reading public to read books and make extracts for the Philological Society's *New English Dictionary*." It noted, "A thousand readers are wanted, and confidently asked for, to complete the work as far as possible within the next three years. . . . Make a quotation for *every* word that strikes you as rare, obsolete, old-fashioned, new, peculiar, or used in a peculiar way. . . . Make as *many* quotations as *you can* for ordinary words, especially when they are used significantly, and tend by the context to explain or suggest their own meaning."

In 1881, the number of those who had read passed eight hundred, the number of authors represented in the Reference Index reached twenty-seven hundred, and the number of titles of works read came to about forty-five hundred; eventually, quotations would be noted on five million slips. Year after year, Murray renewed his appeals for readers, writing between thirty and forty letters by hand each day. Much of the readers' work was useless, and there were big gaps to be filled. Murray compared the dictionary to "a great abyss that will never cry 'Enough!'" Overwhelmed by the magnitude of his assignment, Murray eventually had to give up his teaching; in 1885, he moved to Oxford. A new Scriptorium

was erected in his back garden, partly sunk below ground, so as not to obstruct a neighbor's view, and it grew ever more crowded with word slips and Murrys. The editor had eleven children, and, one by one, they went to work in the Scriptorium, arranging slips in alphabetical order, for as little as a penny an hour. If he could only have six good assistants, he could finish the dictionary in 1896 (he wrote in 1884), but money was short and slips were abundant. One volunteer who contributed tens of thousands of quotation slips was an American, Dr. William Chester Minor. Murray went to visit him in Berkshire, and was astonished to discover that Minor was an inmate of an insane asylum, comfortably installed with a good supply of books and delusions of grandeur.

The first fascicle of the dictionary—"A to Ant"—was published on February 1, 1884. Ten years later, when Murray finished words beginning with "C," Walter Skeat, professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, hailed the triumph:

Wherever the English speech is spread
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read
That you've conquered your A, B, C.
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the sad result will be
That you're taking to dabble and dawdle
and doze,
To dolour and dumps, and (worse than those)
To danger and drink,
And—shocking to think—
To words that begin with d—!

As fascicles were completed, it must have been a mixed pleasure to consult "Distrustfully-Doom" and "Doom-Dziggetai" (the last "a species of equine quadruped" that "approaches the mule in appearance"). On the cover of the fascicle "Deceit-Deject," issued on January 1, 1895, the title "The Oxford English Dictionary" appeared for the first time, and the work acquired its shorthand moniker, O.E.D. In the fullness of fascicles and time, the O.U.P. house organ reported that a Chinese teacher opening a school in Singapore, and dependent on the O.E.D. for his learning, announced that he was prepared to teach English "up to the letter G." Murray, who was an expert on phonetics, had devised a phonetic notation that was not precisely designed to simplify the teacher's course, with a battery of symbols rebarbative and complex. "Pro-

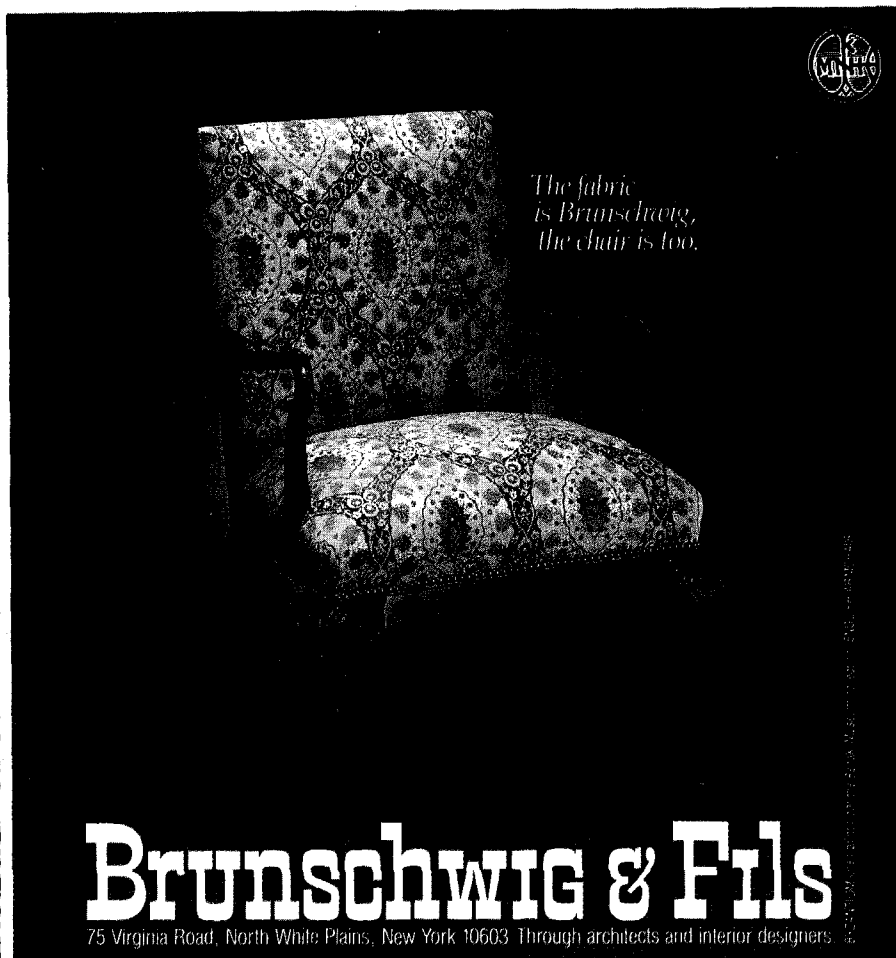
nunciation," for example, was to be pronounced:

prənɒnsiˌeɪʃən

Murray's granddaughter, K. M. Elisabeth Murray, has recounted in "Caught in the Web of Words" how the history of the suffix "-ing" took Murray almost three weeks of research, and required two days to write; his normal working day was anywhere from twelve to fifteen hours. He noted that though Euclid had defined a point as having position but no magnitude, in the O.E.D. "point" occupied twenty-one columns. In 1881, one member of the staff worked more than forty hours on the verb "set," found a hundred and thirty-four divisions of meanings, and Murray thought he would need another forty hours to spread them across three pages of the dictionary. More than thirty years later, when "set" was set in type and printed, it had a hundred and fifty-four divisions, one with forty-four subdivisions, and it covered more than twenty-two pages.

In 1874, for services to literature, the University of Edinburgh awarded Murray an honorary doctorate, and for services to language he was knighted in 1908. That year, watching the bearded, seventy-one-year-old Murray on his tricycle in Oxford, the distinguished Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine, said to a friend, "The University pays me my salary to keep that old man alive till his eightieth birthday in 1917 when the Dictionary will be finished." But Murray, worn out by endless labor, died in 1915, with a sixth of the O.E.D. still to come.

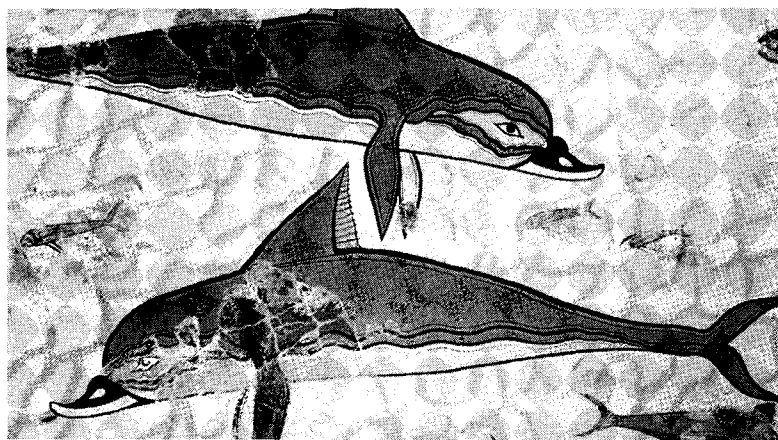
Happily, there were editors prepared to continue. In 1884, Henry Bradley, a former correspondence clerk with a Sheffield cutlery firm, who had taught himself many languages, had written for the journal *Academy* a review of Part One ("A to Ant") which signalled that this was a man who could contribute, and he had been signed up and given responsibility for "E," "F," and eventually "L," "M," "S-Sh," "St," and "W-We." William Craigie, who had taught Latin at the University of St. Andrews, shouldered "N," "Q," "R-Re," "Re-Ry," "Si-Sq," "U," "V," and "Wo-Wy." And Charles T. Onions, who came straight to the O.U.P. after getting his M.A., undertook "Su-Sz," "Wh-Wo," "X," "Y,"



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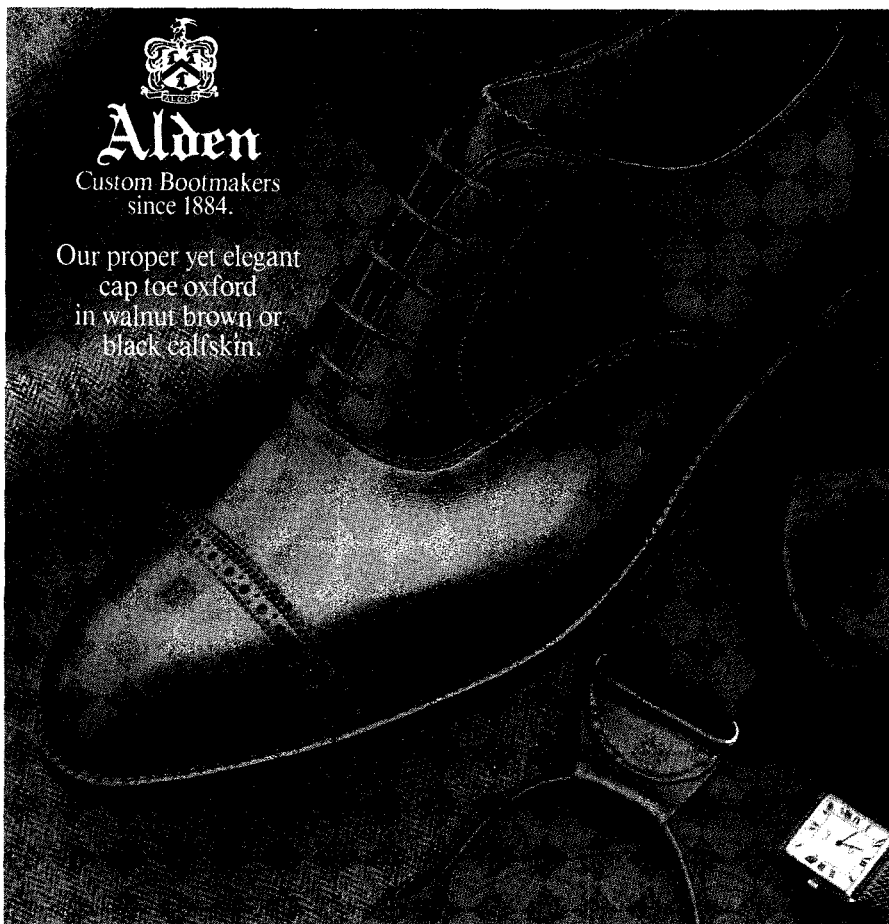
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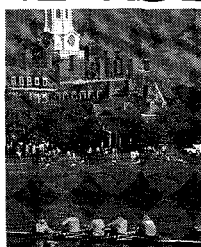
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and "Z." Under these three editors the O.E.D. eased forward, chivvied along by an O.U.P. worried by the endless drain on its patience and resources. Bradley was not a man to rush into print—or speech. He spoke so slowly that others were often tempted into finishing his sentences for him; he said that the only one who got them right was Craigie. Craigie was having problems of his own: his entries were suddenly taking up thirty-three times the space used by Noah Webster in his American Dictionary of the English Language. Under "When," use 4b, editors slipped in a 1915 illustrative quotation from Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand" noting that "the Oxford Dictionary of the English Language will have to be revised and enlarged when this war is over."

The final fascicle emerged in 1928: compiling the O.E.D. had occupied more than seventy years. One of the original compositors was still working on it at the end. Complete ten-volume editions were presented to George V and President Coolidge. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin declared the work to be "as near infallibility, indeed, as we can hope to get . . . the greatest enterprise of its kind in history." The *London Times* said, "There is no dictionary in the world to compare with it . . . the ultimate authority on the English language as well as a history of English speech and thought from its infancy to the present day."

That verdict was echoed elsewhere in the English-speaking world, but more was to come. Onions and Craigie stayed on to prepare a supplement correcting errors of fallibility and supplying reinforcements, and 1933 brought the twelve-volume O.E.D.: it contained 252,259 headwords and almost two million illustrative quotations.

IN 1955, the O.U.P. decided that the O.E.D. needed another supplement. To edit it, they appointed Robert W. Burchfield, a New Zealander and lecturer in English. The plan was for a single volume of 1,275 pages, to be completed in seven years, but when Burchfield saw Webster's Third New International Dictionary, published by G. & C. Merriam Co. in 1961, he realized that, as he put it, "the mine-shafts into the seams of words needed to be dug much more deeply."

Downward and onward he went, with the help of volunteer readers and

the dictionary staff. The seams were overabundant: a relentless slurry of millions of word slips poured into his headquarters on Walton Crescent, which Burchfield called "a Victorian nightmare." The novelist-critic-journalist Marghanita Laski, an omnivorous reader, supplied a quarter of a million slips. In addition to numerous antedatings for first uses cited in the O.E.D., she furnished postdatings—continuing use of words thought obsolete. Sometimes she even slipped such words into articles for the *Guardian*, then mailed in slips citing her own uses. Most volunteers were paid—at the outset, seven shillings sixpence an hour. "They were paid," Burchfield said. "They were not overpaid." He went to the sources whenever it was possible: to Murray Gell-Mann, the Nobel Prize physicist, for his adoption of "quark" ("any of a group of subatomic particles"); to the philosopher A. J. Ayer for his "drogulus" ("an entity whose presence is unverifiable, because it has no physical effects"); and to Buckminster Fuller ("dymaxion") and J. R. R. Tolkien ("hobbit"). Burchfield cited Dryden's observation in the 1700 "Preface to the Fables": "'Tis with a Poet, as with a Man who designs to build. . . . He alters his Mind as the Work proceeds, and will have this or that Convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it hapned to me; I have built a House, where I intended but a Lodge."

When I first visited the Victorian nightmare, in 1972, Burchfield, a genial, soft-spoken man, had just seen the first volume of the Supplement, "A-G," into print. In that pre-revolutionary day, the nightmare was yet to be modernized: there were no computers, no word processors, and but a single typewriter—for Burchfield's secretary. "A historical dictionary always takes about twenty times as long as the normal one," he told me. "People are born, get married, and die before the dictionary gets out. The right policy is to do the things you can without holding up your dictionary for years and without killing off your staff. There are people who want you to pause for a year while a field-worker goes out to determine who says 'genuwin' and who says 'genuwine.'" (Last year, when I spoke to Burchfield again, he had satisfied his own curiosity about oil-recovery terminology

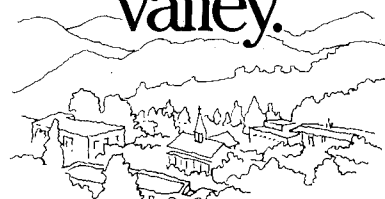
(did it borrow from Arabic or from Dutch or from American?) by spending a day, not a year, at an oil well in Wiltshire. ("I discovered it was American terminology," he told me.)

Picking his way carefully, Burchfield endured endless trials. Reviewing the course of Volume III ("O-Scz"), he noted in the preface, "Trading profits turned into trading losses and unpleasantnesses occurred. . . . The Department could not stand aside and pretend that it existed in an ivory tower. . . . The words *picket* and *picketeer* are dealt with in this volume: all of us encountered the fact of picketing at intervals while this volume was in preparation." Dictionary staff and publishing staff had been yoked for occupation-grading purposes, though the former wrote its own material and the latter published what others wrote; there were disputes about grading and salaries. But the O.U.P. came to terms, and so did the Supplement, reaching the apotheosis of its fourth, and final, volume in 1986, after thirty-one years instead of seven, and in 5,601 pages instead of 1,275.

ALL such projects, of course, seem to take forever, and the trials of the Press have been made abundantly clear in "The Oxford University Press," an entertaining informal history by Peter Sutcliffe, published, as it happens, by the O.U.P. Kenneth Sisam, who was the O.U.P.'s chief executive earlier in this century, could not bear what to him was the plodding pace of lexicographers: they lived in another world, burying themselves in the Bodleian for weeks on end. He had trouble recruiting efficient lexicographers: they were too old, they suffered infirmities of the flesh, even of the mind; one cut his throat; another went off the deep end, calling himself the Seer of Barras and beginning an endless epic poem in which Sisam was the Antichrist. "The position of Dictionaries is desperate. So few lexicographers will perform," Sisam wrote to Henry W. Fowler, who proved an exception to the rule.

Fowler was a terrific performer. In 1906, the O.U.P. had asked Henry and his brother Frank (Francis G.) how long it would take them to prepare a Concise Oxford Dictionary. They said five years. The O.U.P., of course, knew better, given their experience with lexicographic optimism. But it had had little experience of the Fow-

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lers. A first edition appeared in 1911.

Once work on the Concise was completed, H. W. F. wanted to get away from classic, unalloyed lexicography. Making dictionaries would be more fun if he could avoid obvious words and concentrate on the idiomatic. He wrote to the O.U.P. that he wanted to compile a dictionary for "the kind of Englishman who has idioms floating in his head in a jumbled state, & knows it."

H. W. F. and F. G. F., who had published "The King's English" in 1906, went to work, with Henry promising to "assume a cheerful attitude of infallibility." Francis died in 1918, and Henry soldiered on alone, completing a Dictionary of Modern English Usage in 1926. In the preface he wrote of his regret that his brother had not survived to complete the collaboration: "I think of it as it should have been, with its prolixities docked, its dullnesses enlivened, its fads eliminated, its truths multiplied." But it was sufficiently enchanting to become a modern classic—comforting, enlightening, strong-minded, idiosyncratic, seeking to endow writers with "the comfort that springs from feeling that all is shipshape." Fowler on genteelism: "By *genteelism* is here to be understood the rejecting of the ordinary natural word that first suggests itself to the mind, and the substitution of a synonym that is thought to be less soiled by the lips of the common herd, less familiar, less plebeian, less vulgar, less improper, less apt to come unhandsomely betwixt the wind and our nobility. The truly genteel do not *ask* but *enquire*, invite one to *step*, not to *come* this way, may detect an *unpleasant odour* but not a *nasty smell*, never *help*, but *assist* each other to potatoes, of which they may have *sufficient*, but never *enough*, do not *go to bed* but *retire for the night*: and have quite forgotten that they could ever have been guilty of *sitting-room*, *napkin*, and *dirty clothes* where nothing will now do for them but *lounge*, *serviette*, and *soiled linen*." Winston Churchill to the Director of Military Intelligence about the word "intensive" used in plans for Normandy invasion: "*Intense* is the right word. You should read Fowler's *Modern English Usage* on the use of the two words." Of course, there were dissents. Fowler favored what became known as the Oxford comma, after the penultimate member of a series (a comma

favoured by the magazine you are holding). The historian Charles R. L. Fletcher, the author of "A History of England," wrote to one of its editors, "May your reader who inserts commas where I had specially left them out (e.g. Lancashire, Devon, and Cornwall) be fried alive."

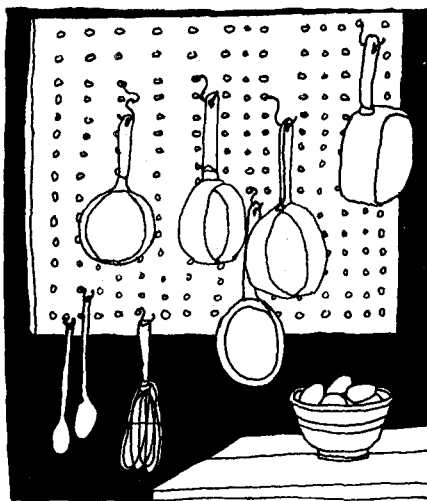
The O.U.P. fully appreciated Henry Fowler's worth. The chief executive wrote to one of his deputies in 1926, "We must do anything, agree to anything, ignore anything, to keep him in his admirable rut." When Fowler was sixty-eight, the O.U.P. offered to ease his lot by paying for a servant. Fowler replied, "My half-hour from 7.0 to 7.30 this morning [a day in November] was spent in (1) a two-mile run along the road, (2) a swim in my next-door neighbour's pond. . . . That I am still in condition for such freaks I attribute to having had for nearly 30 years no servants to reduce me to a sedentary & all-literary existence. And now you seem to say: Let us give you a servant, & the means of slow suicide & quick lexicography. Not if I know it; I must go my slow way."

In 1925, he was enlisted to edit the Quarto, an ill-fated, finally abandoned dictionary of current English, working with Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert G. Le Mesurier. The Colonel's forte was defining technical words. Sisam wrote to a colleague, "Le Mesurier understands *things* which were always rather a mystery to our O.E.D. staff." They were joined by a third Fowler brother—Arthur John—whose existence came as a total surprise to the O.U.P. In a further development, H. W. F. was also enlisted to help complete the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. By 1930, however, even the dependable

H. W. F. wanted to abandon ship. "To put a man of 72 to such a job is a flying in the face of the actuaries," he pleaded. But he succumbed to blandishments and stayed on. Each Christmas, the O.U.P. sent him a thank-you note and a royalty check, and when Sisam volunteered an additional two hundred pounds a year Fowler protested, "I am one of the few people who have had no occasion to complain of 'these hard days.'" He would accept a hundred pounds, he said. But Sisam would not relent. "All right," Fowler rejoined, "if you insist on making a millionaire of me, do so." Fowler shared the two hundred pounds with his brother and Le Mesurier. In 1932, Fowler's doctor ordered him to give up his morning run, his cold bath, and his lawn mowing and weight lifting, and to avoid all meat save chicken. Fowler died the next year, not long after the Shorter—2,475 pages—was published. In the "Spectator" the novelist Rose Macaulay observed, "We are not told how many words or quotations there are, only that it is a quintessence."

Fowler's legacy remained. The Shorter is in its third edition, with one hundred and sixty-three thousand words and phrases and 2,704 pages. The Concise Oxford Dictionary, with some seventy-five thousand headwords on 1,280 pages—the American counterpart would be a Collegiate Edition—is regularly updated. In 1982 came the Seventh Edition, edited by John B. Sykes. Sykes, who has a doctorate in astrophysics, had established himself not only as a lexicographer but as Britain's greatest crossword solver. In national competitions to solve the excruciatingly difficult puzzles set by the London *Times*, he came first with such unfailing regularity that, to give others a chance, he eventually competed only every second year. He has won eight times; no one else has won more than twice. Last year, the unthinkable occurred. After completing the first three puzzles in a total of nineteen minutes—about the equivalent, in crossword terms, of the three-minute mile—he took fifteen minutes over the fourth, and made one mistake: "warship" instead of "worship." ("Vessel, after dispute, put back in service.") He came in sixth.

Robert Allen is now editing the Eighth Edition of the Concise, which will be typographically and lexically advanced. "The evidence we have is



that people want things spelled out much more," he told me recently, in his office at the top of the building at 37a St. Giles', into which the editors of the English dictionaries had moved in 1977. Accordingly, the text will drop the swung dash, or ~, standing for the headword within each entry, and spell out each variant. That will take space but save puzzlement. Allen, who is in his forties, does not go out of his way to seek complications: "I was an ancient historian and was looking for a job in the academic world, and there weren't any such jobs. This job came up. I started on the Supplement. It was similar to work I was doing as a historian—examining evidence. I like to think it's doing some good for people. Samuel Johnson defined a lexicographer as 'a harmless drudge.' I don't think lexicographers are either harmless or drudges, though there's an element of drudgery in the work. It's not difficult to recruit people who leave quickly when they discover how demanding lexicography is. It's hard to find people who become really committed and stay around. On all these dictionaries, a person has to have a sense of how the language has developed—analyzing the evidence, what's likely to remain, what sort of grammar, syntax. And a flair for expressing vast ideas in a small compass—if you have to define 'art' or 'philosophy' or words like 'left' and 'right.' 'Left' gave me a great deal of difficulty, and also 'right.' To define it in a completely abstract way. Some dictionaries define 'right' of handedness. Most people are right-handed. I myself am left-handed. When I was editing the Pocket"—the Pocket Oxford Dictionary: fifty-five thousand entries, 914 pages—"I had two assistants who were also left-handed. So I didn't think we could define it that way." For "left," the Concise, Seventh Edition, suggests, "on or towards that side of human body which in the majority of persons has the less-used hand." The Eighth Edition is likely to abandon that in favor of "on or towards the side of the body which is toward the west when a person faces north."

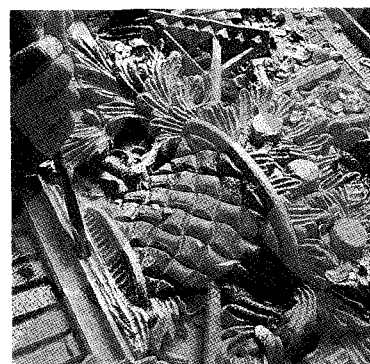
For his part, Allen faced up cheerfully to straightforward words like "shack" and "shanty," and doggedly to the difficult words: "We have problems with emotive words like 'charity,' 'belief,' and all the religious words. It's difficult to put them in a way that will please everyone. 'Heaven,' 'hell'—you

can't define them as you would 'tall' and 'chair.' You have to resort to a formula such as 'in some beliefs.' The very basic words that are context-dependent—like 'get,' which means nothing by itself, and 'make' and 'do.' You could write a whole page on 'and' or 'the.' But one suspects that users don't want all that information. Striking a balance is difficult. Writing dictionaries is such a fallible business. You never reach anything like perfection and you're always subject to criticism." (In 1784, Johnson wrote, "Dictionaries are like watches, the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.")

Patrick Hanks, the chief editor of English dictionaries at Collins, a leading competitor of Oxford, delights in singling out the Concise Seventh Edition definition for "pylon," which begins "gateway esp. of Egyptian temple" and gives only second place to "tall structure erected as support (esp. for electric-power cables) or boundary or decoration." "We set out to capture what current users are doing with the language," Hanks said when I saw him, at the Collins office, in Bishopbriggs, a Glasgow suburb. The Eighth Edition will elevate the Seventh Edition's second meaning of "pylon" to primacy.

In lexicography, it is customary to designate dictionaries by their initials: The Concise Oxford Dictionary is the C.O.D., the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary is the S.O.E.D., and the Little Oxford Dictionary (forty-four thousand entries, 688 pages) is the L.O.D. Confusingly, the Concise is shorter than the Shorter, and the L.O.D. is shorter than the C.O.D. Thanks to the desperate attempt to squeeze information into restricted space, the C.O.D. is also known in-house as the Cramped Oxford Dictionary. And then follows such offspring as the O.P.D. (the Oxford Paperback Dictionary, with fifty-six thousand entries and 976 pages) and the P.O.D. (the Pocket Oxford Dictionary). H. W. Fowler managed to escape the job of squeezing the C.O.D. into the L.O.D.—a labor he compared to pulling out the hairs of one's head one by one.

WHEN the editor of the Supplement (O.E.D.S.), Robert Burchfield, set forth in the mid-fifties to mine the seams, there were only four



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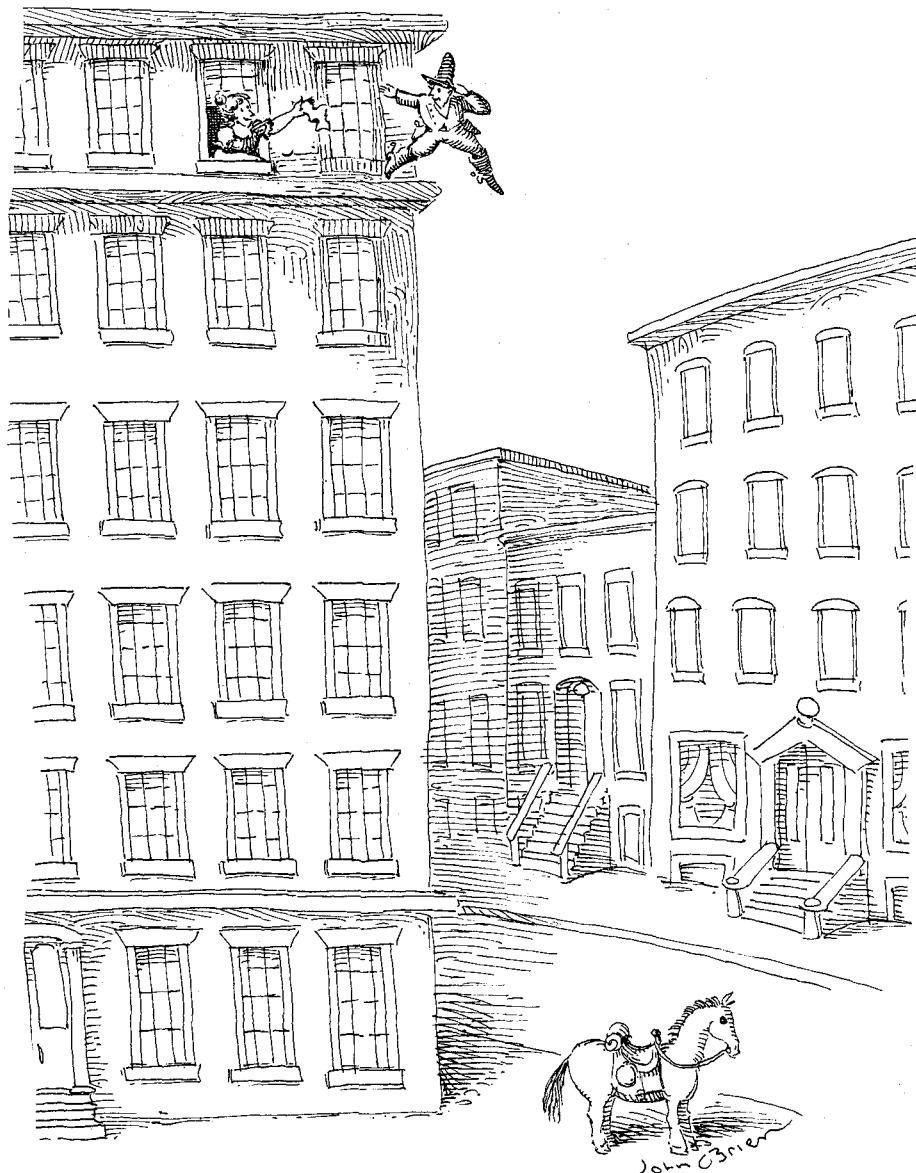
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“Are there too many English dictionaries?” I asked Burchfield.

“Yes.”

While not precisely harassing its lexicographers, the O.U.P. likes to keep them hopping. It has therefore set target rates for weekly progress on the next edition of the S.O.E.D.: two and a half columns if it's a first draft, four to five and a half columns for a revision. For meticulous, obsessively demanding work, this is fancy stepping. “I did ‘come’ and ‘do’ and ‘have,’” Alan Hughes, a diffident specialist in the hard sciences, told me with an air of word-weariness. “They took some

grappling with.” By the last lap—publication is targeted for 1992—there will be up to eighteen people working on the edition. It takes at least two years before any member of staff, working alone, can produce full-blown entries in quantity, Hughes suggested. “A good lexicographer is someone who has a feel for language, an analytical mind, the ability to work on his own without necessarily having a lot of dealing with colleagues, and the ability to recognize commercial needs without compromising scholarship—being aware that if we had all the time in the world we could use all the time to produce a perfect dictionary.”

The revision began in 1980, Stakhovite targets were set in 1987, and already there's slippage. “There is always a problem,” said Tim Benbow.

“Nothing is perfect, and the lexicographers would like to spend more time on it than we would like them to. The problem is not getting people to work but getting them to sign off material sufficiently early.” When the O.U.P. recently ran ads for a lexicographer, there were three hundred applications for a job paying the salary of a London secretary.

The Sixth Edition of the L.O.D. came out in 1986. It had long since abandoned its definition of “sea-chanty” as “a sailor’s heaving chorus” in favor of “song sung by sailors while hauling ropes etc.” In 1988 came the Third Edition of the O.P.D. and also the Second Edition of the Oxford Minidictionary (over forty thousand entries, 640 pages). All editions of the latter two, and also the one-volume dictionary-and-encyclopedia (fifty-five thousand entries, 992 pages) called the Oxford Reference Dictionary, were compiled by Joyce M. Hawkins, a woman who likes working on her own. If she has been given six months for a dictionary and it would take two or three months to train an assistant, Hawkins does without help: “I’m impatient and work quickly, and I think others just get swept along in my slipstream,” she told me recently. On learning how long she is being given to do a dictionary, she calculates the required rate per day, because “if I have a minor crisis every night I won’t have a major crisis at the end.” She has never missed a deadline. In editing the O.P.D., she abandoned the prevalent tendency merely to describe language and introduced prescriptive notes. “It seemed to me that there was room for a dictionary that actually said that people disapproved of something,” she explained. “Change goes on all the time, but acceptance of change is at a snail’s pace, if not slower.” The book was adapted for schools as the Oxford Senior Dictionary, and for Marks & Spencer, the nation’s leading retailer, as the St. Michael Oxford Dictionary. It is no longer in stock. “They regard books as a Christmas line,” Hawkins said.

Torn between archeology and lexicography, Hawkins came to the O.U.P. in 1958 via a stint on the Patristic Greek Lexicon, a dictionary of the Greek of the early Christian fathers (through the eighth century). She did considerable reading for the O.E.D. Supplement, devouring detec-

tive stories, science fiction, the books by Richmal Crompton about the adventures of a mischievous youngster named William, and all of P. G. Wodehouse. One reviewer suggested that it would be possible to reconstruct Wodehouse simply from the quotations in the Supplement.

Hawkins noted that a difficulty in compiling dictionaries for children is defining words such as "light," "time," and "life." "Writing for scholars and educated people is easier," she said. "One of the most difficult words to define was 'key'—of music—for children about nine years old. We wound up saying it was a word used in music, and giving an example. Those who played the piano would grasp it, and the others wouldn't understand anything. It demands a background of knowledge, and there wasn't space to explain."

While syllabication is common in American dictionaries, it is less frequent in British counterparts. To overcome this nationalistic lexical divergence, the O.U.P. published the Oxford Minidictionary of Spelling—syllabication, but no definitions. It contained two spelling errors: "illiterate" and "word-pefect." The O.U.P. suspected sabotage. The First to Fifth Editions of the Concise listed "errorless" as a noun. "Nobody noticed," said Hawkins.

DESPITE rare flips and flops, Oxford is clearly the market leader for English dictionaries. In Britain, the top three nonfiction hardcover best-sellers in 1987 were (1) the Pocket Oxford Dictionary, (2) the Little Oxford Dictionary, (3) the Concise Oxford Dictionary. None of these is the best-selling Oxford dictionary, however. That honor goes to a book for non-native speakers of English, entitled the Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English. The O.U.P. says that it has sold over fourteen million copies—about half of them the most recent (1974) Third Edition. At one stage, it helped prevent the O.U.P. from going bankrupt and contributed handsomely to Britain's balance of payments. It has been suggested—doubtless incorrectly—that this makes the O.A.L.D.C.E. the all-time English best-seller next to the Bible.

"Meaning in a learner's dictionary is almost of secondary importance,"

Jonathan Crowther, the managing editor of the O.A.L.D., told me in Oxford. "How to use the words competently and constructively is more important. We indicate how words collocate. We know you never talk about 'chips and fish,' but a foreign learner doesn't have this advantage." In his spare time, Crowther moonlights as AZED, the fiend who sets the *Observer's* crossword puzzles. His two pseudonymous predecessors adopted the names of Spanish Inquisitors (Torquemada, Ximenes), so when Crowther took over he scoured the sinister ranks, found Don Diego de Deza, reversed Deza, and became the eminently appropriate AZED ("zed," of course, being British for "Z").

Though the linguistic Oxonians would not dream of suggesting that one picture is worth a thousand words, the O.U.P. has acknowledged that "there are certain kinds of information that can be conveyed more readily and clearly by pictures than by descriptions and explanations." The Oxford English Picture Dictionary (two thousand words) has come out in fifty-four editions, from Afrikaans to Yoruba, including Bengali, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Sindhi, and Xhosa—an example of the O.U.P.'s determination to leave no market untapped. There is a trilingual edition as well—Chinese/Malay/English. The Picture ABC is thirteen sheets that together form a wall frieze.

Dead languages have hardly broken speed records in old-fashioned, pictureless print. Work on the Oxford Latin Dictionary began in 1933, and when the classics scholar Peter Glare joined the editing team, in 1950, it had a million slips, many of them moribund, to cover the single dialect that constituted classical Latin from about 300 B.C. to 200 A.D. After another man's health broke down, in 1955, Glare took charge, and the last of eight fascicles came out in 1982.

Greek yawned ahead, and that meant Liddell and Scott. In the rest of the literary world, Henry George Liddell may be dimly remembered as the father of the girl who was the inspiration for "Alice in Wonderland." Oxford disambiguates him—in the lexicographers' phrase—as the distinguished co-editor of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, a book that from its first appearance contributed mightily to O.U.P. fortunes. Thomas

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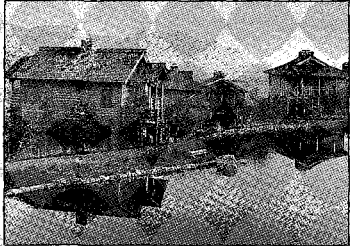
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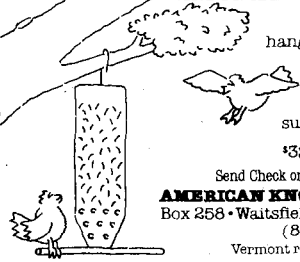


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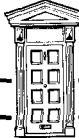


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Hardy memorialized the editors with a poem:

O that first morning, smiling bland,
With sheets of foolscap, quills in hand,
To write *ἀάατος* and *ἀαγής*,
Followed by fifteen hundred pages,

What nerve was ours
So to back our powers,
Assured that we should reach *ὠώδης*
While there was breath left in our bodies!

Their lexicon was actually an adaptation of a nineteenth-century Greek-German Lexicon, but this did not detract from the glory that was Greek for Liddell and Scott. They cover the classical tongue from about 800 B.C. to 600 A.D., leaving Byzantine and modern Greek to others at the press. The revision of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon started down the alphabet before the First World War, and appeared in fascicles beginning in 1925 and ending in 1940.

The O.U.P. has published an abridged version of Liddell and Scott, but the original is showing its age. So Glare, fresh from Latin, stale on Greek, was assigned the task of preparing a supplement. With his Greek now fully recovered, he works in a book-lined room at the top of the Clarendon Building, which was built in the eighteenth century by the illustrious Nicholas Hawksmoor for the O.U.P., and is now part of the Bodleian. Glare, at sixty-four, hopes to finish his supplement in four or five years. "It's a job where you're always on your own," he said. "If you're introspective, that could have its bad effects. I'm not given to depression, but I sometimes feel pessimistic about the chances of getting it all done. When I was doing the Latin dictionary, we had as many as six of us at times. It really does help to have a colleague on the spot with whom you can discuss ideas." The mother lode has been growing, with inscriptions and papyrus found in Egypt. Words have been discovered—for example, in household inventories—that Glare has no hope of translating. "Ideally, I would like to do a completely new dictionary," he said. "It would be useful to pull it all down and start again."

Under the direction of John Sykes, the astrophysicist and crossword-puzzle expert, Oxford is now preparing a new German-English, English-German dictionary, in collaboration with the Bibliographisches Institut. The B.I. has a status in German-speaking

countries parallel to Oxford's in the English-speaking world, and its publishing branch is known as Duden. Konrad Duden (1829–1911) was the trailblazer, a schoolmaster who established a uniform spelling for German, and that spelling became the basis for the ten-volume Grosse Duden and a prolific progeny of smaller Dudens. The Oxford-Duden English and German text is coded so that from this original collaborative effort the partners would be able to produce smaller dictionaries, of different sizes.

Following its deal with Duden, the O.U.P. began to develop a dictionary with France's Hachette to publish new English-French, French-English works. Oxford is not new to French, but it has had difficulty recruiting qualified native French speakers to help with the British end of the partnership. And if French has proved difficult, shed a tear for Turkish. The Concise Oxford Turkish Dictionary (Turkish-English, English-Turkish) came out in 1959, and new, more extensive editions have since been published. Still awaiting a rush of orders is a 1972 work that must have come as the answer to someone's prayers—An Etymological Dictionary of Pre-13th Century Turkish. In 1984 came the second edition of the Dravidian Etymological Dictionary.

The Iban are an ethnic group on Borneo, and for them the O.U.P. has marshalled its resources to publish an Iban-English Dictionary. The editor was Anthony Richards, who was an administrative officer in Sarawak from 1938 to 1964. His dictionary includes reference material on customs, oral tradition, deities, and spirits—such as Lang Singalang Burong, god of war and head-hunting, and father-in-law of the principal omen birds. Closer to home, Gwasg Prifysgol Rhydychen—that is Oxford University Press in Welsh—has published a Welsh-language atlas and awaits the benefactor who will finance a Welsh dictionary. There are firm plans for new Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew dictionaries. Two Japanese bilingual dictionaries will be published this year, and two bilingual dictionaries using simplified-character Chinese should be out soon. A Yiddish dictionary is also under consideration.

An entrant in the race to produce a dictionary to end all dictionaries is a

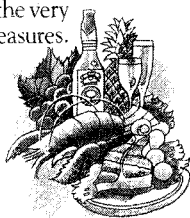
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Comparative Dictionary of the Indo-Aryan Languages—a vast array of two hundred and sixty-eight languages and dialects spoken in Pakistan, India, Nepal, Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, Bangladesh, and the Maldives, and by Gypsies in both Asia and Europe. (It includes Ghisadi, a dialect of wandering blacksmiths in Gujarat.) The editor was Sir Ralph L. Turner, who served four years in the Indian Army, listening carefully, and then taught Sanskrit at the University of London School of Oriental and African Studies. During the Second World War, hearing the guns rumbling at Dunkirk, he dug a pit in his kitchen garden at Bishop's Stortford and buried his papers; if the Germans invaded, philology would survive. Turner's wife, during forty-seven years of married life, took charge of the word slips, and she has compiled the index volume. The first volume of the Dictionary, listing fifteen thousand Sanskrit headwords and the forms each has assumed in Middle Indo-Aryan and modern languages, appeared in 1966; in the financial year 1987-88 the O.U.P. sold forty-three copies. There are now only thirty-seven in stock, and no plans to reprint.

For wandering blacksmiths, hapless students, perplexed citizens of many realms, the O.U.P. employs the alphabet to provide succor and counsel. The struggle is relentless. A Second Edition of Modern English Usage, revised by Sir Ernest Gowers, was issued in 1965, and now it must cope with the frailties of age. The O.U.P. has been concerned about a successor volume for years. Once Burchfield had finished work on the Supplement, he assumed the burden, and he is currently working on a new Usage which is designed to succeed Fowler's, though nothing could take its place. "Fowler's is the best usage book of the twentieth century," Burchfield said. "But he published it in 1926, and it's based upon Edwardian evidence—that is, twenty-five years or so before 1926—and is now out of date. He was almost entirely ignorant of American usage, and he hadn't even heard that Australia, South Africa, and Canada speak English." Burchfield hopes to finish his manuscript by the end of the year, for publication in 1991. He works on his own, at Sutton Courtenay, ten miles from the O.U.P. and the Bodleian,



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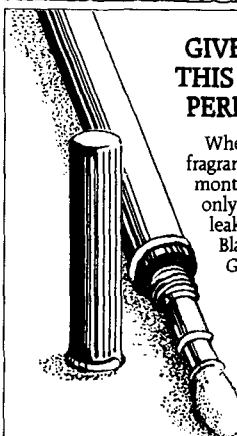
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IN 1982, with the O.E.D.S. nearing completion, the O.U.P. considered the next step, and the following year brought consensus: an O.U.P. executive observed that the press had the O.E.D. for the nineteenth century and the Supplement for the twentieth, and now needed a dictionary for the twenty-first. Work began on the Second Edition of the O.E.D.—a modern, computerized product, amalgamating O.E.D. and Supplement, smoothing out irregularities, rectifying obvious errors. It was to include variants of form, sense, history, pronunciation, etymology, historical data, and quotations, with an attempt to cite first usage for the vast bulk of the vocabulary, including words obsolete and archaic as well as current, slang as well as dialectal variants.

This time, the O.U.P. decided to let lexicographers do lexicography, and appointed managers to manage. The theory was that lexicographers were all right for language but not for flow charts, time-and-motion studies, and running a business. The administration manager of the dictionary department is Sue Bennett, an informal, energetic extrovert, and one day not long ago she treated me to a minilecture on the miracles ready to spring from the fount of computerism applied to lexicography. In an office anachronistically burdened with printed books—relics of a dying age—she told me of the grant that the O.U.P. got from I.B.M. United Kingdom Ltd. (I.B.M.'s wholly-owned subsidiary in the U.K.). I.B.M. gave equipment and lent experts. Canada's University of Waterloo, a leader in computer applications, delegated staff to help. Britain's Department of Trade and Industry provided a subsidy. "We wanted not to do scissors and paste, because we'd be here till the middle of the next century," Bennett said.

It would have simplified and speeded matters if the Second Edition could have been compiled from its two principal sources, the O.E.D. and the Supplement, with the help of machine-reading by optical character recognition. But the O.E.D. suffered from a confusion of type styles, and type that was sometimes faint, even defective. So the entries had to be keyed onto mag-

netic tape by hand, from enlargements of the original. Even that was not straightforward. The O.E.D.'s etymological entries featured letters in Greek, Arabic, Cyrillic, Devanagari, Hebrew, and Syriac. Instead of using Murray's phonetic notation, the new edition was to employ the International Phonetic Alphabet, so every pronunciation entry had to be recast. The Second Edition required persnickety decisions about hyphenation, asterisks, italicization, capitalization (Murray had capitalized all his headwords), and typography. There are about six hundred thousand cross-references in the O.E.D., and over twenty thousand of these had to be adjusted as a result of integration. New coinage of all sorts demanded attention. Currency values cited in Victorian times demanded revision, and, with the dollar sinking in the West, caution was mandatory. Pakistan and Bangladesh were undreamt of in Murray's philology, to say nothing of Zimbabwe, Malawi, and a Hollywood film industry that had spread the American dialect around the globe.

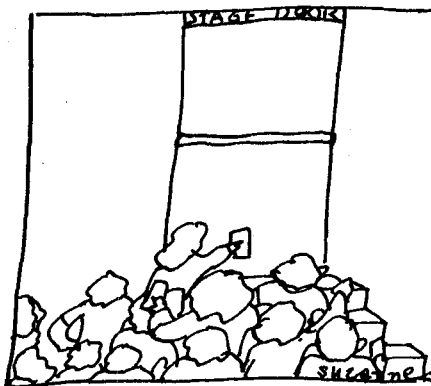
An additional five thousand brightly contemporary words or meanings were to be added, with a panoply of syntax, pronunciation, etymology, definition, and quotations. At the same time, spurious entries from an appendix to Volume XII were to be integrated—"cuvette" (instead of "curette"), "munity" (for "mutiny"), and such other ghostly apparitions as "comgage" (error for "coengage"), "ponk" (misprint for "pouke," variant of Puck, a mischievous demon), and "weasy" (misreading of "wealy" in "The exposition of Daniel the prophete," of 1545). As the O.E.D. notes, such spurious words arise "chiefly from misprints or misreadings . . . that have been current in English

dictionaries or other books of some authority."

Modern sensitivities had to be accommodated, which meant "Muslim" rather than "Muhammedan," and "Black," not "Negro"—though "black" may itself be on increasingly shaky ground. When one O.U.P. dictionary identified Pakistan as part of India, Pakistani officials threatened to confiscate all copies. After the O.E.D. Supplement listed a pejorative sense of "Jew," the O.U.P. had to defend itself in the High Court (the defense was successful), and Burchfield reported an anonymous death threat. Tempers were at fever pitch in the Philippines when it was reported (erroneously) that an O.U.P. dictionary had defined "Filipina" as "domestic help."

The new edition sought to cope with what Murray called "citizenship in the language" by classifying words as "naturals," "denizens," "aliens," and "casuals." Naturals include all "native" words, like "father," and all fully "naturalized" words, like "knapsack," "parasol," "rose," "street." Denizens are fully naturalized in use but not in form, inflection, or pronunciation; e.g., "aide-de-camp," "carte-de-visite," "locus," "table d'hôte." Aliens are foreign titles, names of objects, and so on, for which English has a need but no native equivalents; e.g., "backsheesh," "cicerone," "geyser," "sepooy," "shah." Casuals are words of the same class not in habitual use, like "sushi," "yurt," "yucca"—from articles or books on foreign travel, in dispatches of foreign correspondents, and the like. Casuals and aliens from unfamiliar languages are quickly naturalized, but such words from French and learned languages, especially Latin, remain denizens for ages.

Simply merging the typographical conventions of the O.E.D. and the Supplement was an enormous task, but ingenious software programs came to the aid of the working party. A vital computer aid was the O.E.D. Inputting, Proofing, and Updating Service, or OEDIPUS—which the staff called OEDIPUS LEXX. But machines were not always adept at establishing first usage or selecting judicious quotations, so the lexicographers launched new appeals. Appeal List No. 14 began with "doryphore," one who delights in pointing out minor errors, and ended with "mate (v.i.), of animals = to



copulate (1924).” Was there a (lexical) example of the latter earlier than 1924? Indeed there was, cited in the O.E.D.—in “All’s Well That Ends Well,” Shakespeare, 1601: “The hind that would be mated by the Lion Must die for love.”

Entries in the O.E.D. range in length from three words, for cross references, to about sixty thousand, for “set.” At computer keyboards, diligent employees of the International Computaprint Corporation, an American subsidiary of Britain’s Reed International, spent eighteen months in its offices, in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, punching seemingly endless agglomerations of text, along with tags and codes to allow automated searches—an estimated three hundred and fifty million keystrokes, which took some hundred and twenty person-years. At the end of each of those months, the I.C.C. sent Oxford approximately eight thousand pages, the equivalent of more than forty academic monographs, each two hundred pages long. More than fifty proofreaders throughout Britain twice reviewed this mass, and found an error rate lower than the stipulated maximum of seven keystrokes per ten thousand. Other staff members, at Oxford, inserted additional tags and codes. The final product, the Oxford English Dictionary (Second Edition), weighed in—sixty-one years after the first—at fifty-nine million words distributed among two hundred and ninety thousand main entries and 2.4 million quotations, or fifteen million words, thirty-eight thousand main entries, and six hundred thousand quotations more than the First Edition.

An enormous number of the words would be unfamiliar even to the most cultivated browsers. Take Volume XIX, which runs from “unemancipated” to “wau-wau” (a variant of “wow-wow,” the silver gibbon of Java). Eleven months and one week after the integration team at Oxford “‘went live’ on OEDIPUS,” as Sue Bennett put it, the weary band adjourned to the nearest pub but one (so as not to appear desperate) to celebrate the completion of the last integration, “zymo-” (a combining form used in the sense “ferment”). When John A. Simpson and Edmund S. C. Weiner, who co-edited the Second Edition, took me to lunch, they were rigidly abstemious,

lest they fuddle their minds and give hostages to subsequent doryphores on returning to work. Combining forces, they had read every definition of the Second Edition, and by now had forgotten many of them. “It’s not possible to read through the twenty volumes in less than a year, and that’s without revising it,” Simpson said. “We had to do about a hundred pages a day, and if we weren’t finished by five-fifteen we’d have to take them home.” Small type. Three columns to the page. O.U.P. executives unwilling to wait for the twenty-first century.

Meanwhile, last April, in Taunton, Massachusetts, where Rand McNally has printed many of the big dictionaries compiled in the Anglo-Saxon world, the final stage began—printing 21,728 pages, with a print run of ten thousand. The O.U.P. hopes to sell out in four years—forty per cent in the United States, thirty per cent in Japan, twenty per cent in Europe, and the remainder in the rest of the world. The Second Edition costs twenty-five hundred dollars in the United States, and, because it’s such a big item, the O.U.P. will supply book stores at only twenty to thirty per cent below the retail price instead of the customary forty per cent. “There’s no way we’ll make a profit on the eight million pounds that it cost,” Wratten told me. From the First Edition, Murray himself never got a penny of profit: not counting eventual spinoffs in shorter dictionaries, the O.E.D. never retrieved its costs.

Whether the Second Edition is a wise investment remains to be seen. When I asked Burchfield, who retired a year ago, what he thought of it, he began, “How indiscreet can I be?” and went on, “It’s one way of doing it. That is, with prodigious effort on the computer they have managed to combine the O.E.D. and the four volumes of my Supplement, and the computer work is brilliant. Whether the product should have been put out . . . I would have liked to see further revision done. They added five thousand new words, but the text of the dictionary is left unchanged. It should have been revised. You will recall that the O.E.D. came out from 1884 onward, and the

state of medical research was not good in the early years, besides which technical words poured into the language in every sort of subject. Airplanes began to fly, the motorcar came into existence. Definitions in the O.E.D. represented the late-Victorian period. The native inhabitants of Java were called ‘savages.’ Some of these matters have been left untouched. It’s a controversial point. I can quite see the thinking behind going ahead and publishing now, with the enormous effort that was

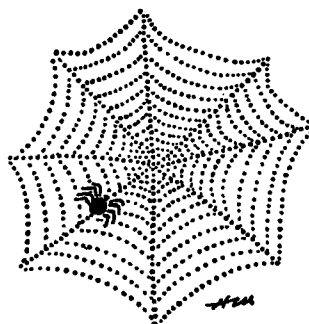
involved. And they will be revising it. So all is not lost.”

To this critical note the troika of Benbow, Wilson, and Wratten replied temperately, agreeing that the new edition was indeed an integration, not a total revision, but that there had been considerable

amendment, correction, and updating. Within the five years that it took, the Second Edition was a prodigious accomplishment, and they suggested that fundamental revision was going to take another fifteen years or so. If past experience is a guide, that will prove a fundamental understatement.

One by-product of all this labor is a CD-ROM (Compact Disk—Read Only Memory) version of the First Edition. Onto a disk of about six-hundred-megabyte (i.e., six hundred million characters) capacity, a task force transferred the full text of the O.E.D. That took about three hundred of the megabytes, and the rest went into eight indexes—covering such matters as etymology and quotations. This allows quick access on a screen to a host of ready references, and turns the O.E.D. into a thesaurus, a dictionary of etymology, and a dictionary of quotations (subdivided by author, date, work, text). Say that one wants to find all definitions containing the words “capital” and “punishment.” CD-ROM promptly offers a gruesome choice, including “burning,” “butcher,” “crucify,” “garotte,” “impale,” “stoning,” “tar-barrel.” “It releases you from the tyranny of choice,” David Attwooll said. It condemns you to the arbitrariness of readers’ reading and lexicographers’ choices, Attwooll did not say.

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ROM for the Second Edition. Looking ahead, O.U.P. executives dream of computers that will allow simpler dictionary access, perhaps by voice command; of hand-held computers with vast lexicographic memories; and of data bases combining a great dictionary, a vast thesaurus, an encyclopedia, archives, and material from national dictionaries. Thanks to its overseas establishments, the O.U.P. assiduously cultivates English of erstwhile colonial status. In the United States, it has the Oxford American Dictionary. There is a dictionary of South African English, and a 1988 bicentenary Australian National Dictionary, edited by a New Zealander but giving pride of place to Australianisms like "bonzer," "cobber," "jackaroo," "magnoon," "pom," "vigoro," and "ziff"—that is to say, respectively, something exciting admiration by being surpassingly good of its kind; befriending; a wandering white man; mad or eccentric; an immigrant from Britain; a women's game combining elements of baseball and cricket; and a beard or old man. Specialized Australian volumes have cut into sales of the home country's exported dictionaries. The ultimate dream is a meshing of all O.U.P. dictionaries, all reference material, all that the labor of the lexicographers has produced, to create what Attwooll termed "a platonic concept—the ideal data base."

IF one counts—in addition to the dictionaries of English and of foreign languages—the dictionaries of specialized fields, such as law and medicine, and the twenty-two-volume (sixty-three in the original format) Dictionary of National Biography, some three hundred and fifty dictionaries bear the Oxford imprint. This compares with a seemingly endless profusion of dictionaries now in print bearing the name Webster. In America, of course, the name Webster is in the public domain, and therefore fixed to publications by all sorts of entrepreneurs. The O.U.P. is altogether more fortunate. "Oxford" has been registered—for dictionaries—in countries around the world. "We're not too concerned about other people selling Oxford biscuits or Oxford marmalade," Tim Benbow told me, "but we will prosecute anyone who sells a dictionary called Oxford."

—ISRAEL SHENKER



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Winter Wonderland

I HAVE been trying to figure out why James Lapine's elegant production of "The Winter's Tale" didn't move me to tears. The scene at the end where the statue comes to life is what always gets me. Hermione steps down from the pedestal and embraces Leontes, and my throat tightens. She turns and looks on Perdita for the first time, and my eyes get hot. Then Paulina—honest, blunt Paulina, who hasn't spoken a lyrical word all evening—tells everyone else to go off and be happy: "I, an old turtle, Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there My mate (that's never to be found again) Lament till I am lost." By this time, I am stifling a sob, and the only thing that saves me from going to pieces entirely is Leontes' suggestion that Paulina marry Camillo, which makes me laugh.

This quick-change operation of judgment and feeling, laughter and sentiment is characteristic of the way "The Winter's Tale" works on its audience. We are *supposed* to giggle at Leontes' suggestion that Paulina marry Camillo; the proposition is ludicrous, as ludicrous as the famous stage direction—"Exit, pursued by a bear"—that made Paulina a widow in the first place. More than any of Shakespeare's other tragicomedies, "The Winter's Tale" presents us with implausible events and asks us to treat them feelingly. Nearly everything in the play is implausible: Leontes' first, sudden access of jealousy (no one has ever been able to find an explanation for his abrupt change of mood); the almost magical death of his son, Mamillius (the sweet child who thinks "a sad tale's best for winter"); the whole phenomenon of the statue coming to life. Polixenes does question Paulina on this last point (he asks how she has managed to keep Hermione alive for sixteen years without anyone's knowing), but no answer ever comes. Paulina says, "That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale." The play is full of things that should be hooted at like an old tale: the mean-husband/patient-wife motif, the exposed-baby motif, the riddling oracle, the royal child reared by simple shepherds. The figure of

Time brought on midway through the play to announce the passage of sixteen years (and nothing else) amounts to a dramaturgical embarrassment, as does the whole question of topography raised by the second half. Scholars are fond of pointing out that Bohemia (where Antigonus's ship cracks up) is landlocked, and that even if Bohemia were coastal it couldn't also be desert *and* wooded *and* arable, as the text requires.

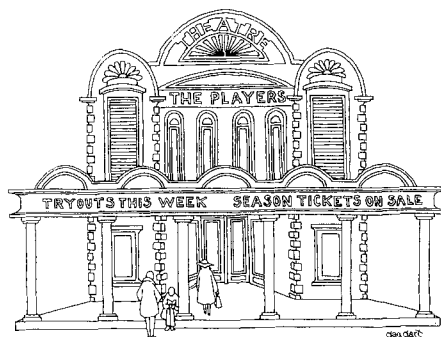
This nowhere-land aspect of the play—the degree to which it seems to be about people and events that never were and never could have been—is what seems to appeal most to James Lapine, and five seconds into the performance you know why he was chosen by Joe Papp to direct the current production (the eighth in the New York Shakespeare Festival's ongoing marathon): Lapine co-wrote and directed Stephen Sondheim's fairy-tale musical, "Into the Woods"; his presence here was dictated by his reputation as an expert on fairy tales. He begins the play with a felicitous little coup de théâtre: a snatch of dialogue between Hermione and the boy, abstracted from the scene that gives the play its name. A mother and child appear (Diane Venora and Jesse Bernstein, both dressed in First World War nautical white) and perch on a large wicker hamper. Tell us a story, she says. "There was a man," the boy begins. The statement dangles, vaguely suggesting Leontes (or the idea of him), and a harlequin (Rob Besserer) enters and claims the audience's attention. He gestures for silence ("Hush, now! You're going to hear a story"), then beckons to somebody off-stage, and the entire company files on. The harlequin opens the hamper and begins pulling out props and accesso-

ries and distributing them as the stage fills with characters: there's a fan, a child's toy, a music box. Finally, a shiny red dress, slipped on over Hermione's head, transposes her to another era entirely. It's all a way of carving out an area of timelessness, a storybook world in which what we otherwise might not have believed won't offend, because we have been warned.

Lapine's production is heartbreakingly beautiful to watch and listen to—musically, that is. It's also resourceful. The set designer, John Arnone, has built a pseudo-Elizabethan stage in the Anspacher Theatre—similar to the one that Tyrone Guthrie devised for Canada's Stratford Festival Theatre—which divides the stage into so many distinct acting areas that even the most awkward scenes play naturally. William Finn and Michael Starobin have attempted to unify the play with music, in addition to providing settings for the songs: there's mood music, danger music, magic-wand music (for when something unusual is happening), and an old-fashioned music-box tune that keeps coming back, most notably during the statue scene (Hermione's theme?). Leontes' court is a world of satins, brocaded furniture, and candlelight, and all the fairy-tale/folk-tale elements in the first half of the play have been absorbed by the romantic atmosphere created by Beverly Emmons' lighting and Franne Lee's late-eighteenth-century costumes.

In the coastal realm of Bohemia's desert forest (where the sheep graze and the grizzlies wade), everything looks just right. The diminutive actress who plays Perdita, Jennifer Dundas, is the very image of a Dresden shepherdess, while Florizel (Graham Winton), her royal swain, seems a copy in miniature of his father, Polixenes (Christopher Reeve). I could have lived without Diane Martel's Yemenite folk dance and her dumb-show ballet—a descant on the action of the first half, complete with a green-tongued monster Jealousy (Raymond Kurshal) scuttling around on a trolley while Mr. Besserer and Cynthia Friberg dance a pas de deux. In general, though, everything would be perfect if you could just manage somehow to filter out the actors' voices.

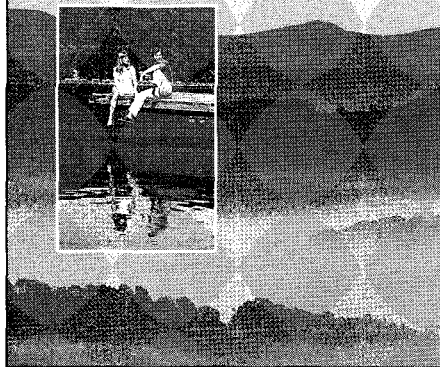
Where Lapine's production falls off is at the axis where Shakespearean acting must represent a fusion of feeling with idea, where our ability to judge a



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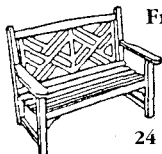
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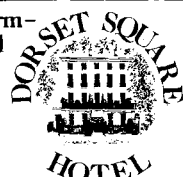


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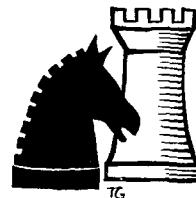
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character (our assessment of whether he is right or wrong) is balanced or subsumed by our ability to regard him as a real person. "The Winter's Tale" consists almost entirely of people taking up moral positions, rightly or wrongly: Leontes accusing Hermione or libelling her to his lords; Camillo and Paulina trying to defend her; Polixenes flying into a rage at Florizel for wanting to marry a shepherdess without his consent; Florizel striking self-righteous attitudes. Only three characters—Hermione, Perdita, and the rogue Autolycus—are devoid of self-righteousness, the last because he is without conscience, and the first two because, while they possess every other interesting characteristic, they are innocent of moral indignation.

What makes the reunion of the three women at the end of "The Winter's Tale" so moving is that it represents a coming together of the gracious silent, who cannot defend themselves, and the gracious outspoken, who, having no one left to protect or defend, must simply fly away (or marry Camillo). On this score, Lapine's production gets everything upside down: his Perdita is spoiled, pettish, temperamental, coarse, even shrewish. As Hermione, Miss Venora goes through the trial scene like a veteran Roman, roaring, speechifying, and (the night I saw the play) actually frothing at the mouth. She has warmth, but none of the poise and serenity that make sense of the statue-coming-to-life. As Polixenes, Mr. Reeve seems to have a bet on with somebody about how quickly he can get through his lines, and, in Mr. Winton's hands, the role of Florizel becomes a stock juvenile lead. As Autolycus, Rocco Sisto gives a performance of great showmanship. In general, though, Lapine's cast divides into two groups: those who can manage the routine function of a role—being funny, say (like MacIntyre Dixon and Tom McGowan as the shepherd and the clown), or virtuous (like James Olson as Camillo and Graham Brown as Antigonus)—but fail to come across as three-dimensional people with hearts and minds, and those who are doing the wrong thing entirely. Into the latter category, alas, fall Mandy Patinkin and Alfie Woodard in the crucial roles of Leontes and Paulina.



Patinkin has never been a slouch at conveying the anguish of interesting and intelligent men, and, watching him in the early part of the play, you sense that he might make a very good Leontes. What's wanted, though, is the frenzy that Patinkin brought to "Buddy's Blues" in the concert version of "Follies," not the slow, strained, contemplative air he brought to the role of Seurat in "Sunday in the Park with George." Patinkin's Leontes is all logic and cozy reasoning; he gives every word a ponderous, almost Talmudic weight, as though he were reading "The Cat in the Hat" to a very small child. Irsome in anger, this Leontes is positively repulsive in contrition.

He seems manipulative, while Paulina, who should be, is totally out of control. Miss Woodard's weirdly arch and inept performance transforms Paulina into a figure of comedy only. She speaks in an affected English accent and, in her early scenes, lurches into falsetto on every fourth word or so, hiccupping her burlesque indignation. ("Whoop, whoop," goes her voice.)

What Lapine seems to have forgotten is the fundamental likeness between theatre and storytelling. Both seek to cast a spell on an audience. Yet both also direct their energies toward the thrilling moment when the spectator/listener wakes up from his enchantment and realizes that what he was watching/listening to is nothing more than an old tale. Harley Granville-Barker thought that "The Winter's Tale" was Shakespeare thumbing his nose at dramatic form, just to show that he could get away with it, and, of course, he was right. The implausibilities and violations of unity in the play aren't really mistakes; they're flourishes, like the airy antics of a basketball star—a way of saying to the crowd, "Look, I can do this and this and still achieve my goal." "The Winter's Tale" breaks all the rules and still manages to draw you in. Lapine's loving presentation of the play takes note of the flourishes and finds ways of translating them into affecting theatre. What he has lost sight of is the goal itself: the accumulation of tragic and moral content that must build up to the comic release. He has forgotten that, ultimately, it is the *language* that must draw us in.

—MIMI KRAMER

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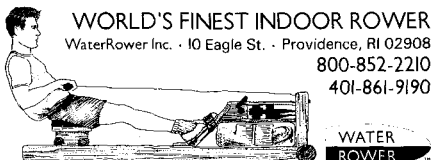
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ers. But Gilliam didn't bother to give these prodigies individual introductions when we first met them, and we hardly seem meant to care that they are reunited with the Baron and then regain their gifts. We aren't asked to be sad for them or happy for them, either. The story is almost devoid of emotional shading.

Except for Eric Idle, who wears shackles and weights to keep himself on the ground when he isn't whizzing by in a Road Runner routine, the four are almost faceless. Though the idea of their looking old in defeat and young in victory has juicy possibilities, it doesn't come to much. That's the case with John Neville's perpetually rejuvenated Baron, too. The movie wants us to see his renewed youth as his reward for believing in fantasy, but there's no magic in his cycles of shrivelling and freshening. Neville's courtly performance seems just what was wanted of him, and yet there's nothing elating in it, no zest. The conception verges on shaggy-dog preciousness.

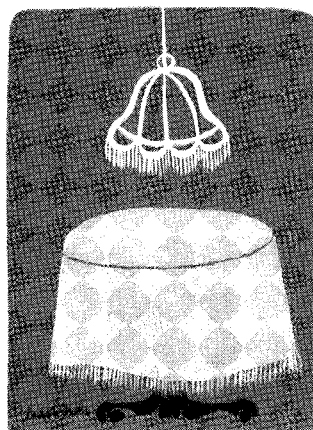
This movie is short on characterization and personality. Whenever a high-energy performer, such as Robin Williams, as the King of the Moon, or Oliver Reed, as the rampaging Vulcan, has a chance to dominate the screen, it's like a reprieve. When Vulcan sees the Baron flirting with his wife, Venus (Uma Thurman), the steam that comes out of his ears has a burlesque-show kick to it. It hits the spot. That can't be said of anything that's done by the horses, the elephants, the thousands of soldiers, or the ladies of the sultan's harem. At a press conference that Terry Gil-

liam gave when "Brazil" was finally released here, he said, "I like working within limitations on the budget of a film, so that I can't have everything I want. Say, if we were making 'Holy Grail' again, and we had all the money we wanted, we would have had real horses, we wouldn't have had coconuts. I think, given enough money and time, I could be really mediocre." No coconuts here.

What saves "Munchausen" from mediocrity is that you sense that Gilliam is brainstorming. He goes hip-

pety-hoppety all over the place. The picture is too dry and too busy to be considered merely mediocre. And he has his gifts. He retains an edge of Monty Python's cranky, warped slapstick, and he has a painter's eye (so does Michael Cimino). There are fleeting camera moves with real surprise in them, like one toward the end when the camera pulls back from the site of a scheduled beheading and rushes through the crowd. In the red-tinted volcano scenes, Vulcan and his giants (who—in a neat quirky touch—turn out to be shorter than the Baron) are marvellously hairy and bestial. There are also scenes that are near-inspired, like the sight of the Baron and Venus dancing in the air high above cascading waterfalls in an immense, deep-in-the-earth ballroom; but a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe—is missing. Gilliam isn't a poet. We perceive the romantic idea; we don't really feel it. And when the Baron is in the belly of the sea monster, with ships of many nations marooned there, and the sailors are passing their time playing cards, Gilliam leaves out the hypnotic, surreal element that would make the vision indelible.

Maybe the reason we don't feel that the Baron is a rhapsodist, an artistic figure, or that the ending represents the triumph of the poetic imagination, is that Gilliam isn't a lyrical director. It's not just that he's disjointed and weak as a storyteller, and that he has a defective sense of rhythm. It's that his gifts—his gagster's prankishness and his sense of beauty—don't harmonize. At least, they don't here. It's as if he



rejected the effort needed to make a sequence flow. He throws things together, trashing his own inspirations. The city on the moon that Dante Ferretti has designed and the big, airy, creamy scenes that Giuseppe Rotunno has lighted don't stay in the memory; they're static and then they're gone. Gilliam uses banal symphonic music over the battle scenes to give them the illusion of movement. And the climax of the film—in which the Baron demonstrates that you merely have to believe in imagination to make the Turk-

ish siege disappear—is an inept cheat, lacking even the logic of a dream.

It's my impression that Gilliam was temperamentally more in tune with the retro-futurist nightmare of "Brazil" and its chaotic pop version of Kafka and Orwell. What's called for here is comic romanticism; that's what the sets are designed for—they're like architectural drawings made in a dream. And the quixotic Baron, a ladies' man, hands red roses to each new woman he meets and is in love with them all. He's in love with exploring; he's fighting off death because there's more he wants to see. Gilliam limits him by trying to pin him down as the opponent of the "man of reason"—a term that has no contemporary point. (We don't really believe in the man of reason in that sense anymore.) What Gilliam seems to have in mind is the businessman who looks at the figures Gilliam is piling up, and pulls the rug out from under him—the materialist who, in Gilliam's view, doesn't have the imagination to believe in his vision and support it all the way. He's made a fifty-million-dollar movie about why he can't get along with the men who back movies. (It's because he makes fifty-million-dollar movies about why he can't get along with the men who back movies.) Clearly, he feels thwarted and trapped: the film features a blind executioner and is full of cages and other images of imprisonment, such as the monster's belly and the walled city itself.

The closest Gilliam comes to cocoanuts here is in the rolling, manually operated ocean waves and the other curvy, ruffled stage effects of Sally's theatre company, before the play that's being performed (a play about Munchausen) opens out to show the gigantic scale that movies make possible. This opening out has dazzling potentialities, because instead of giving us "nature" he gives us tricky false perspectives and enormous painted sets. There's something of Méliès in this scenic approach, and something of Fritz Lang, too. And Gilliam displays each new set proudly, with a flourish. But it's not enough to have great design and effects—you must know what to do with them. (Those who say that the fifty million is all on the screen are giving the director a dubious compliment.) In "Brazil" Gilliam attacked reality; he does it again here. But at some point reality bites you on the nose.

—PAULINE Kael

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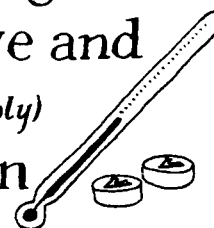
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DANCING

Crises

IN a 1948 essay called "The Crisis of the Easel Picture," the art critic Clement Greenberg described the change in pictorial composition in modernist painting in terms that some people now think are too narrow. However that may be, they are terms that are analogous to dance and helped at the time to explain (and possibly to influence) certain developments in choreography. The easel picture, Greenberg begins by saying, "subordinates decorative to dramatic effect. It cuts the illusion of a box-like cavity into the wall behind it, and within this, as a unity, it organizes three-dimensional semblances." The tendency of the Impressionists, he went on, was to reduce depth and to treat every part of the picture "with the same kind and emphasis of touch." But, though the pictures went on getting shallower, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Bonnard, and Matisse retained the convention of dominant shapes and light-dark color contrasts. This—the sine qua non, Greenberg said, of the easel picture—was what was threatened by Monet's later painting, "and now, twenty years after Monet's death, his practice has become the point of departure for a new tendency in painting." Greenberg didn't call this new tendency Abstract Expressionism; he called it American-Type Painting, a title under which, in another essay, he discussed the work of Gorky, de Kooning, Hofmann, Motherwell, Pollock, and others.

Substitute for the "box-like cavity" the classical proscenium stage. Substitute for Cézanne & Company certain passages in Fokine (the orgy in "Scheherazade," the fair in "Petrouchka") and the ballets of Nijinsky ("L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Le Sacre du Printemps"). The result is the beginning of a parallel that culminates in the radical aesthetic of the Monet of dance, Merce Cunningham. The relationship of Cunningham's "Summerspace" (1958) to "Faune," a ballet in which Nijinsky actually reduced stage depth and flattened the body's silhouette, was underlined by Robert Rauschenberg's stippled backcloth and costumes—as clear a reference to Impressionist painting as Bakst's landscape for "Faune" was to

Fauvism. Cunningham's dancers were made to inhabit an Impressionist landscape (what Greenberg described as an "evenly and tightly textured rectangle of paint"), and although Cunningham's stage was not without depth, it was remarkably without perspective in the classical sense. The classic stage box-picture has a front-and-center focus. Cunningham gave all parts of the stage equal emphasis—the choreographic equivalent of painting's shift from drama to something "close to decoration." Decentralization in choreography had already occurred—to little or no historical effect, as it turned out—in "Le Sacre." Nijinsky's inspiration appears to have been rhythmic repetition, the main decorative element in primitive folk art. Cunningham's first spatial experiment was carried out forty years later, in "Suite by Chance." He was then becoming interested in having his decisions as a choreographer ruled by chance—by the literal tossing of coins—and he has since written how "in applying chance to space I saw the possibility of multi-direction." He has had a great many followers but no real successors. If there has been any Abstract Expressionism in dance, it has been by no one but Cunningham. In order to go beyond him, dancers had to get off the stage.

The crisis of the easel picture was the same as the crisis of the proscenium-stage picture. During the sixties and seventies, Cunningham held the stage while two generations of Cunningham-influenced radicals abjured it entirely. Whether out of principle or out of necessity hardly matters, since the whole avant-garde involvement

with nonspecialist dancing in nonproscenium spaces is now dead, for the most part, or subsumed in performance art, and since on conspicuous and frequent occasion Cunningham himself chose to appear in nontheatrical places, thus beating his epigones at their own game. Still, one cannot help wondering how different the past quarter-century of American-type dancing would have been if more choreographers had had access to decent stages. The easel picture, as later events showed, managed to keep from falling off the wall only by becoming the wall itself—by expanding hugely in scale or evolving what Leo Steinberg has called "the flatbed picture plane." Dance, when it fell off the stage, had no recourse other than to climb back on, looking a little sheepish about its various survival strategies—being bracketed with star designers and star composers, being produced by ballet companies, for whom the crisis of the proscenium stage never existed.

Cunningham's special mastery of abstraction has often depended on the recurrence of elements and their apt progression or variation within set limits. The limits vary from piece to piece, but usually his control of them has been strict; when it has been *very* strict, as in "Duets" or "Quartet" or "Pictures" or "Fabrications," we say "That's a real *piece*," meaning that we sense in it a consistency of design and a quality—a kind of consciousness—that is whole and distinct. The Cunningham season just past offered three new works. By abandoning strict quasi-musical methods of composition, Cunningham destroyed the unity of each of his new pieces and drew our attention to the connections between them. In "Five Stone Wind," "Cargo X," and "Field and Figures," events seemed to overflow from one piece into another, and these were not merely formal events or ways of moving that one is used to seeing in Cunningham's work; they were specific and unusual "created" events and uncustomary ways of moving. I found my concentration being stretched to the breaking point, especially by "Five Stone Wind," which is fifty-five minutes long. This ruminative work isn't dense or heavy—not at all. Moment by moment, it is Cunningham at his most playful. In a particularly charming trio (Victoria Finlayson, Robert Swinston, Alan Good), the men take turns steadying



the woman in balances, then hopping away like hares, with a curious switch of the feet in the air. A moment later, Kimberly Bartosik, a slight but strong, youthful-looking dancer, covers the stage with tiny running steps. She is succeeded by Emma Diamond, moving sideways at the same speed and scooting along on one toe. By the time Carol Teitelbaum enters, in rapid chassés, you know you are seeing one of Cunningham's special events. And, indeed, the "wind devils," as I came to call them, recurred not only in "Five Stone Wind" but in "Field and Figures." But when they recurred, it was without emphasis and without reference to any other repetitions or gestures of unification. Something less than a motif yet something more than passagework, they were fragments of a puzzle which I had only begun to put together when the season ended. In memory, though, the three new pieces seem very like a triptych, and Cunningham's whole operation seems very like that of a painter who spreads his latest work before us—work in which current obsessions move from one canvas to the next.

The "five" in "Five Stone Wind," Cunningham has said, is the five directions in which the choreographer focusses movement on the stage (or off it); "stone" and "wind" refer to notions of fixity and velocity. The work was conceived in two overlapping parts and was first presented in its entirety last year, on the outdoor stage at Avignon. For interior performances, Mark Lancaster designed a simple hanging of colored ropes against a softly glowing purple drop. Without a designer of Lancaster's subtlety and originality, I think, not even Cunningham would have dared such slow Monet-like mutation and attenuation for such a length of time. As an exercise in duration, it is the most deliberate challenge that Cunningham has yet issued; it may be his "Water Lilies." But-tressed and amplified, as it seems to be, by the two other works, it yet stands apart—from them and from the repertory as a whole.

We can see all of a painting at once; we can't see all of a dance at once. Watching "Field and Figures," though, was like watching cable TV with someone beside you switching channels. You'd get to watch one thing—a trio, say—just long enough to form an impression; then you'd jump to another trio or a quartet. Frequently,

there would come "washes"—the rest of the company rushing in and out, leaving one unit working. "Field and Figures" has a painter's title and a painterly décor reminiscent of "Summerspace," with dancers and scenery blending into each other. The backcloth's horizontal gray stripes and vertical red bands were echoed in the costumes (the designers were Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzler). The jumpy continuity of the piece wasn't so unusual for Cunningham that one couldn't adjust to it. What was unusual was the powerful presence of one trio and one dancer (Finlayson, who was very much a key dancer this season), and the refusal of the piece to give itself over to that presence. At one point, after we have seen her repeatedly collapsing between Robert Wood and David Kulick, Finlayson is carried on by them in an angled "crucified" position. The entrance, which is impressively staged and obviously important, corresponds to nothing else in the piece. But, like the wind devils, it is corroborated in another part of the triptych—in "Cargo X," which contains a series of crucifixion images. "Cargo X" also contains, by way of décor, a stepladder on which the dancers place flowers. The ladder could be an altar or a burial mound, and the

"X" in the title could stand for the Cross or for Christ. The martyr here is not Finlayson but Bartosik or Kristy Santimyer: both are lifted in suggestive stiff-bodied poses and one—Bartosik—is actually abused. And it may not be irrelevant that the sound score for this piece, wordless solo and choral chanting overlaid with maracas, invoked a ritualistic, prayerful, Latin-American atmosphere.

Parallels to Cunningham's choreographic practice are as easily found in painting as parallels to Balanchine's are in music, but not until this season had I noticed in Cunningham a tendency to reduce or revoke temporal values in the construction of a piece. It almost seemed as if not being able to see all of a dance at once meant not seeing all of it *at all*—or not until some other dance was also seen. I've never felt more befuddled at the end of a Cunningham evening or more aware of just how unrelentingly visual an experience it is. And how hard the dancers work! At the same time that Cunningham seems to be dissolving temporal structure in his pieces, he is building up static definitions of space. The dancers who race like the wind are required to hold fixed positions of enormous difficulty, to initiate and stop movement without transition, to look simulta-



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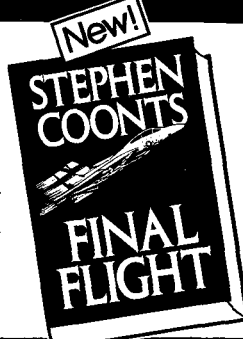
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neously galvanized and still. It's not stasis; it's a kind of negative kinesthetics. Cunningham dancers have always had this capability; only, now so much more depends on it.

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG was Cunningham's artistic adviser and main scenic designer from 1954 to 1964. It was he who, in relating Cunningham's multidirectional use of space to modernist painting, first gave Cunningham theatre the weight and authority it enjoyed for so long in the art world. (For a while, Cunningham's artistic adviser was Jasper Johns, the artist whom Leo Steinberg primarily identifies with the flatbed picture plane.) Rauschenberg is now designing for Trisha Brown's company, which followed Cunningham's with a week of repertory at the City Center. Brown, a major post-Cunningham figure, is not a former Cunningham dancer; her style has nothing of his emphasis on lifted carriage and articulated feet, and her ideas about space are ambivalent. She is Cunningham's disciple, however, in her method of collaboration, particularly with composers.

There is a musical tradition in modern dance—it extends from Paul Taylor to Twyla Tharp to Mark Morris—but Brown has never been part of this or of the pseudo-musical minimalist tradition, either. She worked mainly in silence and commissioned her first score in 1981. For Brown music is entirely ancillary. She came to it, she says, because "not having music reduced the audience's ability to see the work. I knew it and kept asking myself: Do you want them to see the work?" But this viewer isn't always helped by Brown's music. On the contrary, it's because I *can* hear them that I can't see the pieces with scores by Robert Ashley or Peter Zummo. I can get through "Set and Reset" (Laurie Anderson), and silence isn't so bad; this was the season that I fell in love with "Opal Loop." Brown's latest piece, "Astral Convertible," sounds like Andrew Lloyd Webber with teeth; it has music by Richard Landry coming from somewhere and interacting with elements of the set, which is by Rauschenberg.

It's hard to tell whether, generally speaking, Brown has absorbed or rejected the idea of multidirectional focus. In her group pieces she uses a little bit of space here, a little there; the stage

is a grid webbed by runs or long traveling lifts. The broad planes and distances of Cunningham are not for her. Brown matured as a choreographer during the anti-proscenium years, dancing, like so many of her colleagues, in lofts, churches, gyms, and parks. (Cunningham, so far as I know, never said to these people, "You are all a loft generation," but he might well have.) Rauschenberg's function, and that of other designers Brown has worked with, seems to have been mostly to define her space for her or take up what she doesn't use. Donald Judd's décor for "Newark (Niwe-weorce)" is a set of drops that descend at different times, reducing or expanding the space Brown has to move in. These "visual presentations" have a life of their own, and in Rauschenberg's case "visual" doesn't begin to cover it. He uses lights, movies, sound; he stages an independent attraction. In "Astral Convertible" he put aluminum scaffolds around the stage and rigged them with lights and sensors that were supposed to react to the dancers' movements. As these things so often do, the set turned out to have more force as an idea than as an experience. Nevertheless, it was a striking, a daunting, affair, and what's interesting is that Brown's contribution wasn't overwhelmed by it. And her choreography was organized in such a way as to make more use of the stage, with broader contrasts in the size and shape of movement, with clear foreground and background distinctions, and even a bit of soloist-and-corps diversity. (Brown, following Cunningham, has tended to treat all her dancers as soloists.) Yet it was still pure Trisha Brown. One wonders whether her work would have looked anything like this fifteen years ago if she'd staged it in theatres. (In 1975, in one of her loft concerts, she presented "Locus," a six-sided examination of cubic space.) One wonders, too, whether the practice of the last few years, bringing choreographers of talent but scant theatrical technique to work on big proscenium stages, hasn't actually changed our way of seeing movement in that kind of space and opened up further possibilities within the conventional stage picture. Wouldn't it be strange if, after more than thirty-five years of Cunningham virtuosity, it turned out to be the multidirectional stage that was in crisis?

—ARLENE CROCE

BOOKS

Chinese Disharmonies

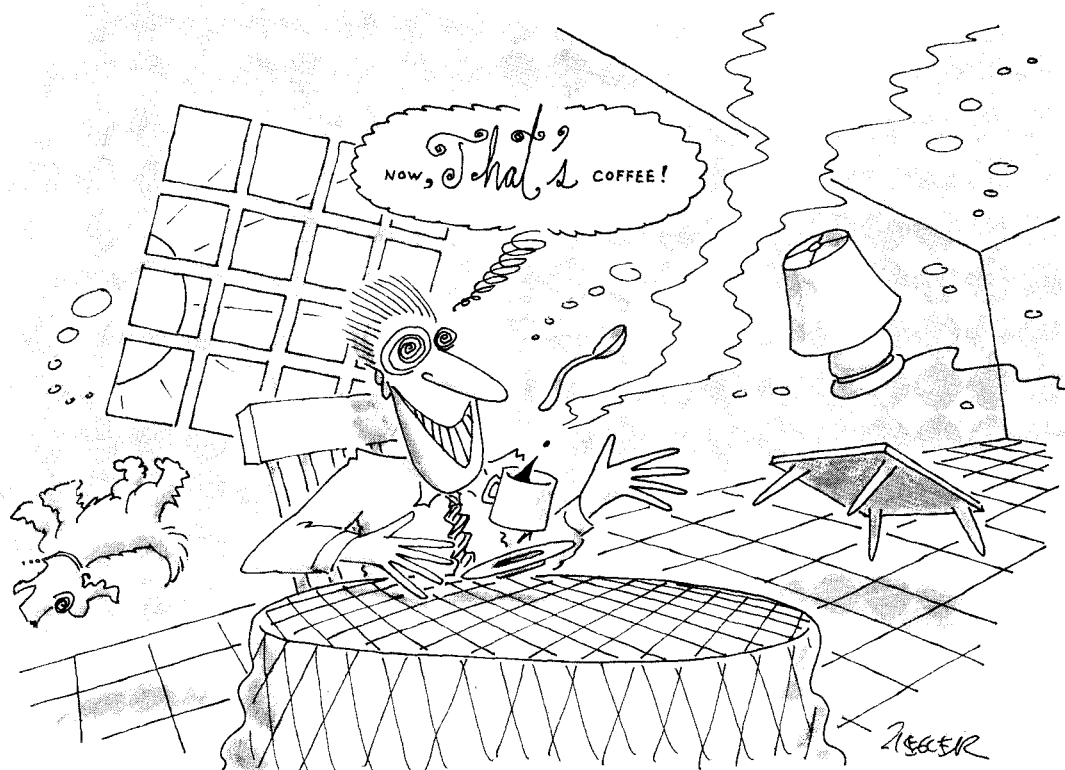
JONATHAN D. SPENCE, born in England in 1936 and since 1966 a member of the Yale History Department, takes an arcane delight in resurrecting personalities out of the depths of sinological archives. A long-lived monarch in "Emperor of China" (1974), a laborer's doomed wife in "The Death of Woman Wang" (1978), a polymathic Jesuit missionary in "The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci" (1984)—these diverse individuals have all been hauntingly brought to life through scrupulous fidelity to details in the copious yet generally impersonal historical records of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. John Hu, the nominal hero of "The Question of Hu" (Knopf; \$18.95), would be quite lost to history had he not been hastily recruited as an assistant by a fifty-six-year-old Jesuit, Jean-François Foucquet, who in 1722 returned from Canton to France, with eighteen precious crates of books, after over two decades of scholarly and missionary activity in China. Foucquet believed, fervently and perhaps foolishly, that he could show, by careful textual analysis, that "the ancient Chinese religious texts, such as 'The Book of Changes' "

had been "handed to the Chinese by the true God," and that the Way—the Tao—preached by these texts led to the God of the Bible. If this could have been demonstrated, the conversion of the Chinese multitudes would have been greatly eased, and obdurate official resistance to the Christian mission wonderfully softened, but Foucquet's own superiors resisted an idea that bordered on the heretical. Further, his extraction of Christian glimmers from the Chinese classics required enormous efforts of transcription and translation. Even though,

as Foucquet wrote, "in such an enterprise the act of labor becomes sweet, and even the harshest pains become in some way delicious," he needed help, and had at times employed Chinese clerical assistants. His superiors, however, claimed that his vow of poverty forbade him to employ anyone. One superior, in particular, Father Pierre de Goville, the procurator of the French mission in Canton, frowned upon Foucquet's enterprise, with its considerable expenditures for quantities of books, and upon Foucquet's plan to take a Chinese assistant with him back to Europe. So Foucquet was not disposed to be picky when one John Hu, the keeper of the gate at the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, volunteered to accompany the Jesuit to France. The two men quickly signed a five-year contract, even though Foucquet found Hu "physically ugly" and observed as well that he was "none too clean" and had "a despairing look to him." Foucquet wrote later, "It was either this Chinese or none at all."

Hu at the time was forty, a widower with a mother and one son. He had become a Christian in 1700, when he

was nineteen. Foucquet judged a sample of his Chinese calligraphy "serviceable, if inelegant." Hu had his own agenda: he wanted to travel to the West in order to visit the Pope, as had Louis Fan, a Chinese recently returned from ten years in Europe, and he wanted to write a travel book, a book that would "make him famous among his countrymen" when he returned from Europe. The only trouble was that—as it developed soon after they embarked, with the many crates of books, on the long ocean voyage—Hu was crazy. Or, at the least, his behavior is (to adopt the present tense of Professor Spence's narrative) highly erratic. He seems unable to learn the French language or French table manners, grabbing all the food he wants as soon as it appears on the table; his shipboard dining mates "try to explain the idea of portions to him" and, that failing, "use a measure of force to restrain him." Upon recovering from a long bout of seasickness, Hu becomes violently "ensorious of the loud ways and uncouth manners of the soldiers and sailors aboard," and gets into a fight with a sailor. During an encounter with a Portuguese vessel off Brazil,





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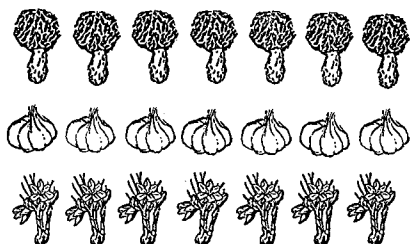
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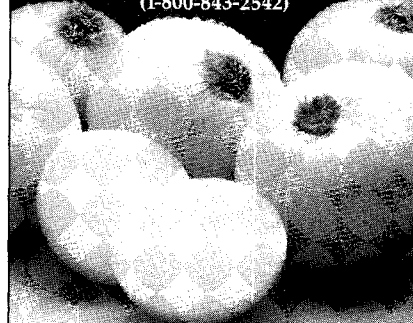
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he seizes a cutlass and, "waving it in the air with menacing gestures, he marches proudly round the upper deck." In mid-Atlantic, Hu has a vision in which angels tell him his task is "to seek out the Emperor of China and introduce him to the truths of the Christian religion." When their ship is delayed outside the Spanish harbor of La Coruña, Hu demands a lifeboat and insists to Foucquet, "I will persuade the governor to listen to our needs. I will make him grant us permission to come ashore."

Spurts of uncontrollable officiousness continue to characterize Hu's behavior in France; for instance, at an audience that Foucquet has obtained in Paris with the papal nuncio, Hu grasps the offered armchairs and pushes them into what he has decided are more honorific positions. His spectacular and repeated kowtows to any crucifix he sees are unsettling, as is his insistence on sleeping on the floor, with the window wide open. Forced to dine with their host's housekeeper, he "will not allow her near him. He makes faces at her, and gestures her away, or simply turns his back whenever she appears." In Port Louis, though he has never ridden a horse, he steals one and gallops around the town, winning the name Don Quixote from the townspeople. The French populace is inclined to be amused by the antics of its exotic visitor; in Paris, Hu collects a "large and attentive" crowd in front of the church of St. Paul when, after beating on a drum he has made and waving a banner inscribed with the four Chinese characters "*nan nü fen bie*" ("Men and women should be kept in their separate spheres"), he preaches lengthily in Chinese. He becomes harder to control, disappearing for a day and then for a week, and suddenly showing up at the Jesuit residence in Orléans. From there Father Léonard Gramain writes Foucquet's friend Father Jean-Baptiste du Halde in Paris, "Neither with words nor signs can he make us understand why he left Paris and where he wants to go.... Since he often says the words 'China' and 'Peking,' and also the words 'Rome' and 'Pope,' we are assuming that he would like to go to Rome and from there to China." Foucquet responds with a letter to Hu in phonetically spelled-out Chinese, admonishing Hu to behave better. "Jumping at Father Gramain, Hu seizes the letter out of the startled

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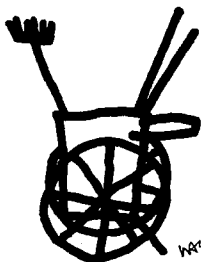
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man's hands. Before anyone can prevent him, he tears the letter to angry pieces." And when Foucquet receives his long-awaited invitation to Rome, and invites Hu to accompany him, Hu refuses, though seeing the Pope has been his dream. He is under the impression that "Foucquet kills people," and hides in his bed: "If Foucquet or anyone comes to remonstrate with him, he pulls the covers over his head." The exasperated Foucquet goes to Rome alone, having arranged to have Hu committed in his absence to the hospital for the insane at Charenton. There Hu languishes for two and a half years, living in one of the cells for pauper inmates, his unchanged clothes disintegrating as he wears them. When he is given a warm blanket, he rips it to shreds.



When Father Goville, Foucquet's old enemy in Canton, visits Charenton and talks to Hu in Chinese, Hu's first question is "Why have I been locked up?"

Some of the oddities of Hu's behavior—his compulsive kowtowing to the cross, his rigid sense of caste, his abhorrence of female company, and his hopping about to avoid stepping on the maze of crosses he sees in a parquet floor—could be construed as marks of Oriental acculturation muddled with a baroque Catholic faith. But a number of other Chinese, such as Louis Fan and "a well-educated and courteous young man" whom Foucquet discovered studying for the priesthood in Rome, visited Europe in this era without going berserk. Hu's evident inability to learn even the rudiments of French, during five years of immersion in it, and his refusal to take lessons when they were offered him upon his release from Charenton indicate an impairing mental imbalance, as do his failure to perform the work Foucquet hired him for, his unreal sense of lapsed time, his visions, his megalomania, his periods of depressed inactivity, his abrupt ventures into vagabondage and beggary, and his fitful posturing and clowning. Perhaps he suffered from manic depression, severe to the point of psychosis. Though the details of his case almost all come from Foucquet himself, in a "Récit Fidèle" he composed to clear his good name in the wake of rumors that he ill-treated Hu, there is no reason to doubt their accuracy, or to deny Foucquet our sym-

thy as he attempts to cope with a deranged dependent whose "acts of folly"—he wrote despairingly to the lieutenant of the Paris police, Marc Pierre d'Argenson, who arranged Hu's commitment—"are accompanied by a malevolence and an obstinacy that can not be relieved by prayers, threats, or generosity."

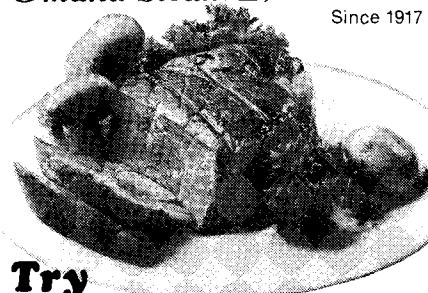
In its laconic, deadpan paragraphs and swift-moving chapters, "The Question of Hu" evokes the strangeness of human life altogether—the dubious claim of any of it to sanity. How sane is Foucquet, with his frenetic letter-writing and his strenuous conviction that "in the long-distant past the Chinese had worshipped the Christian God"? The French king's librarian, the Abbé Bignon, comments of Foucquet's

theories, "Nothing in the world has ever been so ill-founded." The king's confessor, Father Linières, finds Foucquet "strident in his views, rash in his behavior, and over-critical of the former Jesuit colleagues with whom he is arguing about the rites." As their correspondence grows heated, he writes Foucquet, "It seems to me that you might have done better to have learned a bit less Chinese, and to have spent the time instead studying the sciences of saintliness." There is a touch of bewitchment in the Jesuit missionary's descent into the musty ancient Chinese texts, his "intense desire of finding some way to get inside the written relics of that nation." In the accents of Borgesian romanticism, he writes to the Abbé Bignon of the secrets "hidden by the holiest of the Patriarchs more than eighty centuries ago under the surface covering of these profound and mysterious hieroglyphs."

Jonathan Spence, in this book, as in "The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci," dwells upon the description of systems (the rigorous way, for instance, in which the accommodations are arranged at the Jesuit retreat at Vannes, and at the asylum of Charenton) as if to suggest delusional systems that were erected in vain against a circumambient, eroding chaos. How sane, from our late-twentieth-century standpoint, was the effort of a few celibate clerics, armed mostly with zeal and quaint erudition, to induce the xenophobic, anciently self-satisfied subcontinent of China to make

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the Christian leap of faith? For that matter, is there not something peculiar in the author's own zealous scholarship as it fanatically seeks out in the old scribbles of many languages the traces left by John Hu's rather dismal, historically inconsequential life? Professor Spence includes in his grateful acknowledgments his pet dog Daisy, who "climbed the narrow wooden steps to my summer study countless times a day, and lay across from me during every word, sighing gently in her sleep over my endless attempts to draw some meaning out of the constantly vanishing past." What he has produced is, if not quite Dada history, history with a postmodern texture, minimalist and enigmatic—subtly fantastic history that in its very minutiae of research mocks our ability really to know another age or another person. We are disconcerted and charmed, rejoicing (not quite sanely) in the question of Hu as we rejoice in the face of all unanswerable but beautifully posed questions.

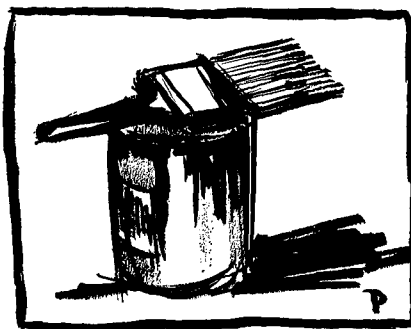
THOUGH some of the oldest literary works that can be called novels are Chinese, and the humanistic religions of Confucianism and Taoism conduce to an equable observation of society and psychology, the Communist Revolution and then the rampant Cultural Revolution offered little encouragement to realistic fiction. "Half of Man Is Woman," by Zhang Xianliang (translated from the Chinese by Martha Avery; Norton; \$17.95), was, its jacket tells us, published in China in 1985 "to great popular enthusiasm, and much controversy because of its unaccustomed frankness about sex." Less shocking, evidently, was its picture of the life political prisoners lead in labor camps, or *laogai*—the equivalent of Soviet gulags. Zhang Xianliang, like his narrator-hero, Zhang Yonglin, was condemned in 1957 for rightist tendencies displayed in his poetry, and remained in various labor camps for twenty years. He was "capped"—that is, made to wear a dunce cap—and thus launched with public humiliation upon the path of ideological correction. Ms. Avery's brief introduction explains how from 1966 to 1976, the years in which the novel takes place, the Cultural Revolution, precipitated when Mao lost control of the Party apparatus in 1965, raged chaotically throughout the vast

nation, obliterating intellectual life and robbing personal life of intimacy and trust. "This is a book about survival in an insane world," she tells us. "Zhang describes a country that went mad." An agricultural labor camp was not such a bad place in which to wait out the convulsions of the Cultural Revolution—"In the labour camps you still get something to eat," one character admits—and the novel curiously acquires the atmosphere of an idyll, of an austere and regulated Eden in which the primal mysteries of man-woman relations are reenacted with fresh passion, wonder, and dismay.

In a southern camp where the watery cultivation of rice is the main business, troops of female prisoners share the work. No contact with male prisoners is allowed, but the women can be closely observed: "Lightly, the women walked by, their provocative movements seeming to invite our examination. . . . If we were to ignore that walk, however, and see them standing stiff as the haughty reeds, would we believe that they were women? . . . A baggy top like a cloth sack and a pair of pants stubbornly covered all that was specifically female. Sexless, these women had descended to a state even lower than ours. The term 'woman' was used only by habit. They had no waists, no chests, no buttocks, as one after another their dark red faces passed by." Zhang Yonglin, however, one day spies a woman bathing in an irrigation ditch: "With cupped hands, she teased the water up over her body, splashing her neck, her shoulders, her waist, her hips, her stomach. Her body was lithe and firm. From between the two walls of green, the sun shone straight on her, making her wet skin shine like stretched silk." The vision becomes mystical:

She bathed intently, completely. She bathed as if to wash her very soul and make it clean.

She forgot herself, and I also forgot myself. At the start, I couldn't help looking,



indeed my eyes kept returning to that most secret of female places. Then from it, and from the entire picture, began to emanate a feeling, the aura of a powerful force. Here was something magical, that escaped all that man abhorred. Here, almost, was a myth, an archetype that transcended the world itself. Because of her, the world now had colour. Because of her, I now knew grace.

Astoundingly, when the woman realizes that she is being watched she boldly poses in her nudity, challenging the voyeur to come to her. He cannot, but he does fall in love: "I didn't exist. All that remained was her image, standing with crossed arms in the midst of that sheet of whiteness: her beautiful, enticing, fertile, glistening body. All that was left in the world was her."

He learns her name: Huang Xiangjiu. With the improbability permissible in romances, they meet again, eight years later, at a labor farm to the north, in the bleak province of Ningxia, where the main business is raising sheep. They are thrown together in a task, the rebuilding of a sheep pen. This time, amid the relatively relaxed discipline of this pastoral camp, they talk, visit one another, and decide to marry. In marriage, the imprisoned intellectual, a virgin at the age of thirty-nine, proves impotent. This impotence, the translator's introduction and the hero's own expostulations agree, is the central metaphor of the book. "One of his main themes," Ms. Avery asserts, "is that China's political system has desexed its population." Zhang puts it more circumspectly: "Our world had lost its link with human society." No doubt, to readers who have endured China's recent history along with the author, the political meditations and the references to the "Stinking Nines" and "7 May Policy" and the "Gang of Four" and "One Hit Three Counters Movement" are meaningful and stirring. Availing himself of the fantastic, supernatural streak in Chinese storytelling convention, the author stages some lively discussions between the hero and his piebald horse, and then a most entertaining roundtable exchange among the spirits of Song Jiang (a character in the classic novel "All Men Are Brothers"), Zhuang-tz (a Taoist sage who used to be transliterated as Chuang-tzu), and Karl Marx, who briskly informs the impotent husband, "Right now, your productive power has essentially been neutralized.

You're trying to scrape by with words and hot air rather than real action." But Western readers are most apt to be struck and moved by the novel's portrait of marriage and its tracing of the pathetic, even tragic, course of an archetypal relation between the sexes.

Huang Xiangjiu is something of a wanton: she has been sentenced for promiscuity, has gone through two marriages and divorces, and betrays Zhang with the local Party Secretary, Cao Xueyi. But she wants this marriage to "work," as we capitalists say. Not only is she beautiful with her clothes off; she is thrifty, and skilled at the domestic arts:

Xiangjiu exhibited an extraordinary ability to manage the decor of our living quarters. I was instructed where to nail in the bamboo holder for the chopsticks, where to place a little shelf to put the soap, where to build the platform for the bed, how to pile up crates so they made a handy cupboard, how to make the frame for the stove and the cutting board into one extended surface, where to put the cooking pans, bowls and spoons so that they would be both convenient and hygienic—and at the same time would not take up too much space.

To Zhang, a long-term dweller in abasement, domestic life, however meagrely furnished, has a dreamlike luxury and strangeness:

Every so often, the tiny tinkling of a sound would reach me. The sound was distant, as though it were issuing from a dream. This sound was the sound of a wife—it could not come from the hands of any other person. . . . Life is made up of just things such as these: a bed, a bedcover, a bookshelf made from a door, a hook for clothes with its white paper underneath, "Snowflower" skin-lotion. The world she had created was engulfing me, so that I had the feeling of losing my identity.

The most elemental things about life with a wife amaze him: "The kang [a heated brick platform that supports a bed] had only one bedcover, but two pillows had been placed at the head of it. How very extraordinary to have a woman's head on one of them. . . . She was here beside me. A pile of long black hair curled across a soft white pillow. Two shiny eyes looked upwards into the confines of a narrow space." The act of sex is rather *too* elemental; she becomes in bed "a beautiful nautilus, suddenly stretching out sticky tentacles from the walls, wrapping around me and trying to draw me down," and he realizes that "the first struggle of mankind . . . was that between man and woman. . . . It demanded not only strength, but a vital

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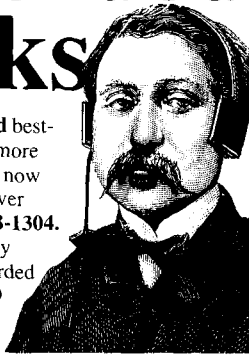
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spirit, using emotions and some innate artistic sense in its struggle to find balance, to reach unity and harmony, to achieve wholeness while maintaining its own separate self. In this struggle, I had failed." He is impotent.

This reconstruction of the primordial relationship in the context of a drastically desexed culture has considerable freshness for us inhabitants of a culture wherein on all sides sex is implied, acknowledged, extolled, and analyzed. The story of Zhang and Huang should not all be told here, since it has more than one surprising turn. Most surprisingly and illuminatingly, when Zhang sheds his impotence—in the wake of a feat of heroism during a communal disaster, as if his manhood and civic spirit must be empowered together—he begins to think of leaving Huang. Sexual conquest bestows a vitality that enables him to conceive of escape:

Since I had ceased to be "half a man," ceased to be a "cripple," a fire had burned in my chest. All my previous behaviour, including making allowances for her—"understanding" her—was not, as I had thought, the result of education, but the cowardice of a castrated horse. I now realized that the comfort and orderliness of her small household were designed to swallow me up. Now I wanted to smash it and escape: I had obtained what I desired, and now I rejected it. I thirsted for a bigger world.

And no amorous effort on his wife's part, no loving stitching of her husband's clothes or sacrifice of her own food ration to his male appetite, can assuage this broader, as it were political, thirst. A paradox that torments the relations of men and women the world over is caught in three lines of a poem:

A woman is the most lovable thing on earth,
But there is something that is more important.
Women will never possess the men they have created.

The novel's virtues—its penetration, candor, and lyricism—are accompanied by some clumsiness and awkward reticence. The author and the hero almost never express the indignation to which their oppressive sufferings would seem to have entitled them. Concerning the cruel confusion of slogans and movements emanating from Beijing, the novel's strongest comment, put in the mouth of the piebald horse, is aloofly sardonic: "You arrive on this earth, you work, you see things, you eat, you hear all kinds of

strange things, such as how in a moment a head of state can become an imprisoned criminal, how a small-time hoodlum can become Vice Chairman of the Party of tens of millions of people. . . . You are personally relatively fortunate, because you're living in times that are unprecedentedly ridiculous." Though the times are ridiculous, Zhang never abandons his puzzled attempt to become a good citizen, to find the harmony whereby "man and the world are in a unified continuum." The other political prisoners rather cheerfully make the best of having their lives ruined. The character of Party Secretary Cao Xueyi, groomed to be that of a villain, falls short of villainy, as if the author had respectfully lost his nerve. Only Huang achieves a vital complexity: she is "charmingly stupid, and laughably clever"; she is harsh, sexual, calculating, tender, superstitious, pathetic, and lovely. She is also, one should not forget, a peasant, and a loyal Maoist, not above threatening her husband with reporting his intellectual divagations to the authorities. Behind their marital disharmony lurks the deep class distinction between the intellectual and the peasant, bridgeable only in the dislocations of an absurd time. The novel ends after the death of Zhou but before that of Mao; so big and red a sunset might have swamped Zhang's vague farewell to marriage and the *laogai*.

It cannot be easy to translate from a language as compounded and forked as Chinese, beset with its ancient tension between the literary and the colloquial, between the spoken and the written. Ms. Avery has made a readable and at times graceful job of it, only occasionally falling into some English impossibility like "The wrinkles that had crawled all over her face bore smiles" or "'To be or not to be?' I ceaselessly asked myself Hamlet's question." Throughout the book, deftly painted bits of landscape open upon a world of nature that political oppression cannot touch. They serve as glimpses of serene order, signs pointing to the "right track" that follows the traditional injunction "Unite the inside and the outside":

A small garden had been made by leveling the land around: the hollyhocks were already tall, though not yet blooming, sprouts of tomatoes, hot peppers and aubergines were pushing up, and between them the yellow earth had been raked fine



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—JOHN UPDIKE

FICTION

THE FINAL OPUS OF LEON SOLOMON, by Jerome Badanes (Knopf; \$18.95). In the grimy midtown hotel where the Holocaust survivor and brilliant Jewish historian Leon Solomon plans to do himself in, he scribbles on one of the legal pads he brought with him to prolong his life and record his history, "Should I cover these mirrors with the sheets? That was my first thought when I checked in here yesterday, how come I didn't do it?" Immediately, the reader begins to cling to the hope that this man, who is still healthy and astute, who has such a rascally zest for the life he wants to quit, will write himself out of the desire to die. And what writing! He confesses (in Yiddish, we are supposed to imagine) that he has just been arrested for snipping pages from a manuscript at the public library and selling them to a colleague at Harvard; that he is estranged from his only son and from the wife he still loves; that he had an ecstatic affair with the beautiful daughter of a Gestapo officer; and that his greatest passion remains an unconsummated yearning for his sister, whom he saw beaten to death by Nazis. At one point, he mentions that he had an idea for an article that he never wrote called "Nostalgia for Auschwitz." Then, in a devastating parenthetical note, he adds, "Perhaps I am writing it now."

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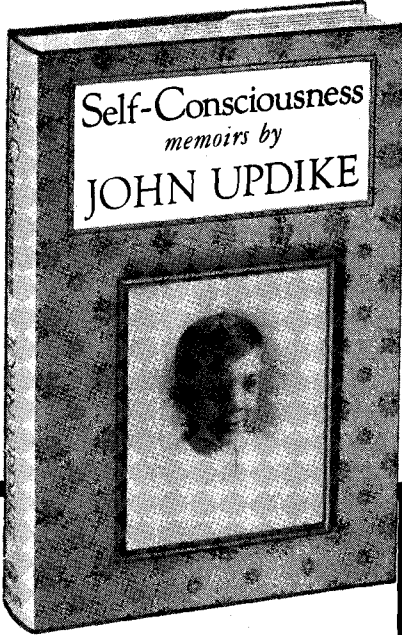
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while sums elude him entirely. He is often in trouble in school, often unfairly punished for the sins of the class bully. At home—the kind where a spare roll of lino is kept in perpetuity behind the living-room door—his every move is the object of some admonition. Simon accepts all as his due. Because a child does not necessarily connect consequences with actions, nothing so crude as a plot appears, but the consequences of Simon's inadvertencies accumulate to finally stunning, if fleeting, effect.

AMERICAN APPETITES, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; \$18.95). Nice Ian McCullough, a stellar demographer at a think tank in a Hudson Valley town, finds himself mysteriously drawn (such language is appropriate) to one of his wife's latest fancies in the way of casual friendship—a dancer with long, rippling hair and a permanently injured foot. The narrative takes a ninety-degree turn, however, when the wife is fatally injured, by Ian, and he drifts, slowly, to and through a trial for her murder. Most of the story is told from Ian's ambiguous point of view. He never really knows what is happening in or to him, and therefore opposite views of the "facts" are counterpoised throughout. The author reserves judgment, leaving it to the reader to decide whether marriage is, necessarily, ugly; whether all love contains hate; whether friends must be enemies. And she makes what would appear to be a happy ending anything but.

NOTE: "Love Life," a collection of stories by Bobbie Ann Mason, has been published by Harper & Row (\$17.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

REVOLUTIONARY DREAMS: UTOPIAN VISION AND EXPERIMENTAL LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Richard Stites (Oxford; \$35). This original study opens with the reminder that for centuries before the Revolution many Russians, discontented with their society, imagined alternatives. Russian peasants envisioned a country without landlords; they believed that a "just land" really existed—perfectly governed islands—and as late as 1898 three Cossacks went off to seek

it. The czars and their reforming supporters envisioned a Russia modernized and militarized like Prussia, with a hierarchy that compelled the masses to be tidy and efficient. The intelligentsia believed in anarchism, Marxism, nihilism, populism, socialism, technology, Tolstoy. In the euphoria of revolution, all these visionaries expected their visions to be realized, for, as the author notes, "Bolshevism meant different things to various people in the 1920s." The book closes in the early nineteen-thirties, when Stalin extinguished experiment and spontaneity. Mr. Stites has his subject well in hand and writes smoothly, and his work becomes a portrait of the Russian people as they reveal themselves by their dreams.

BALM IN GILEAD: JOURNEY OF A HEALER, by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot (Addison-Wesley; \$18.95). This biography of Dr. Margaret Morgan Lawrence was written by Dr. Lawrence's daughter, a professor of education at Harvard. Dr. Lawrence is a black child psychiatrist. She was born in 1914, and has had a first-rate education, an exceptionally happy marriage, affectionate relations with her three children, and a satisfying career. She cooperated with her daughter, and has brought a knowledgeable candor to her recollections of her family—her father was an Episcopal minister and her mother a teacher—and the worlds, North and South, in which she grew up. A contemporary reader will be dismayed by the race and sex prejudices that were taken for granted not very long ago, but subject and author are reflective rather than rancorous, and the narrative pays more attention to challenges overcome than to injustices suffered. The story of the Lawrences' courtship—two studious, high-minded young people who think they are going to be friends but fall in love—is enchanting.

Harry Raisleger moved with a 2nd from Mary Chobot that an amplifier for the Choraliers organ be purchased. After discussion and an amendment from Charles Sindelar that the organist be given lessons, the motion carried.—*Minutes of Wisconsin Czechs, Inc.*

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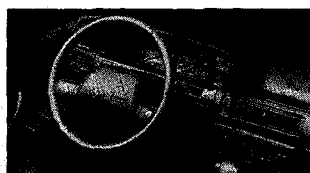
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